THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 46

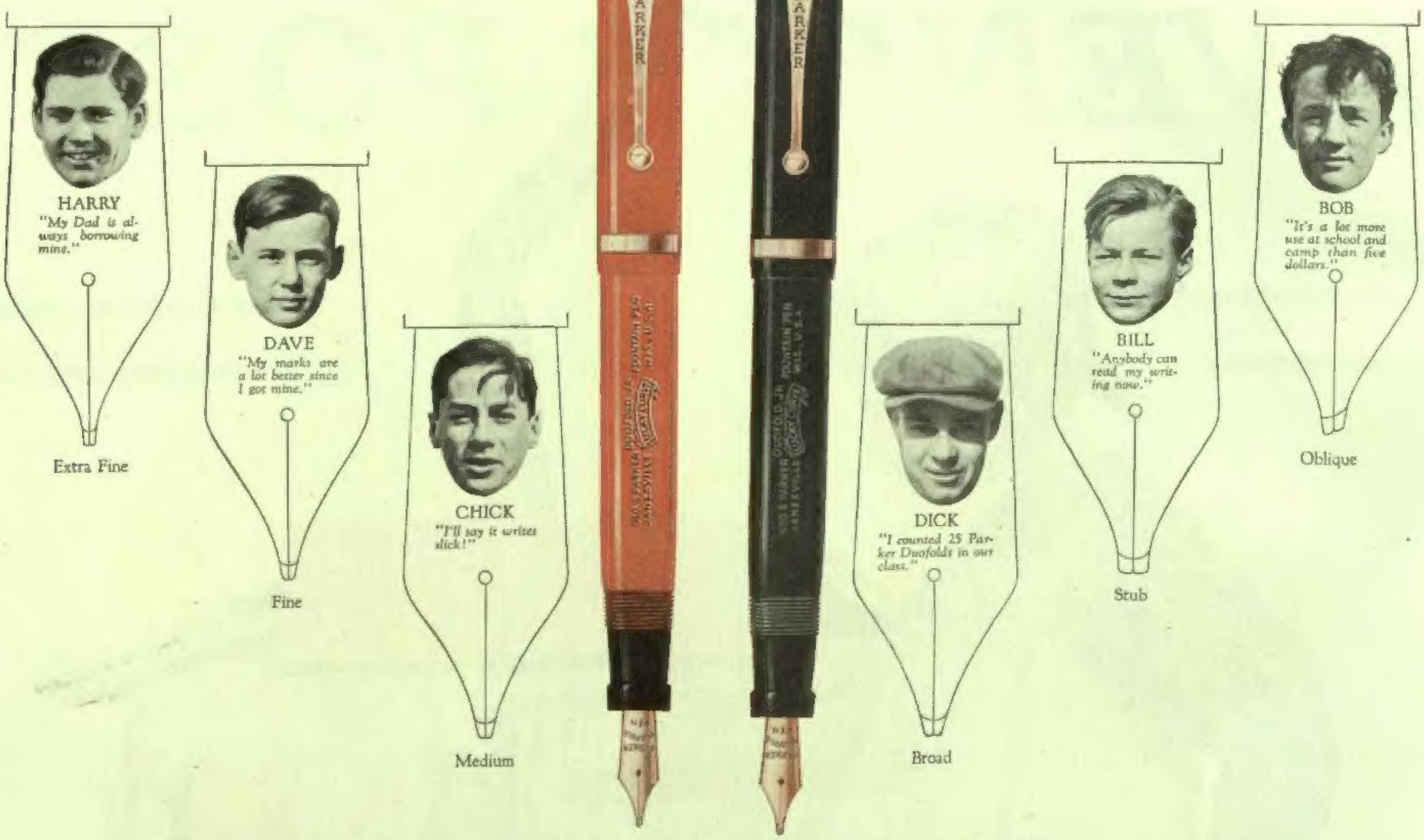
MAY 15, 1926

5cts. THE COPY

Lawrence Toney

Fanny Heaslip Lea—Horatio Winslow—Thomas McMorrow—Wallace Irwin
Stacy Aumonier—Roland Pertwee—Elizabeth Frazer—Hugh MacNair Kahler

FOR SCHOOL—FOR CAMP—RICH BLACK AND GOLD OR BLACK-TIPPED LACQUER-RED



A Chip of the Old Block

Parker Duofold Jr. $5

The Grown Man's Pen that Red-Blooded Boys want too

The $7 Classic in a $5 Size with Guaranteed 25-Year Point

FEW things are more difficult to detect than the road to the heart of a boy or a girl. So when someone discovers the way, he deserves a rising vote of gratitude from the unassembled kinsfolk.

Among those who have successfully done so is H. A. Thompson, a New York business man, and they were not his own boys, at that.

Read his interesting experience, confirmed by hosts of others who have found that it takes the real Parker Duofold Pen with the 25-year point to enchant Young America.

To offer red-blooded boys and girls toy pens or imitations is to underestimate their taste and intelligence. Their politeness may conceal their disappointment, but you haven't got under their skins, much less reached their hearts. For theirs is a wisdom that many adults do not comprehend. They know what's what.

Read Mr. Thompson's letter—then the next time you set out to make some boy or girl happy—you'll *succeed!*

Parker Duofold Over-size, $7 · Parker Duofold Jr., $5

"If you want to keep your $5 or $7, don't ever write with a Duofold"

January 5, 1926.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Gentlemen: A few weeks ago, I went down to a pier and got aboard the Mauretania. I was seeing two boys, aged 12 and 15, off for school in Switzerland. So I tucked two Black-tipped Lacquer-red Parker Duofolds in my pocket. You never saw two youngsters more pleased with anything in your life. Yet they were boys who had nearly everything any boy might want. Both had always wanted a Parker Duofold—it looked like something worth owning.

One night 20 years ago, I felt just the same pride of ownership that thrilled those boys. I came home from school and found that the postman had brought me a Parker Lucky Curve. That pen had been sent to me by "The Youth's Companion" as a reward for securing two new subscriptions to the magazine.

That Parker took me through school and two years of college, and then I lost it. Another Parker was bought to replace it. By the time I had finished college I had been presented with two other well-known makes but somehow I always *carried* and used my Parker until—

This Christmas somebody gave me a Parker Duofold. After a while I filled it and started to write with it. Right then and there I found out why those two boys who had had everything they wanted were so pleased with their Parker Duofolds. After twenty years of writing with Parker Pens I found out that the Parker Duofold is a better Parker than I had ever owned.

When I made that startling discovery I began to wonder if there weren't thousands of Parker owners who felt just as I did—that the one they had was good enough. That's why I had never bothered to buy the Parker Duofold. Yet ever since the Duofold came out I had been missing something. So have thousands of the people who haven't tried one.

If you want to keep the $5 or $7 that a Parker Duofold costs, don't ever write with one. If you do, you'll spend the money just as sure as you're a foot high.

—H. A. Thompson, 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN · OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK · CHICAGO · ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

NOT FORGETTING SLENDER LADY DUOFOLD FOR MOTHER AND GIRLS, $5

Westclox

Give yourself a chance

SET your Westclox to call you a few minutes earlier, then get up. Know the comfort of being able to face a broken shoestring calmly. Enjoy your breakfast, have a second cup of coffee if you like. Notice the improvement in the family's disposition.

Give *her* a real hug and a big kiss, then turn and wave from the corner. You have time.

Try this a week and see how much better you feel. See how much better things go at home and on the job.

Give yourself a chance. Make a friend of your Westclox. You will find them worthy of your trust. Ready at any minute to give you the time. Waiting to call you punctually at whatever time you set. Set it early enough to give yourself a chance.

The Westclox trade-mark is on the dials of nine alarm clocks of different sizes and prices, from Big Ben to America. There are two watches that wear the trade-mark Westclox, Pocket Ben and Glo-Ben. A timepiece has to be good before it can wear a Westclox uniform.

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Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

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5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

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A nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

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QUEEN BESS DESIGN

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 15, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 46

SOOTS

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

The Hardest Sixty Pounds of Animal in This World to Upset

MOST any dog can lick a bulldog, and many a one has done it. But the situation is peculiar in that the bulldog, being difficult of persuasion, has never been in faintest measure convinced of these facts.

And to tell the whole truth, neither have the other dogs. The facts, however, remain, universal opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Old Sour Mug was never bred to fight with dogs of other breeds. Man, in whose fingent hands the animals are clay, molded him to engage far mightier game; fashioned the sixty-odd pounds of him for the conquering of a half-ton enemy. He was bred to fight bulls, not dogs. That's why they call him bulldog. Heart was there for the breeders to start off with; heart enough to tackle a Brontosaurus. All that needed was the fashioning of the body that contained it.

So, first of all, they made him undershot. Prognathy would have arrived no doubt without an aim in breeding, for who advances into conflict against terrific odds but with his jaw jutting? Bull-baiting men, however, bred deliberately to this; and the primary result at which they aimed was not, as is so naturally supposed, to get the gripping power of a tremendous lower jaw. It was to get the bulldog's nose back from the front of his face.

All other dogs have the nose out in front of every other organ—a thing we take for granted. But some creatures have their eyes foremost—even at the end of long movable stalks sometimes. Some have antennæ, organs of touch, before. A dog's nose, however, is a most wonderful, mysterious instrument of perception. It tells him more than any other of his organs; more than his eyes; more than our eyes tell us. I never see a dog's nose twitch, examining, but I wonder what the rare beauties are he sees with it that I shall never see. The place for a dog's nose, then, is out ahead. But bull-baiting men found that often when their dogs got a proper pinning hold on the bull, the yielding, rubbery nose on which the grip was fastened shut the dog's nostrils so that he could scarcely breathe, and so must needs let go and try for another grip. And that pinning hold, so hardly and so bravely won, was not a thing to be let go, with overwhelming hazard of grinding hoofs and crushing front and goring horns all to be risked afresh. So they bred a dog whose nose was not on the front of his face.

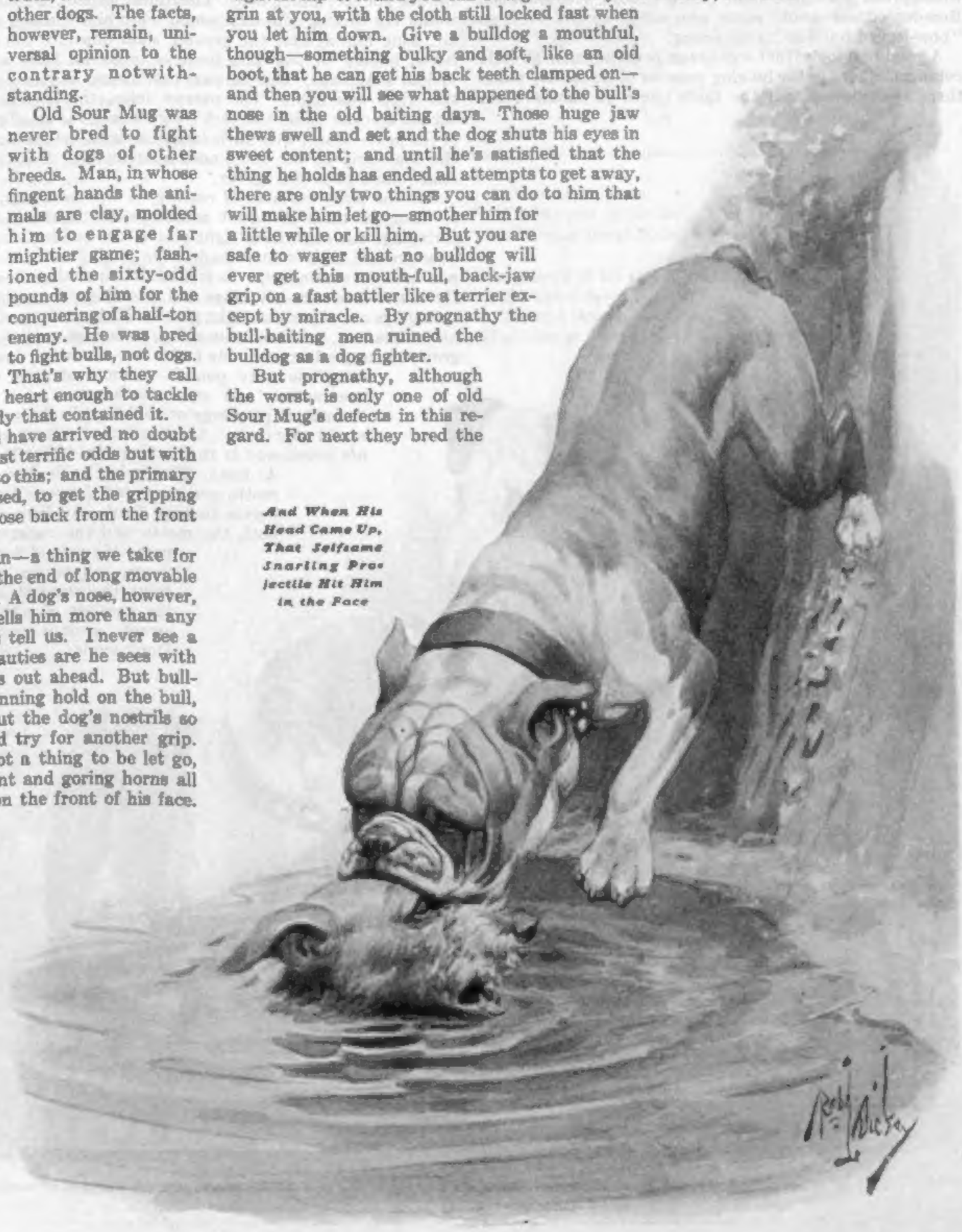
Prognathy followed necessarily; and it did, of course, lead the breeders to the development of this corollary of doubtful value into the tremendous upsweeping lower jaw which adds so much to the truculent beauty of the bulldog, and which offers place and bone strength for the attachment of his bulging and terrific masseters. When he clamped that jaw vise of his up into a bull's nose, his own nose was free. There was no stopping of his breath. And the stopping of his breath, either by death or by a trainer's expert hands, was the only thing that could unlock him from his victim.

But however proficient an undershot dog may be at bull-fighting, he is made by that same peculiarity a poor dog fighter. In the first place, in breeding back his nose, there came changes in his air passages that have made of him a snuffer and a snorter without peer in all the animal kingdom. And as for stentor music in the feathers, he acknowledges but one superior—man. Only the most perfect specimens of his breed can breathe easily through a long fast action—a most grave handicap in a dog fight; although in the baiting pit, once he had got his pinning hold, the rest was hanging on and taking punishment, which did not need the very top of breathing ease.

To get a good dog-fighting dog, you take the bulldog, with his indomitable heart and tremendous muscular power, and true up his jaws and speed him up by crossing him with one of the terriers. Then you have a bull terrier of sorts, or a pit terrier, the very acme of all fighting things. A bulldog cannot punish, cannot tear efficiently, wound deeply; cannot weaken his adversary in a long fight by making him lose blood. Prognathy has set the fangs of his lower jaw half an inch, often more, ahead of the fangs of his upper jaw. They do not slip just past each other as in true-jawed dogs. Imagine cutting with a pair of shears whose blades are set half an inch apart.

Imagine also holding with a pair of pliers whose jaws do not come together. Except under special conditions, a bulldog cannot even hold. When you next hear of the terrible death grip of a bulldog, read it "bull terrier." You can pull a piece of heavy canvas from between a bulldog's fangs; but give a bull terrier the slightest nip of it and you can swing him till you're weary, and he'll grin at you, with the cloth still locked fast when you let him down. Give a bulldog a mouthful, though—something bulky and soft, like an old boot, that he can get his back teeth clamped on—and then you will see what happened to the bull's nose in the old baiting days. Those huge jaw thews swell and set and the dog shuts his eyes in sweet content; and until he's satisfied that the thing he holds has ended all attempts to get away, there are only two things you can do to him that will make him let go—smother him for a little while or kill him. But you are safe to wager that no bulldog will ever get this mouth-full, back-jaw grip on a fast battler like a terrier except by miracle. By prognathy the bull-baiting men ruined the bulldog as a dog fighter.

But prognathy, although the worst, is only one of old Sour Mug's defects in this regard. For next they bred the



And When His Head Came Up, That Selfsame Snarling Projectile Hit Him in the Face

front of him low to ground, and this cut down his speed. One of the worst things you can say about a bulldog is that he is stilty. A bulldog's whole forebody should be swung down between his forelegs. Thus, when he ran at the bull, his front body was so close to earth that it was difficult for the bull to get a horn under him to toss him. In fact, the bull could not go at him frontally with any hope to get him. If he could have, this would have put his nose back of the protection of his lowered horns, an advantage that bull baiters bred their dogs to overcome. The result is a dog so low of chest barrel that a bull must turn his head sidewise and get one horn to earth in order to get under him—a maneuver which puts his nose aside, out in front, out of line with the dangerous low horn, where a wise old campaigner can side-step and get a mouthful of it.

"Short-legged bulldog" is as general a misnomer as "bow-legged bulldog." A bulldog's legs are not inordinately short. Only his mighty body is hung down between them. But this slowed him down, which did not matter vitally, speed not being so fundamental in his game as in dog fighting. The fast light-on-their-feet dogs—the terriers, the dog-fighting dogs—are up on their legs, as the fancy puts it. And most terriers can literally fight rings around a bulldog.

As prognathy was a corollary to the dog's set-back nose, so is his roach back corollary to his low-swung chest barrel. There was no need to breed his rear end low, for no good bulldog ever presented that part of his anatomy to the bull. So it stayed high—higher than the front of him. Starting just behind his shoulders, his back rises in the characteristic wheel, or roach—an arch that is highest just beyond the ribs and that swings down again in a beautiful strong curve to where the low-set tail begins.

It is a lovely feature of fine specimens, adding to the forbidding aspect of the fellow, giving a low-headed, dragon-like menace to his approach. And it has this advantage: It makes him difficult to tilt over backward, just as his wide-spread front makes him difficult to tilt over sidewise. Bow-leggedness would make him easier to tilt over, so "bow-legged bulldog" is all wrong.

A good bulldog's front legs are as perpendicular as little columns. Perhaps the bulging muscles of them may make them seem bowed, but the thick bones go parallel from the sides of his wide chest to the ground. When you romp with him, and he spreads his forefeet wide and gets down on his elbows in characteristic bulldoggy pose, and over his massive head and shoulders you see the high arch of his roach back, you are looking back a century and seeing what the bull saw—the hardest sixty pounds of animal in this world to upset.

Vital, that. Once off his feet, he was a dead bulldog. Hoofs, horns or front would grind him into the bloody dirt of the baiting pit.

And as for Stentor Music in the Feathers, He Acknowledges But One Superior—Man

The bulldog's stern, aside from being high, is also very light in comparison with his fore. Looked at from above, his body is pear shaped. His weight is all up front—the tremendous head, the mightily thewed neck, the deep brisket, the great barrel of his chest, the thickly padded shoulders, the bulging calves, the sturdy wrists, the heavy paws—these were all close up against the bull's nose when the dog got his pinning hold. The frantic animal, of course, would try to fling him off; would whip him through the air, bang him against the ground, slam him into the pit fence, hoping to tear him loose or break his back with violent snappings. But the part that swung and snapped the whip was light. The narrow loins, the lean belly tucked up close under the back's high wheel, the small end of the pear—these, with their lack of weight, helped make the dog's grip on the bull's nose unbreakable. But they made him a poor dog fighter.

For the swift business of rearing on the back legs, of pivoting on them in adroit avoidings, for light sudden springings out of perilous tight places, the bulldog's hind quarters are indifferently made. He is all front. He is not made for rearings up; he is made for squattings down. He is not made for pivotings and avoidings, for sudden springings out of perilous tight places. He is made to meet his foe head-on, head low, advancing, giving not one inch of ground to any adversary. He had a half-ton foe to down, this little sixty pounds or more of grim determination and grim fearlessness, and no amount of pivotings or avoidings in the world would ever do it. Mechanisms of retreat were not considered in the making of old Sour Mug.

At him! That indomitable shortest motto you may read in every squat heroic bulldog line! At Him was both the motto and the registered name of good old Soots. Soots, whom we still think the sweetest and the gentlest of all his sweet, gentle breed. Don't smile.

"Oh, Excuse Me! My Error! And Go Bristle at the Ash Man's Horse!"

"This is the most maligned of the canine race, being without doubt the most affectionate of all the breeds. So gentle is his disposition ——"

But look it up yourself. Even cold authority warms describing him. And not only one authority. Two, three—all. Another great encyclopedia says:

"Highly intelligent and affectionate, and retains through life an unusual sweetness of disposition."

The bravest are the gentlest. I have seen rough, mighty men of courage under whose savage frowning outer aspect shy sweetness could be found. When you read the next account of some child having been torn by a "savage bulldog," take this as gospel: That out of seventy-odd standard breeds of dogs, and out of innumerable breeds of mongrels, the English bulldog is the last one capable of the deed.

At Him Big Boy of Glenmere—that was his high-sounding registered name. We called him Soots. From the sublime to the ridiculous, true. But one of the greatest of bulldog authorities sums up old Sour Mug's charm of character by stating that the bulldog is a damned old fool. He is just that. Always up to some delicious bit of utter nonsense that is the more delicious because it contrasts so with the savage and forbidding aspect of the fellow. So Soots, which was a damn fool kind of name, suited him perfectly.

Some people thought he got it from the color of his nose—or from the total lack of color of it. A bulldog's nose should be as black as black. The slightest hint of liver will disqualify him in the ring. Old Soots' nose was sooty. But his name came to him from one to whom he showed the loveliest chambers of his great gentle heart.

When we bought Soots the kennel man said he would answer to the name of Mugs, an appellation of unquestioned dignity and cadence, and most appropriately fitted to his particular style of beauty. But we had not owned him half a week until Mugs changed to Snugs, via an etymological meander that led past Snugglepup, Snuggler, Snugger, Snuggy and Snooks. No doubt about it, he was the international champion lap dog; and this admits all Blenheims, Pekes, Poms, Brussels griffons and Chihuahuas to the competition. There was, however, nothing particularly effeminate about his everlasting efforts to climb clumsily up onto someone's knees. The performance was about as ladylike as though a Shetland pony tried to do it. But he'd stick to that job of clambering, no matter how many times you shoved him down, showing the same undiscourageable persistence in that that he did in his more violent pursuits, until at last he lay across your legs, the largest amount of dog containable on one human lap. And there, with his sooty nose and his great block of a skull snuggled in between your elbow and your ribs, he would recline, snoring the beatific snores of one in paradise.

Snugs, then, was a good name for him. Its etymology was sound, and its similarity to his old kennel name made no training necessary to persuade him to accept it as his own. But the nearest eighteen-month-old Bob could come to it was Soots; and this the bulldog seemed to realize, for at that summons he would cheerfully report to Bob, the young pest, for a mauling; and so it came about that with this cryptic name his young tormentor brought about the burly bulldog's final christening.

The patient gentleness of that bulldog under the baby's pesterings was a lovely thing to behold. We came upon

(Continued on Page 135)

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

HOW TO RUN A LEGISLATIVE BODY

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

The Vice President's Resolve

BRIGADIER General Charles G. Dawes
With the flashing eyes and the clashing jaws
Was chosen to be
The High V. P.
And boss the chamber that makes the laws.

When Nicholas Longworth, M. C. (O.)
Hoped to be chosen to run the show
In the House of Reps.,
Upon whose steps
The brainiest brains of the nation flow.

Very different men, you see,
In Nicholas L. and General D.
Nick had a polish of high degree,
Like a new-laid egg, or a show-girl's knee.
While the gruffest of men
Was the Brigadier Gen.
With a will that had taken him oversea.

Now it chanced when the General came to authority,
Rocketing up with a Coolidge majority,
He hollered, "Monkey with me if you can!
I am the man
Who made the Plan,
Financing Europe in wads and groups.
I've handled banks and I've handled troops.
Ninety-six Senators? Whisk! Away!
To manage them is an infant's play.
Here's my policy: No more dallying,
Shilly-shallying, adjective-rallying.
Down with verbosity,
Up with velocity!
Speak up or shut up—just for variety,
Censor the Public Debating Society!"

Fair enough! So the General marched
Into the Capitol nobly arched,
Double-quick
Past well-dressed Nick,
Who stood in the doorway across the hall,
Where Representatives howl and bawl.
Smiling the smile of a Cheshire cat,
Nicholas doffed his pearly hat,
Revealing the wealth of his hairless hair,
As he waited there
Till the day fell fair
When he'd have his whack at the Speaker's chair.

The General Speaks to the Senate

'TWAS rather early in '25
When General Dawes stepped into his hive.
A buzzy singing,
Suggestive of stinging,
Set the Vice President's ears a-ringing.
Bang! went the gavel. "'Morning, scholars.
Time is money and words are dollars.
What did General Cæsar say
When he'd conquered the world in his own sweet way?
'Weeny, weedy, weeky,' says he.
That's me! V. P.
So here I are,
A kindly Czar,
And here I am,
A plug to ram
Down the senatorial diaphragm.
Cease orating,
Limit debating,
Boil it down to an epigram.
Otherwise I've a Cloture Rule
With an iron-shod kick like a government mule."

Back in his chair the speaker got;
Then over the Senate Chamber sot
Something which
Wizard or witch
Never had summoned there before.
Silence. Then in a minute more,
With a sort
Of a snort,
Senator Borah took the floor.

A Year Later

BRIGADIER General Charles G. Dawes
Sat in the Seat of the Higher Laws,
Secretly feeling more and more

"You Run a Den of Congressmen, All Shaggy-Haired and Wild"

Like stealing away
For the rest of the day;
But Senator Borah had the floor.

He glanced at his watch; a quarter past four.
Sic currit hora.
Senator Borah
Had been at it now for a week or more,
Showing no sign that his strength would diminish—
Maybe by June he'd be near the finish.

Finally Brigadier General Dawes
Yielded to naughty temptation, because
He had a dull pain
At the base of his brain.
Down came his gavel,
Softer than gravel
Falling on mush.
Tush-tush!
A hush.
General Dawes keyed his voice to a purr:
"Would the Idaho Senator care to defer
His Sixth Peroration

(Continued on Page 143)

"The Noise is When," Remarked the Gen., "I'm Limiting Debate"

STOWAWAY

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"Captain, I'll Ask You to Make Things as Easy as You Can"

THEY called her that on the boat. They? The rest of the passenger list. Crumby old ladies layered in wrappings, huddling in deck chairs, muttering together.

"Yes—yes, indeed, they say she did! You ever hear of such a thing? Neither did I. Looks it, doesn't she? Bold as brass, heh? Girls nowadays—it makes you shiver."

It did make the old ladies shiver, like old brown pointers, watching a bird drop out of their sight. The young ladies shivered to another tune. Slim young ladies, all of one pattern. White flannel coats and gaudy silken scarfs, boyish bobs and insufficient noses arrogantly angled.

"Stowaway! Can you imagine? My dear, that dress! If I have to see her come up on deck in it once again, I shall simply pass on. What's wrong with the picture? I ask you!"

They didn't ask really. They knew that they knew. Divine omniscience of fifteen to twenty—from whom nothing is hidden and by whom all things are revealed.

No less than the old and young ladies, gossiped and snickered the old and young men—old men in tardy tweed knickers, futilely sporting caps, pacing the decks with an indulgent eye for strayed ankles. "Stowaway—humph! Well, well! Think the cap'n might have stretched a point—something about the girl makes you look a second time." For the most part, they did; as at a small golden-brown chicken, turning before the coals in a cozy *rotisserie*.

If anything, the young men said least—from a vague sense of kinship, perhaps, with that shingled brown hair and the high head it covered.

"Stowaway! Gosh! You've got to hand it to her. Takes nerve—for a girl."

Wool-sweatered and tweed-coated, pipe or cigarette in sophisticated fingers, lips slightly mustached or sternly smooth-shaven—thus the young men.

Through it all, as though strolling through a stage mob of nameless supers, as though upon a painted ocean, as though on the deck of a painted ship, the Stowaway comported herself calmly. She came out every morning about seven and walked for half an hour, like a small Napoleon. One brown lock, longer than the rest, hung over her brown right eye. She had a way of slinging it back with a jerk and a twist of her head, like a horse badly bitted. She wore—as the silken-scarfed critics had early observed—a brown-and-orange frock, fairly simple; at first sight, fairly pleasing. She wore it day after day, doggedly. Eventually it needed pressing. It never got it. The white flannel coats checked up on that. They said—leaning against the rail, their charming little heads close together, watching from the tails of their dewy little eyes to see the Stowaway go by—"You'd think she'd go to bed for a day, give the valet a chance."

The Stowaway never went to bed, except about midnight. She walked the deck and sat in a steamer chair and read a book from the ship's library—a nice old lady in a nice old sealskin coat conducted that investigation. And evenings, when the Hawaiian singing boys appeared with guitars and ukuleles under their arms; when Wireless came languidly to life; when the neat blond purser lifted a busy cap to this side and that; when even the captain was briefly visible—the Stowaway danced.

What heated the ladies, young and old, almost to boiling point was that she had always someone to dance with; and more and more, as the ship drew off from Honolulu and on to San Francisco, that someone was the same—the nicest boy on board, one of the nicest boys in the islands. Family, money, looks, charm—there wasn't anything Noel Ellis didn't have. The white flannel coats said to one another, with venom in their virginal glances, that if Mrs. Ellis could cast an eye on her son for about five minutes, that if Father Ellis could get one look at that girl, with Noel in her pocket, all would be over but floral tributes, said the white flannel coats; and they danced evening after evening with their eyes narrowed, their noses averted, as the Stowaway brushed them—in Noel's arms.

The Stowaway and Noel. He hadn't met her properly. The old ladies suspected that, and they were right. Old ladies are often right, but it never seems to make them any happier. He had happened to stand beside her when another ship was passing; so near one could almost distinguish friends on deck, if any.

"When'll that get into Honolulu?" the Stowaway had inquired, bold as brass and cool as any cucumber.

Her Napoleonic lock fell into her eye and she jerked it back, looking up at Noel. She had a rather full, rather red mouth, above an impudent chin. Her skin was dark and clear. Something moody about her, yet not sullen. Adventurous—more than reckless.

Noel was slim and blond and gentle; poetic gray eyes, a diffident whimsical smile. To look at him one mightn't have guessed the millions ahead—nor behind him. And he didn't suggest New England stock, which, unadulterated, had produced him.

"Why—into Honolulu?" he answered hesitantly, yet with a delightful readiness. "On Wednesday, of course. That's a seven-day boat."

"Terrible tub," said the Stowaway, "isn't it?"

She slightly shocked and distinctly startled Noel.

The boat in question had carried him back and forth so many times, to school, to college, he had rather the feeling for it that one has for a fine old family servant, a faithful maritime retainer. Of course it wasn't the last word in liners; it smelled somewhat of sugar and it lolloped comfortably back and forth across the Pacific like a ferry crossing a bay. Still, it was an island boat. Island people traveled on it, were quite happy on it, sent their children up to the coast on it unattended, safely. Noel knew every steward and stewardess personally. There was a deck steward named Bob—everybody called him Bob—who had been looking after island children, going up and coming back, for more than ten years.

"It isn't bad," said Noel earnestly.

"I suppose your father owns it," said the Stowaway, grinning. Noel disclaimed that, more earnestly than ever. "Aren't you a sugar missionary?" asked the Stowaway.

Noel admitted that his forbears had had to do with religion and, ambidextrously, with cane.

"Yeah, I know," said the Stowaway. "Heard that girl in the blue scarf call your name."

"That's Virginia Smith," explained Noel politely. "I've known her all my life. She's going back to Stanford. It's her last year."

"Her first year would have been her last, if I were king!" said the Stowaway pleasantly. Noel's mouth stood open just an instant. "You're a nice boy," said the Stowaway, chuckling, "but you don't see much beyond that George Noel Gordon nose of yours, do you?"

"Oh, please!" said Noel, reddening and laughing. He looked at her curiously. "What don't I see?"

The other boat had passed them by that time. Everyone but the girl in the brown-and-orange frock, the blond boy in a rough gray suit had drifted away from the railing. A bland blue sky leaned down and a gleaming blue sea reached up, as skies and seas have done so long, so long!

"Well, I'm no oculist," said the Stowaway, squinting at the horizon thoughtfully, "and it's not for me to save your feet from hell. But don't you know that your friend Virginia Smith and her friend Miss Bubbling Laughter ——"

Noel interpolated courteously, "That's Doris Kenney. I've known her all my life too. She's going back to U. of C. She's awfully clever, really."

"It sees itself," admitted the Stowaway, "as good as unanimous. However, what I started to say was ——"

"Sorry," murmured Noel.

"You needn't be," said the Stowaway quickly. "You're human, you're nice. You're too human and too nice to see that those two are about in convulsions—fourth steamer chair to your left—don't look now—they'll know I'm talking about 'em—just because you and I are standing here for five minutes exchanging a few honeyed phrases about a seagoing ferry."

"Well, why not?" asked Noel blankly.

She leaned on the rail and looked up at him amusedly. She twisted a full red lip and achieved disdain.

"Haven't you heard what they call me?"

"Why ——"

"Sure you have!"

"It doesn't —— What difference does it make?"

"Ask Virginia Smith," said the Stowaway. "And better sit down before you do it. It'll take her quite some time to tell you—in full."

"But I mean," persisted Noel with a suggestion of annoyance, "if you aren't ——"

"But I am."

"You mean—what they're saying about you?"

"No one woman," she assured him, "could be everything they're saying about me. But the stowaway thing—yeah, it's true. Not this trip—going down, two weeks ago. . . . 'Morning, Mr. Ellis." She turned away with an air. "Nice to have had this little talk with you."

Noel fell into step beside her going down the deck. His gray eyes were eager, even that first time; his sensitive mouth had its friendliest smile.

"You're not going in, are you? It's only half-past three. Stay up on deck awhile."

The Stowaway cast an appraising glance back over a brown-and-orange shoulder. Virginia Smith, in the fulfillment of her destiny, was taking notes, illustrating them with gestures. The Stowaway decided.

"Oh, all right. Who cares? Where'll we sit?"

They sat where Virginia Smith could see them—and did.

That was the first time the Stowaway and Noel looked squarely into each other's eyes.

By the last night out—the night before the boat got into San Francisco—the night of the captain's dinner—the night of the inevitable masquerade—looking into each other's eyes could not content them. They had arrived at a need for headier contact, and were on the way to satisfy it, with the acute and horrified interest of the rest of the passengers focused upon them like so many searchlights.

The Stowaway may have had a certain sense of triumph in thus attaching Noel to the wheels of her vagabond equipage. Assuredly, the process of attachment had been simple and involved no resistance.

He seemed content—more than content—absorbedly happy—to sit for hours with her, just lazily talking; or walking the deck, his blond head courteously bent a little above her cocky brown one; or dancing interminably.

These things do happen on ships, since more than sailors go down to the sea—th' ol' dayvil Sea. But stowaways do not, mostly, happen to people like Noel. That was what focused the searchlights and flexed the nicely manicured finger tips of Virginia Smith.

Virginia Smith said at luncheon, the last day out, "Amusing to see what she'll wear tonight. Isn't that brown-and-orange masterpiece—the thing she came aboard in—supposed to be the only rag she's got? She'll wear Noel's dinner jacket, borrow his pajamas or something—you'll see! My dear, I can hardly wait!"

The Stowaway did not borrow Noel's pajamas. She did not wear Noel's dinner jacket, although he offered it to her, saying diffidently she'd make a peach of a boy.

"I'll dig up something," said the Stowaway—and did. She merely turned in the collar of the brown-and-orange dress and rolled up the sleeves; tied a flaring red bandanna about her head and another about her hips; put brass rings in her ears and swung a dozen strings of beads about her neck. She was the most impudent, irresistible gypsy—perhaps because she didn't have to act it.

And the captain, in the moment of judging, catching her eye—inexplicably and unforgivably, she took first prize.

Noel was absurdly pleased about it. He knew, if the Stowaway didn't, that Virginia Smith and Doris Kenney—one in a lovely Spanish shawl, the other in jade-green Chinese trousers and jacket—would be eaten in and out with rage, rightly.

Nothing either original or beautiful about the costume of the Stowaway; it was only real, as a man's old hat. Her smoldering eyes and her defiant mouth made the brass earrings real, and the two red bandannas—real as coals under a rabbit stew, real as a ragged tent flap.

"I've never seen anything like you!" said Noel. His smile had a tremor, almost imperceptible, none the less significant.

He took the Stowaway up in the bow of the ship and they stood there silent under a flaming star dancing in a blue-black well of sky. Not silent, however, for long—and not for long alone. Virginia Smith, with the purser, neater and blonder than ever, close at her elbow, came trailing her Spanish shawl; trailing conscious clouds of glory, too, from the frosted sweetness of her voice.

"H'lo, Noel," said Virginia. "Not dancing tonight?" Exquisitely, she ignored the Stowaway.

"Oh, yes," said Noel, "we're dancing! Do you know Miss Zaccari, Virginia?" Zaccari was the Stowaway's name.

"I don't believe we've met," said Virginia.

Noel introduced the purser, who admitted acquaintance.

"Miss Zaccari took first prize just now," said Noel naïvely.

"Really! For what?" drawled Virginia.

The Stowaway spoke for herself, playing with her gaudy beads, throwing back her handkerchiefed head so that the big brass earrings clicked and jingled: "Intelligence test. It wasn't difficult."

Audibly, Virginia caught her breath. Unpardonably, the purser snickered. Noel crimsoned, in the dark, with embarrassment.

"Lovely night, isn't it?" pursued the Stowaway coolly. "I've always heard that the last night before getting in was apt to be frightfully rough—ground swell or something. But this is perfect."

Virginia, recovering, drew the Spanish shawl a trifle closer across one shoulder, lifted the bared one in a not too faint shrug.

She inquired languidly, "Is this your first sea trip?"

"Yes, it is," said the Stowaway, "and I'm enjoying it immensely. How nice of you to be interested."

"Who wouldn't?" said Virginia. "Such unusual circumstances."

Noel made a futile gesture of intervention. The purser, like most sailors, an ardent if intermittent student of feminine psychology, restrained him with a touch.

"Is it true," asked Virginia innocently, "that you're traveling incognito—and came aboard in a frightful hurry?"

"Yes, it is," said the Stowaway; "and the worst part of that is, one hasn't a chance to look over the passenger list till it's too late to do anything about it."

"Really!" said Virginia, frosted sweetness dashed with impotent bitters.

"It is a pretty night," said the purser, a slight husk in his voice.

"Awfully warm, really," said Noel earnestly.

"Aren't you simply stifling in that woolen frock?" asked Virginia of the Stowaway.

"No," said the Stowaway pleasantly, "I'm not. Aren't you afraid of pneumonia, with so little on under that shawl?"

It wasn't a conversation that could go on forever.

The purser took Virginia Smith away. His hand on her arm was deferential, even adoring; but he choked slightly as he went, and once he looked back over his shoulder.

Noel and the Stowaway stood in the bow under the high white dancing star, under the blue-black sweep of sky, and the Stowaway lifted her face to the wind—to dry the tears on her cheeks.

"Damn her!" said the Stowaway fiercely.

"I don't know what was the matter with her," said Noel. He sounded helpless, but he slipped his hand through the Stowaway's arm and drew her close to his side. They stood so a moment, wordless, his blond head bent a little above her bright bandanna.

"Sure you do!" said the Stowaway at last. "A blind man would know, not to say a

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The Stowaway Listened to That Reedy, Inhuman Babel and Her Red Lips Tightened. "Sounds Like People Crying in the Dark, After They're Dead," She Said

THE MASTER MIND

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Oh, You Have Become a Hypnotist Professor, Have You?"

AFTER having tried six times to propose to Florence Sperry and never once getting further than "Well, what would you think if I should ask you" without being interrupted by some such remark as "Oh, let us try to get KSX" or "Oh, see that funny-looking man across the street"—I come to a desperate decision.

What had given this desperate decision its strongest appeal was my being practically certain that Florence was secretly fond of me. In fact, she had only acted different and distant since the afternoon of the August outing of the B. Y. P. U., when I had rescued her from the treacherous waters of Lake Lanaska. Why this act on my part should have changed her former friendly feelings to cold constraint was a mystery, but none the less a fact, and the more I tried to restore those friendly feelings, the farther apart we seemed to get.

I knew there was no opposition from the family, same consisting merely of a brother, Doctor Sperry; for I had put the question to him man to man and had received a definite answer. I had explained that in addition to earning enough to support a wife, I had lately sold a real estate lot left me by my grandmother for fifteen hundred dollars more than she had paid for same. To all this Doctor Sperry's only comment had been, "Well, old kid, why tell your story to me? As far as I am concerned, the joysome wedding bells can ring out any time you and Florence get ready to pull the ropes."

But this frank statement on his part had done nothing at all for me as far as Florence was concerned, and little by little relations between she and I had become so strained as to make conversation practically impossible.

I would drop in and say cheerily, "Hello, Florence, what is the good word?" And she would reply, "I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea, Merril. Have you looked in the dictionary?" And then a silence would fall between us.

And that is why I resolved on my desperate decision and took up the study of becoming a master mind, though I might say that though I did this principally to win Florence's affection, I also hoped that on the side I might be able to do my bit for suffering humanity. And at this point I will state that I worked faithful on each lesson as brought by the mailman, and by the time the course ended could have passed an examination on the subject if same had been required.

Never will I forget the practice occasion when I projected my hypnotizatious influence for the first time. I was sitting in the old Eagle House while a middle-aged lady on the other side of the lobby was looking for a number in the telephone book. Leaning forward, according to directions, I concentrated on the middle of the back of her neck and was presently rewarded by having her turn around and glare at me and then say to the day clerk, "If a respectable woman cannot come into your hotel without being insulted by every despicable young masher, you had better hang up a sign to that effect." Her excitement was so pronounced that, to avoid embarrassment, I got up and went out of my own accord, well pleased with my success.

Shortly after, I conducted the following striking experiment with my Aunt Hattie.

"This afternoon," she said, "the Wednesday Club is going in a body to the movies. I suppose I shall be bored stiff." I looked her squarely in the eye with a hypnotizatious gaze and at the same time suggested, "You will find the movies this afternoon full of enjoyable entertainment and you will take pleasure in every minute of the exhibition."

That evening she reported, "Merril, I never laughed so much in my life. How did you know it was going to be so funny?" I remarked that it had been no funnier than ordinary but that she had been hypnotized. "Well," she said, "I wish you would hypnotize me again and make me see something funny about this crime wave that is sweeping the city. I don't get to sleep these nights without feeling I may wake up and find a burglar in the middle of the room." I smiled and said I would think about it.

Shortly after, I used my newly developed powers in the case of Oscar Bygratz, though this experiment did not seem at first to be so conclusive as the others.

Encountering Oscar as he was leaving the New Idea Billiard Parlors with a pained expression on his face, which was only partly covered by his right hand, I decided that here was an opportunity to do my bit for suffering humanity. And I must here emphasize the fact that my attitude in this case was more than disinterested, for I had never really liked Oscar, in spite of the fact that we had been schoolmates together, Oscar always having been small and mean for his age and ready to yell before being hurt. In fact, by using these methods he had usually managed to crawl out of what was coming to him. For instance, take the case where in the sixth grade he had put the ripe punkin in the principal's desk and then dropped one of my mittens in the vicinity, with the result that I had had to accept all the grave consequences ensuing.

But being as I have always felt that bygones should be bygones, I now resolved to help out this character, if possible. So I stopped with the words, "Hello, Oscar. What seems to be the matter?"

His first reply was a little brusque, but when he saw I was sympathetically interested, he stated that his cheek was swelled as the result of a bad tooth and he did not care to go to Doctor Sperry or anybody else, as he considered dentists to be nothing better than fakers. In a few words I explained my studies and offered to put him into a hypnotizatious state and thus take away the pain from his jaw, and so on.

"Oh, you have become a hypnotist professor, have you? What is the big idea? Getting a flock of birds up on the vaudeville stage and making them do anything you tell them to do?"

I returned modestly that any person I hypnotized would necessarily be forced to do anything I told him to do whether he wanted to or not, but I would never tell anybody to do anything except what was right. Then pulling a bright half dollar from my pocket, I told Oscar to look at it fixedly and make his mind a blank.

But Oscar seemed pretty septic and also in a hurry, so finally I put the half dollar back, and looking him squarely in the eye told him in a firm voice that his pains were getting better and in a quarter of an hour would entirely disappear.

Thus that evening when I called on Florence Sperry, determined to make her think about me the same as I thought about her, I had already had a certain amount of experience and was confident of ultimate success. It was Florence herself who opened the door.

"Well, well," she said, "if it isn't Merril Pringle! You certainly are here on the dot, Merril, because I have just picked up a station from Kansas City that is as clear as a bell."

For some time I sat in the Sperry parlor, listening to a long-distance and educational lecture, till finally I got so nervous from hearing helpful facts about American history that I said, "Florence, did it ever occur to you that there are other vibrations more interesting than radio vibrations?"

"No," she said. "What do you mean?"

In a few well-chosen words I explained the theory of hypnotism and the influence of one mind on another and gave a brief outline of my former successful experiments.

"Now," I continued rapidly, "you see this bright half dollar which I have pulled from my pocket; keep on sitting where you are with your back to the light and look up at this and make your mind a blank."

I had expected she would follow these easy and simple instructions without comment, but what was my surprise when, jumping to her feet, she exclaimed, "Merril Pringle, if you don't put that half dollar back in your pocket I will knock it out of your hand! What do you think you are trying to do, anyhow—hypnotize me?"

"Well, yes," I stated, "that was my aim."

"Oh, so you put me in the same class with that cowardly little sneak, Oscar Bygratz—is that it?"

I spent a little time showing how I had been interested in Oscar Bygratz's case solely on account of doing my bit for suffering humanity and that I looked on her case as entirely different, but she did not let me finish.

"Yes," she snapped, "and you would like to put me asleep and then tell me to do something and I would have to do it."

"I would never tell you to do anything except what was right," I replied, "and you know it." Then, as she seemed to be getting madder and madder, I began to be afraid of possible consequences and came out frankly, explaining why I had become a master mind and that I had wanted to hypnotize her so she would feel for me the same affection I felt in her direction.

Her reply was a burst of bitter laughter, followed by the words: "When you tried this monkey business on me you ruined any affection for you I ever had. And I will tell you now that everything is over between us forever, that until tonight I had a very sweet and tender feeling for you, and if I seemed to change after you saved my life last summer, it was on your account. Rescued people always seem to feel that their rescuers ought to marry them—and I didn't want to force myself on you."

For Instance, I Informed Him His Head Was on Fire and Made Him Empty a Water Bucket Over Same

I tried to slip a word in, but it was no use, as her voice kept getting higher and higher.

"Yes, until this evening I thought I really cared for you, but any man who comes creeping into a house with a bright half dollar in his pocket to hypnotize a poor defenseless girl into loving him is beyond the pale. Never dare speak to me again! And when I hear, as I will hear, of how you have got into trouble with your wretched hypnotizing, I will laugh—laugh—laugh ——"

And here, breaking into tears, she practically shoved me out through the front door and then slammed and bolted same in my face.

For a moment I continued to stand there, explaining; but there was no one to hear me, so I snuck quietly down the front steps and started home, realizing that I had lost forever the only person in the world I cared about.

The stars were visible, but I kept hoping it would cloud up and a bolt of lightning would strike me, thus ending all. But it was only as I approached Aunt Hattie's that I finally remembered I owed something to suffering humanity and that perhaps I ought to go on living in order to do my bit for same.

"Never Dare Speak to Me Again!"

Consoled a little by this thought, I had turned up the walk to the house and had passed the lilac bushes when a figure emerged from the shadow of an elm.

"Hello, Merril," remarked the figure in a polite voice. "I been waiting for you."

I started back in surprise, for the figure was none other than Oscar Bygratz.

II

"HELLO, Oscar," I said, "what is the matter?"

"Merril," he returned, "I have come here to ask you a favor. I want you to hypnotize me again."

"Did it work this afternoon as stated?" I asked.

"It certainly did, Merril. I was without pain for more than three hours, and this time I wish you would do it right and send me asleep the way you wanted to do first."

Being as Florence Sperry had left nothing in my heart but ashes, I decided that here was an opportunity to get a new interest in life, useless as this latter might seem.

Oscar's cheek was still swollen and probably hurt him more than a little; but after a few appropriate suggestions received while in the complete hypnotizatious state, he reported that the pain had stopped entirely; and when I said, "You have no sensation whatever in that side of your face," he replied, "No, I have no sensation whatever in that side of my face."

On hearing this, I counted up to three, and snapping my fingers and pronouncing the word "Right," restored Oscar back to his normal condition.

"Merril," he said, when awake once more, "you are better than a dentist. I am feeling good all over. I wish you would come with me down to the New Idea Billiard Parlors and hypnotize me there and put me through a few spectacular stunts for the benefit of the boys. I was telling them about you tonight and how you cured my toothache, and they wouldn't believe it."

"Well," I said, "I have not learned hypnotism merely to cause idle amusement, but to relieve suffering. However, as long as this looks like a chance to convince skeptical scoffers that healing by hypnotism is a fact, I would just as soon go down and give a little public demonstration."

So, concealing my true feelings about human existence being merely an aching void, I accompanied Oscar to the New Idea Billiard Parlors, and there, in the presence of nine or ten bystanders, hypnotized him again; this time, at his own request, putting him through various stunts and proving that he had to do everything I told him to do. For instance, I informed him his head was on fire and made him empty a water bucket over same; then I made him smell of all the pool balls, telling him they were roses; and finally I explained that he was a monkey and made him eat a piece of billiard chalk, which I said was a piece of a coconut.

Every one of these experiments succeeded, and when finally I woke Oscar up, there was a burst of applause from all present, and I will add that I felt pretty well pleased with myself.

But this satisfied sensation lasted only a short time, because when home once more the memory of what Florence had said overlaid everything else. In spite of attempts to use the hypnotizatious influence on myself, I tossed and turned on my bed and did not get to sleep until well after three o'clock in the morning.

Needless to say, I woke in an unrefreshed state; and at breakfast, in spite of efforts to be calm, was very snappy to my Aunt Hattie; and when she said, "Have you noticed that the crime wave continues and that last night somebody robbed Blank's Cigar Store of one hundred and twenty-five dollars?" I replied, "I do not read the crime items in the paper, though I have noticed that women read little or nothing else."

During the morning my depression was such that at 11:30 I asked the boss to let me go until afternoon, and, putting on my hat, hurried over to Doctor Sperry's office. I could stand no longer my remorse and anxiety in the case of Florence. The doctor had just finished for the morning: in fact, while ascending the dark stairs I brushed against his last patient, who was descending.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"That was our chief of police and Super-Sherlock Holmes," said Doctor Sperry. "I am filling everything in his head except his distaste of newspaper publicity, and he must have got rid of that while very young, because there are no traces left. By the way, how is the master mind this A.M.? If you will hypnotize me and tell me I had better quit dentistry and go into some other business, I will give you fifty dollars and no questions asked."

"Doctor Sperry," I said, "I am serious. This is no laughing matter with me."

"Well," he said, "when a master mind gets serious, then it is time for the rest of us to listen. My hand is at my ear. Tell me all."

Considering this kidding attitude, it was hard to recount what had happened; but I was helped by the fact that apparently Florence had already told him the entire story.

"Well," he said when I had finished, "just what do you expect me to do about it? In the case of any other girl in the world I would guarantee to hypnotize her myself within fifteen minutes or forfeit five hundred dollars cash. But little sister Florence has a well-developed mind of her own and when I try to throw a thought wave into her subconscious it generally falls back blunted."

"All I would wish," I said, "is your best advice on the subject."

"I am no master mind myself," said Doctor Sperry with a pensive expression; "but first and last, I have hypnotized quite a lot of fair young girls, and I can say authoritatively that when it is a question of their own affections, and will they or won't they speak to you again, there is no believing any of them even under oath. In my hypnotizing experience I have found the best magnetic pass to consist of a large bunch of roses or a five-pound box of chocolates; and since family ties compel me to fix up Florence's teeth gratis, you had better make it roses. And along with the package I always send a vibratory letter, saying how sorry I am to have pulled a boner, and though I never expect she will look at me again—and why should she, as I don't deserve it?—I hope she will tell me personally that she forgives me, as otherwise I will have to go to my grave eaten up by remorse and vain regret. There is a go-getting letter guaranteed to bring results, and I can speak with authority, because I have used it myself."

I now felt suddenly all cheered up and thanked Doctor Sperry two or three times over. Light-hearted with the idea that the end of my troubles was in sight, I had started to leave the office, when he called me back.

"Merril," he said, "there is another little matter we ought to discuss, and I am not referring to the state of your

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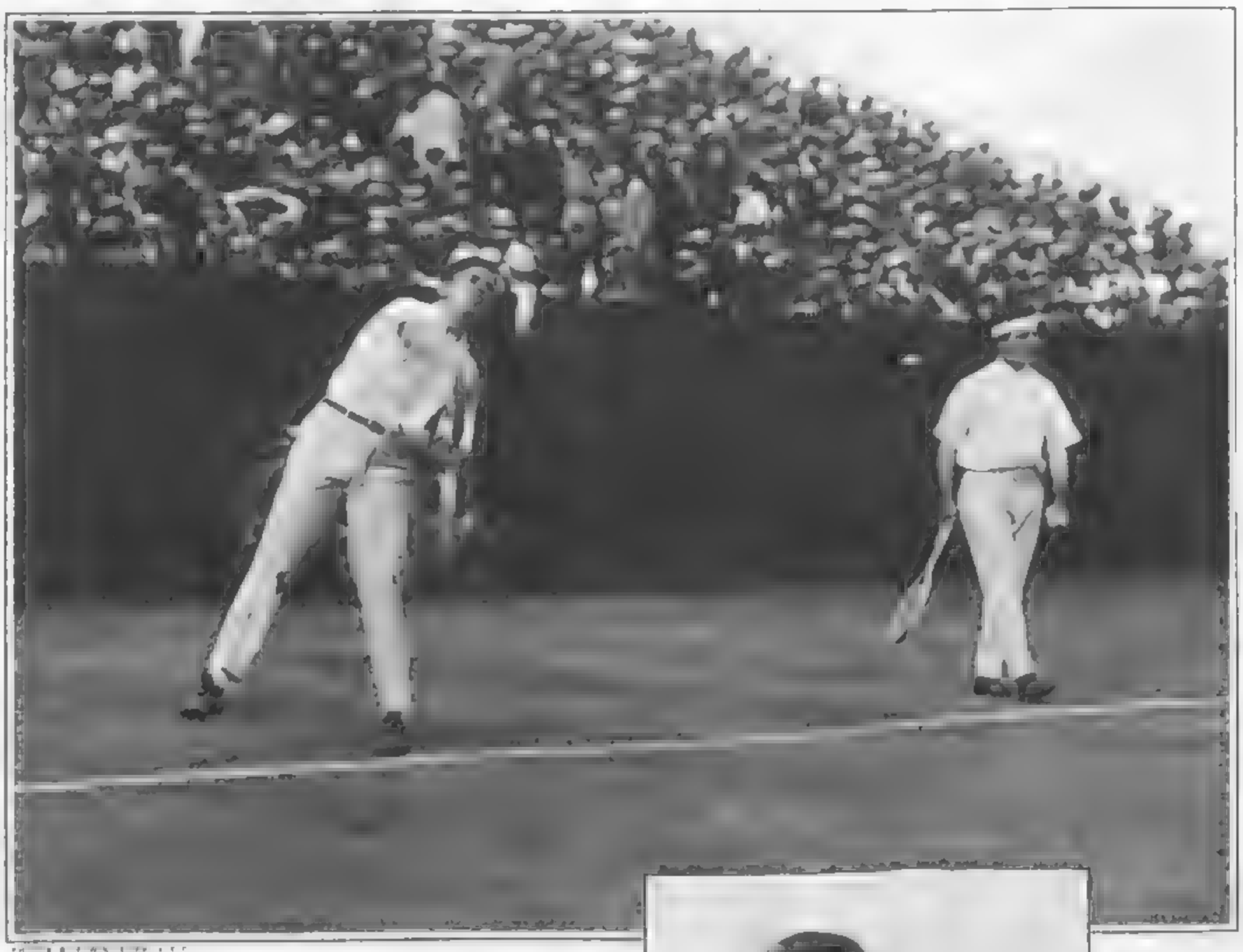
NETTING RESULTS

A History of Tennis—By Vincent Richards



Maurice McLoughlin, the First of the Hard-Driving School

WHEN I found myself, at the age of sixteen, among America's first ten exponents of lawn tennis, you can imagine my bewilderment. But at that time I had no real idea of what I was in for; it was fully two years before I realized just what it means to be a champion, and by that time it was too late to retreat. I was in for it, and I decided to go through with it; and in spite of the fact that it looked easier at sixteen than it really is, I am not sorry I stuck to the game.

The beginning of my tennis career was far from startling. When I was nothing but a kid, Frederick B. Alexander, former national doubles champion, used to watch me banging away at the ball for practice, and he couldn't help laughing at me, because I was so very much in earnest. I had only a broken old racket with a few strings left on it, and my ball wasn't so young as it had been. But even if he laughed at me, he couldn't help being impressed with the intensity with which I belabored that first old ball of mine.

"Come on up to the club some day and watch us play," he said. You can imagine what an invitation like that meant to a ten-year-old imp, just crazy about tennis. When I got to the club—it was the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, near Scarboro, New York—I found a tournament in progress. I watched them greedily, trying to memorize the strokes and volleys so that I might practice them at home.

Naturally, after this, I thought Alexander the greatest player in the world. Even now I'm not at all sure that I was wrong. Only three years ago, when he was nearly forty-five years old, he trounced the masterly Gerald Patterson in five sets.

The Fundamental Rule in Tennis

"KEEP at it, kid," he used to say to me over and over again, and I did. Fortunately for me, that was the best possible advice a champion could give a boy, and I hand on exactly the same advice to beginners today. You will see in the ten commandments for would-be tennis players that I have formulated, I place concentration first—concentration before all the science of the game; before footwork and balance; before service and court position and the mastery of the center theory.

I used to fondle my old tennis racket as other boys fondle their pet dogs. It was a broken old bat, at that, and I often wonder today how I could ever hit a ball with it, let alone drive the sensitive pellet in any particular direction or at any particular object. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, Alexander gave me one of his old rackets. He still used to watch me practice and he would encourage me, even though he had to smile at my enthusiasm.

"You're doing fine," he would say. "Keep at it; that's the only way."

I loved tennis then and I love it now. I have almost lived it ever since those early days of my spindle-legged, gangly-shanked boyhood when I first batted that flabby old ball with my rickety racket against the back-yard wall. It was there in the back yard that I learned for myself the great commandment of the game—concentration. I hardly needed Alexander's constant urging to keep at it; I wouldn't have been able to lay off if I had wanted to.

I still believe in the fundamental principle of concentration for building up a strong game. It counts heavily against even a crack player if one is able to plant the ball within half an inch of the place aimed at, especially if that place is just half an inch out of the other fellow's reach. My muscles have often ached until I thought the pains of rheumatism would be a positive relief, as I hammered away at some particular stroke. I believe that only by concentration and continual practice can a player, tyro or champion, achieve or keep absolute accuracy in his strokes.

Vincent Richards

Of course in tournaments you never know what new stroke your opponent may have been perfecting. That is one of the fascinating things about the game. When you stand opposite a champion on the court—opposite a man like Johnston or Tilden, for instance—you may be cannonaded with some new assault he has been practicing in secret for months and saving up for just the right opportunity to put one over on you.

I have discussed methods of playing with men from many other countries—with players like the demon Japs who came here to try to wrest the title from English-speaking players—and they have all had exactly the same experience that I have had.

There is no escaping the long, stiff grind of practice in concentration. English, French or Australian players, Spanish, Belgian or Japanese—they all know that concentration is the fundamental rule of the game. The young player who cannot learn to concentrate might just as well resign himself to the thought that he hasn't the ghost of a chance of ever being a champion.

One of the favorite topics of discussion among tennis enthusiasts today is this: Will the game ever be played even faster than it is being played today?

I certainly believe that it will. The next five years ought to see such a development in the net game that a new era of tennis will be inaugurated. Such men as Cochet, Alonso, Borotra will bring about this change in the mode of attack. They will bring the forecourt game to the pitch of perfection that will make those of us who play today look as if we were playing in a slow-motion movie. The half volley that Williams uses will eventually be a part of every first-class player's repertoire. That is my prophecy for tennis in the next half dozen years.

The Hour-Glass Court

EVERY half decade since the game was first played in America, about 1874, has seen its changes in the game, not only in methods of playing but in the character of the court and the style of racket and ball. Even as late as the early years of the present century, it was only played for two or three months of the year, during July and August and sometimes during September. As originally played in England by the man who claimed to be its inventor, and who patented it in 1874, though not under its present name, the court was shaped like an hour-glass and was sixty feet long and thirty feet wide at the base lines. The net was twenty-one feet wide and the side-lines of the court met its ends. The net was seven feet high at the ends and only four feet high in the center. The server stood in a marked space situated in the middle of his court.

In 1877 the court was altered to its present rectangular form and the net lowered to three feet three inches in the center and five feet at the posts.

As tennis was played in France, before its importation into England, the ball was struck with the hand much as in handball; then a glove was used to protect the palm, and in time strings were stretched from thumbs to fingers to give the ball a greater impetus. It was from this stringed glove that the racket developed. In its earliest form it was distinctly lopsided, with a greater surface on one side of the handle than the other. The earliest rackets imported into America were of this shape, but in 1883 symmetrical ones were used here. The ball was originally, in the very old days, of cork; then it was made of India rubber, to

Little Bill Johnston, the California Ace

Gerald Patterson, the Hard-Driving Aussie Star

v hich in time a flannel covering was added. This latter type has been changed very little, save that the rubber is harder, the covering of felt and the weight and size have been standardized.

When the first American tournaments were played, about 1880, it was discovered that tennis wasn't being played the same way in any two localities in the country. No two courts, balls or rackets were alike, and each group of players interpreted and adapted the English rules to suit themselves. In the first national tournament ever held here, in 1877, Dr. James Dwight and Richard D. Sears realized that the confusion existing as to courts, balls, rackets and rules, to say nothing of strokes, was so great that it was almost impossible for two players from two different localities to meet on the court; and so these two pioneers exerted their energies toward standardizing the game in all particulars.

Between 1880 and the close of the century most of our strokes were copied from those of English players. Volleying was first used in 1877, and one of the early British champions, Spencer Gore, won his title largely with this stroke. One of the interesting things about the progress of tennis is that as soon as one man invents a new stroke, someone else invents another stroke to beat it. So when Gore began to win with monotonous frequency, his opponents developed the lob; they would toss the ball so high over his head that he could not reach it. The result was that the volley went temporarily out of fashion. The next few years English players played pat ball; the returns were made accurately, but with no great speed, and the defense developed so far beyond the attack that the game began to grow very dull. It was Lawford who broke from this and developed a stroke that had both power and speed, and eventually worked out the famous Lawford stroke, a terrific forehand drive off the ground. Very few players have ever been able to copy the Lawford stroke.

McLoughlin's Net Attack

THE Renshaws, two brothers who both became champions, brought the volley back into style, but they stood much farther back from the net than Gore had done and were consequently able to meet the lob with a new stroke that became known as the Renshaw smash.

Meanwhile, in America, Sears and Dwight had studied the methods of the Renshaws; and Sears particularly had studied them to such good effect that he became known as the American Renshaw. He was our first champion and reigned from 1881 to 1887. The second was Slocum; then in 1890 Campbell won the match with extreme net play. He was followed by Wrenn, a Westerner, who developed our modern center theory. In the next ten years the list of champions included Whitman, Ward, Beals Wright and William Larned; and in 1903 a British champion, one of the famous Dohertys, calmly walked off with the cup. In 1907 Larned became our champion for the third time and held the title for five years. He held it by sheer accuracy of play; his strokes were made with absolute precision and his confidence on that account did much to weaken his adversaries. He defeated Maurice McLoughlin in 1911, but the following year McLoughlin came back with a much stronger game and was champion for two years.

My own career began not long after Maurice Evens McLoughlin had come out of the West and flashed like a meteor across the country. Before Red Mac's time the game had been played from the base line, with only an occasional sally up to the net by the more adventurous and daring players. But McLoughlin changed all this. He had not only the necessary brilliance of technic but the personality to put over an innovation. Since his time all the best players have used the net attack which he originated—Williams, Tilden, Johnston and Johnson. Probably no player was ever so dear to the public as the California Comet. In 1914 he played rings round Brookes and Wilding and today he is but a memory.

He may be only a memory, but he is an exceedingly live one. Everybody interested in tennis spends about half of his waking time wondering whether Mac will ever come back. His age needn't keep him off the courts: he is only about thirty-six. Norman Brookes was forty-four when he all but defeated Tilden and Johnston in Australia in 1920. There have been many legends to account for McLoughlin's sudden disappearance from the game. Some people think he burned himself out; others that he snapped a cord or ligament in his shoulder while hitting his terrific service and had to give up tennis for good. This may be true, but I doubt it, because he plays a marvelous game of golf today. Personally I think he simply lost interest in the game. He didn't care such an awful lot about being a champion; he was much more keen about his business and his family. He couldn't spare the time necessary to keep in training for the championship.

Another favorite question with tennis fans about McLoughlin is whether, at the top of his form, he could have beaten the present title holder, Bill Tilden, as he plays today. I doubt it. The game McLoughlin played is out of style now. As a matter of fact, he earned most of his laurels as a mere boy and he got by as a trick player who won simply on speed. He was never a good stroke producer; he relied simply on hitting the ball for all he was worth. As soon as he had to slow up he was almost sure to lose the game; but as long as he could work fast he was almost sure to win. He was a one-stroke player, and a one-stroke player hasn't a chance with the champions of today. Tilden's all-court game would make him victor over Mac without the loss of a single set.

Even when McLoughlin was playing at the top of his game Richard Norris Williams, who used to play against him, could take his service off the rising bounce with very little effort. Williams has always been a very amusing figure on the courts. He is the Beau Brummel of the tennis world and is as great a stylist in tennis as he is in clothes. He knows how to get the maximum of pace with the least expenditure of effort. He has been playing for ten years and was American champion in 1914 and 1916 Today he is coholder with the writer of the national doubles championship.

The Stylist of the Courts

WITH him, tennis is an intellectual pleasure; he plays solely for love of the game, and not for the sake of winning. Now that tennis has become such a fast game, his coolheadedness is, of course, a great advantage but critics often censure him for his indifferent attitude toward the outcome of a match. He values a perfect stroke above any honor that can be conferred upon him. At his best, he can defeat anybody in the game; but unfortunately for him, he doesn't always play up to his best. His service is a fast slice; he varies it occasionally with a high-bounding American twist

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Big Bill Tilden Serving His Cannonball

ARMISTICE

By STACY AUMONIER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

Pauline, Weeping a Little, Knelt and Prayed

ON THE evening of November 10, 1918, a French officer, in the pale-blue uniform of a captain of artillery, was ambling slowly up and down Little Compton Street. There was about his slow but watchful movements the air of a man who is being kept waiting; and such, indeed, proved to be the case. For after some minutes there came hurrying in his direction a fellow countryman, of somewhat similar build to himself, but in mufti. And the greeting of the latter was:

"Pardon, my dear Anton! I was detained."

They shook hands with cordiality and repaired to the Monaco. Over glasses of vermuth they carried on the following conversation in their own language:

"You have heard the news, of course?"

"The armistice?"

"It is to be signed tomorrow morning."

"Thank God! But that, I imagine, is not the urgent matter you wished to discuss with me."

"As you say, Max, that is not the matter. But listen, the war is to all intents and purposes over. Our cause and our country have claimed four and a half precious years of our lives. During that time one had no right to claim any consideration for one's own interests that in any way might affect the great issue. Am I right?"

"Perfectly, my dear Anton."

"But now that it is over one may perhaps indulge a little in the consideration of one's own personal affairs, eh? Passions that have—that have slumbered may be assuaged. You remember that little affair of your own at Chambery many years ago?"

"With that upstart lieutenant in the dragoons?"

"I had the honor to be of assistance to you, and at the time you said——"

The face of the officer in mufti looked startled. "My dear Anton, do I understand that you wish to fight a duel?"

The officer addressed as Anton bowed solemnly.

"Can it be that—that English officer, Captain Hignett? I remember you telling me that there had been trouble. Pauline—wasn't that the girl's name?"

"She was my fiancée."

"But a duel! My dear old man, the English do not fight duels. Even in our country it is no longer——"

Anton rapped his fist down upon the table. "There shall be a duel even if it is the last one in the story of the world—a duel or a thrashing or a murder."

His eyes rolled, his pale cheeks shook as though with an ague of passion. It was clear from his restless movements that his nerves were all on edge. His neck was scarred by the track of a piece of shrapnel. He was barely thirty-five years of age, but his close-cropped hair was nearly white. His face was lined and twisted, like a man who for a generation has been observing the tortures of the damned.

"I regret this extremely," said his friend.

"You gave me a promise," answered Anton de Thiepval, almost sullenly.

"Which I shall most assuredly keep, old friend. I only repeat, I regret this extremely. The war is over—let us bury all animosities."

"There are some things which only cowards and poltroons bury."

"Come then, remind me of the details. It was, I think, two years ago. Things move so rapidly these days. I am myself submerged in the vibrations of tragedy."

"You will remember, my dear Max, I was liaison officer, at that time attached to the British—— Division. I was slightly wounded during the first week of the war and sent to a base hospital at Rouen. It was there I met Pauline. She was the daughter of an advocate at Lamballe, an old Breton family. When I met her she was a ward sister, one of the most beautiful, adorable women who ever lived. I fell desperately in love, and I had every reason to believe she reciprocated my affections.

"But she was a difficult woman to understand, Max. She made me jealous from the very first. She loved everyone. At first I thought it was the men, and that she was flirting with them. In time I came to understand that it was her way. She had no capacity for flirting at all. She loved everyone—men, women, children, even dogs. She was lavish with her affections, and so absorbed was she with her work that you could safely aver that love with her was a pure abstraction. I ceased to be jealous, but I told her plainly that I loved her and wanted to make her my wife. Her answer was always the same. She would smile—oh, ever so kindly—and murmur, 'We are all mad, Anton. Wait till this is all over.'

"I never got anything more satisfactory out of her than that, but it satisfied me. She could not look at me as she did and not mean more. I set my mind, like an alarm clock, against the day when it would all be over. I repeated to myself again and again, 'We are all mad. But one day we will be sane, and Pauline will be my wife.' When I was discharged from the hospital I was passed as unfit for active service; but, owing to my knowledge of English, I was, as I just told you, appointed liaison officer to this British division.

"It was then that I met Captain Hignett. He was a good-looking young man of that lean English kind, reserved but friendly. He, too, had been wounded, while serving with a machine-gun battalion, and was now a transport officer at Amiens. My work brought me in close touch with him, and we spent many pleasant days and evenings together.

"I saw nothing of Pauline, although I wrote to her regularly. Her replies were brief and perfunctory, although couched in affectionate terms. I could not complain of this. I knew the poor girl was worked to death, and the world was not yet sane. A whole year passed; and then one day, to my delight, I heard that she was coming to Amiens. She had been very ill, and her father having a government post at Amiens, she joined him there for a brief rest.

"I need not say that I lost no time in paying the family my respects. I found Pauline looking pale and worn, but more adorable than ever. She was surrounded by her family—there were two sisters, a cousin and an aunt in the household—so I had great difficulty in getting her by herself. But when the chestnuts bloomed she would go sometimes and sit by the canal, and there I would pour out my heart to her. She was in a yielding mood, and again and again I imagined she was on the point of succumbing to my entreaties.

"But it always came back to the same story—the world was insane. It was impossible to form judgments, to do things rationally. In such a mood one might act, and then live to repent. Men and women were all behaving in a crazy, unbalanced way—eating, drinking, loving, knowing that there might be no tomorrow. I accepted her attitude as a compliance upon the terms of the war being over.

"And then one evening I made my fatal mistake. I took this Captain Hignett to visit her. I little knew the anguish this was to bring me. He talked in his quiet voice to the father about fishing and shooting.

"You know what these English are. You could not tell from his manners what he was thinking or feeling. He almost seemed to ignore Pauline. He certainly paid her no compliments and expressed no great anxiety to see her again. Walking home from the house, he made no comment about her or the family. He talked shop.

"The father, however, had invited him there to dinner the following Sunday. It was on this occasion that I became aware of the preoccupation of Pauline. When I was talking to her I observed her eyes following the stranger. . . . My dear Max, the English are our good allies. I do not propose to offer any criticism. But I am convinced that they and we will never understand each other. This man embodied in himself the salient characteristics of his race

"As the days passed, I could not determine whether the man was a fool or a consummate actor. He was almost gauche in his attitude toward Pauline, nor could I get him to speak of her. But I saw him glance at her once or twice in a way I did not like. It was the expression of a man either dreaming, mad or struggling with temptation. I tried to draw him out by enlarging upon my own love for Pauline, and he infuriated me with his attitude of detached patronage. It was as though he could not be bothered with my troubles, but he had to work some problem out by himself.

"A week later I met them walking side by side by the canal. Pauline was doing all the talking, and the Englishman was frowning and looking very solemn. When they saw me coming, Pauline looked distinctly flustered, but Hignett appeared quite unconcerned and he greeted me as though the position were quite normal. I need hardly say that after that there was a coldness between us.

"I was, of course, prepared to concede that this meeting may have been an accident, but my hopes in this direction were quickly dissipated. They were seen together day after day. My friends brought me reports of clandestine meetings. Pauline, I could see, was profoundly disturbed in my presence. I could never get her alone. She began to adopt toward me that attitude which every lover detests—the attitude of sisterly pity.

"I consoled myself with the memory of her reflection that the world was not sane. I felt convinced that she would do nothing until the war was over, and then we should all meet on equal ground.

"Hignett had the advantage of me in that he was stationed at Amiens. My duties called me all over the place, and I was away for days and weeks at a time. But my rage at the perfidy of this Englishman was beginning to reach boiling point. One day I was under orders to go to the other end of the line, and I knew that I should probably be away for months.

"The night before I left I met Captain Hignett in the street. After a formal greeting, I told him I was going and I said sternly, 'Captain Hignett, you have an English expression—it isn't done! I would ask you to ponder that carefully in relation to your actions.'

"He looked a little surprised, then answered coolly, 'I'm not conscious of doing or being about to do anything dishonorable.'

"I replied, 'Very good! I trust to your honor as an officer and a gentleman,' and I turned on my heel.

"Barely a month had passed, Max, barely a month, when the whole world came tumbling about my ears. I was at Bapaume when a friend sent me the soul-destroying news. One of my sources of comfort had been that a few days after my departure Pauline was due to return to Rouen. Now came the news that instead of going to Rouen she had gone to England with Hignett. She had married him at Amiens!

"I cannot tell you what I suffered. I tried to be sent back to the firing line. I craved for death, extinction. I was only sustained by the slumbering passions of revenge. My soul raged with blind anger against this perfidious traitor and the woman who said that such a thing as marriage was not to be considered till the world was sane again.

"Sane! God in heaven! Was I sane? Was Pauline sane? Or was this a prankish reaction to the world insanity? I couldn't sleep. My thoughts were poisoned. I had never had a fair chance. While my back was turned, this cool snake had crept in and robbed the nest that should have been my future home. I developed a fever and spent many months lying on my back, raging against fate and the universe. When I recovered, I promised myself that when the world was sane again I would shock its smugness with my insanity. Honestly, old friend, I nurtured the darkest inclinations in my heart. I understood how men have been driven to the last extremity of the *crime passionelle*. It has only been by reminding myself constantly that I am an officer, and that this treacherous friend wears the uniform of an officer of an allied race, that I am able to force myself to give him the opportunity of satisfaction."

Max regarded his empty glass thoughtfully.

"You are fully determined then to see this thing through, are you?"

"But yes!"

He Saw Two Figures, One Lurking by the Lobby Entrance, the Other Hurrying Across the Hall. They Were Both Masked

"And you demand my assistance?"

"As you say."

"And when is this—this challenge to be delivered?"

"Tonight, my friend. We go straight from here."

II

IN THE library of a square red-brick house, with its lawns sloping down to the river, at Teddington, a tall slim young man was sorting out a collection of army forms. His clear gray eyes were alight with eagerness. He had just heard the news on the telephone of the probable armistice on the morrow, and he hummed gayly to himself at his work. After some minutes, he rang the bell and an ancient butler entered.

He looked up and said, "Ah, Mason, I'm expecting a friend tonight to dinner—an American gentleman, Lieut. Frazier Brandt. He may be here at any moment. Show him in."

"Very good, sir."

"What time did my wife say she would be home?"

"Madame said she might be a little late, sir—about eight o'clock. Shopping, I think, sir."

"Very good. How is my father today?"

"The general is pretty well, thank you, sir."

Mason had been in the family thirty-five years, and he adopted a proprietary interest in his master, even when the solicitude came from the son.

"All right, Mason, thank you. Show Lieutenant Brandt in when he comes."

"Very good, sir."

When the butler retired, the young man continued to sort his papers, but his manner was restless and preoccupied. Armistice! The war over! Pauline! Thank God! Plans and anticipations jostled one another in a joyous riot. He would be able to resign, to return to civil life. He would be able to take his wife for a real honeymoon at last. Italy, Algeria, Egypt! Then they would return and he would go back to scientific research, and they would start that wonderful home they had dreamed of and planned during the last years of horror and suspense. Home, security, Pauline, children! It seemed too wonderful to be true!

Nearly half an hour had passed amid these pleasant reveries, when the butler reëntered and announced, "Lieut. Frazier Brandt."

A thick-set young American in officer's uniform swung into the room and gripped his hand. "Why, Hignett, I'm mighty pleased to see you! How are you?"

"Fine; and how are you, Brandt?"

"Bully! I had some little difficulty finding this place."

"Yes, it's my father's house, you know. He's a widower—lives here with odds and ends of relatives. Pauline and I are just camping here till we can find a place of our own."

"Well, that's fine. I'm real glad to see you, Hignett. You've heard the news, of course?"

"Yes, they're signing tomorrow, I'm told."

"Gosh! Isn't it wonderful? I just can't realize it. All the boys getting away back home. No more of these

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"But When the Chestnuts Bloomed She Would Go Sometimes and Sit by the Canal, and There I Would Pour Out My Heart to Her"

WILSON AGAINST PRUITT

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IN TRANSCRIBING for lay readers these chapters from the foxed history of Little Amby, I have had to go behind the meager legal records of his cases, and have had to elicit the necessary vivifying details from the human lips of parties in interest, of participants—not uncommonly *particeps criminis* in the shady activities, plots and stratagems of that fallen leader of New York's criminal bar. Within the narrow precincts of these records—these dog-eared bundles of pleadings bound round with faded red ribbons since the day of judgment—one finds no fleshly roundness, no throb of life or color of emotion, but only the cunningly articulated bones of legal theories. And I frequently find—and always, let me say, with puzzlement and an inclination to rebuke—that the person to whom I apply holds in kindness the memory of that sinister little shyster. I'm beaten to know why. Oh, on the other hand, I meet citizens whose faces flush with anger and whose fists clench as they lift them on high, and who cry vehemently and exultantly, "That miserable rascal who ran that den down there on Centre Street? A good job, sir, when they took away his certificate, and a great day for the honest people of this city when he was put where he belonged!" But so many people sentimentalize over him, will have it that he was a great lawyer and a good fellow gone wrong, saying, "You mean Ambrose Hinkle, the lawyer? Disbarred, wasn't he, finally? Too bad, too bad."

"Sorry, Hinkie," He Said Crisply. "Mighty Sorry. Call on Me If I Can Do Anything for You"

Now, in the first place, he was not a great lawyer. His office manager, Moe Cohen, knew more law in a minute than Little Amby could learn in six months in the City Bar Library. Why, he used to boast that he didn't know law. On someone remarking, to draw him, that a rival practitioner was more learned in the law, he said, "Why wouldn't he be? He tries all his cases in the Appellate Division"—the gibe finding point in the fact that the people have no appeal from an acquittal. And as for his being any sort of good fellow or with any admixture of decency and honorable feeling, that is disposed of by his conduct of the applicant's case in Wilson versus Pruitt.

The respondent in that fatal affair—fatal, in the event, to Little Amby—was Mrs. Janet Van Gulden Wilson Pruitt, a lady of birth and breeding and unblemished reputation. He engineered a legal attack on her that was base, and that had succeeded but for an act of providence. I had not intended to go into Wilson versus Pruitt at this time, preferring rather to take it up in connection with the great legal battle to which it was a preliminary skirmish—People of the State of New York against Ambrose Hinkle—but its premature consideration will be justified if it displays this amazing rogue in his true character and stamps out silly and sickly sympathy for a rascal brought to book.

It is the only litigation involving Little Amby wherein I was personally concerned and in a position to testify to material facts from knowledge; you must take my statements of the issues and conclusions in all others of Little Amby's cases as upon information and belief, but I was an admitted clerk in the law office of Percy Jastrow when he represented Mrs. Pruitt, and, undisclosed, the powerful Van Gulden clan. If it had not been for my professional interest in Wilson versus Pruitt, I should not have undertaken, it is likely, an inquiry into the career of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle.

I knew him, of course, by sight, and could point him out to my lay friends when showing them the sights and great figures of the law courts; they ordinarily followed my guarded gesture with eager interest. And time and again during my novitiate I had stolen an hour or a half hour to attend his trial of a case, finding place for my honorable self inside the rail that divided the lawyers from the commonalty, following his every movement, catching his every intonation, memorizing his mannerisms, to use them when my day came to wheedle juries and browbeat judges. That he was crooked had been notorious for years—years during which he grew ever greater while the criminal underworld flocked to stand in his shadow. He fixed juries, manufactured alibis; his influence, it was whispered, enveloped even the august bench itself. His men were said to be on the jury panels, so that he could wait with heart of good hope while the court clerk spun the wheel.

I remember having seen an illuminating byplay in that connection. It happened in a case wherein Little Amby was defending a negro indicted for murder; the jury was being drawn.

The last man to be drawn acknowledged at once, in an exaggerated Southern accent, that he had no use for niggers and considered hanging or electrocuting altogether too good for them, and that they'd burn such a fellow as the defendant where the talesman came from. Little Amby worked over that ferocious talesman, pleaded with him and wrung from him at last a grumbling, and as it seemed even to me, a quite worthless promise to try to be fair, and accepted him, to my professional disgust.

The district attorney, a young one, shrugged his shoulders and smiled and said, "If he suits you, Mr. Hinkle, he suits me, I'm sure." And, thought I, well he might. But the bloodthirsty talesman was not sworn on that jury, none the less. An older and trial-wise district attorney who happened to be by stepped quickly forward and pulled his young associate's sleeve and spoke to him with more earnestness than politeness. The young man started, scowled at the abstracted Little Amby and threw out a dismissing hand.

"Off," he snapped at the talesman. "This prisoner is going to get a fair trial." The supposed negro baiter was probably a plant, and had never been south of the Battery. What a tower of strength he would have been for Little Amby in the jury room.

Planting witnesses on the people was one of Little Amby's common devices, and where he appeared for the defendant the people were well advised to put no witness on the stand who had not been sworn to his testimony in the privacy of the district attorney's office and admonished of the penalty for perjury. Otherwise—and, sometimes, even then—they'd be caught relying on a witness who would be fine on the direct, but who would break down miserably under Little Amby's cross-examination and confess that his story had been put into his mouth by the complaining witness or by the district attorney, that he had been intimidated by the brutal police, and who would then proceed to tell a story that fitted Little Amby's defense like hand and glove; and the district attorney's attack on the lying fellow would be blocked by the objection that he was seeking to impeach his own witness.

There was a thrill in it when I first learned that we had locked horns with the formidable little advocate of Centre Street; I had just returned from one of my infrequent visits to the criminal courts—Mr. Jastrow was in civil practice—and I had seen Little Amby there.

I encountered him and his attendant rabble on the courthouse steps; they are high and wide and are flanked by couching sphinxes. He had so many hangers-on and followers that I thought a jury panel had been dismissed for the day. There he was, the little autocrat who could bind and could loose, could thrust an enemy into the dolorous Tombs and could draw forth a habitual criminal to set him free. Cohen walked beside him, but a ring of fear held common men off. They ran ahead of him, stooping to look into his face; they crowded after him, but kept well away from his heels. They whined and bawled, crying for his help, his mercy, the mere light of his countenance. "Hey, Mr. Hinkle! Hey, Amby! Hello, Amby!"

"Hello there, counselor," shouted a court attendant, lounging on the steps.

"Afternoon, Mr. Hinkle," said a judge, climbing the steps in company with his stenographer. "Fine day!"

"Here—look quick—there he is—it's him himself, I'm telling you! It's Little Amby!"

And the foppish little man over whom they made such a time was self-possessed and unconcerned and thankless. The large black eyes in his smooth and triangular face were detachedly meditative; Cohen had evidently asked a hard question. The large diamonds in his rings blinked in the sunlight as his slender hand rose to caress his pointed chin. He wore pointed patent-leather shoes, as always, and his suit was a red-and-green check on a base of gray; his get-up gave an effect of hard brilliance with a large dash of vulgarity. Little Amby came from the slums, and before he could escape from them he had had to fight poverty to a finish; the mortal stress of that fight had fixed him, as it fixes many men who are born naked and who achieve purple and fine linen. No genteel dowdiness for him, nothing bleared or subdued or antique; no poor-spirited compromise with poverty! He would have indorsed the apothegm of another great New Yorker of his generation, a stalwart who wore diamonds by the gill: "Them that has 'em, wears 'em." He had been not even a keg, and was now a barrel;

he had been a whisper, and was now a tempest. Let them bow now, and snatch off their hats, and scrutinize him for a sign; and the devil thank them.

I watched him cross the street to the dingy little brick house next to the Raines' Law hotel and opposite the lowering Tombs. A white-headed old New York Irishman, from Cherry Hill, ran the hotel; he was one of Little Amby's henchmen, and was a character in his way.

Tug Gaffney, Little Amby's plug-ugly doorman, was waiting on the steps of the little house; he'd make short work of the rag, tag and bobtail that was eddying across the street in the wake of his master. There, now, was one man—the only man, it may be—who had for Little Amby a warmth approaching love; the sneaking kindness I have mentioned is a colder thing. But I do think that Tug Gaffney loved him. Tug had tried pugilism as a profession and had been nothing but a chopping block, but he was an unsurpassed street fighter. He weighed more than two hundred pounds, could kick like a pony and could take a blow from the pole of a truck.

And there on my desk when I returned from the criminal courts lay a set of legal papers in a blood-red cover; before I picked it up its gaudy hue had told me that it came from the little house on Centre Street. It was dated in the preceding week, and was the moving papers and order to show cause in the matter of Gerald Pitt Wilson against Janet Van Gulden Wilson Pruitt. The order directed Janet Van Gulden Wilson Pruitt to show cause why her divorce from Gerald Pitt Wilson should not be set aside on the ground that Wilson had not been served in the action.

It appeared from the papers in the flaming cover that Gerald Pitt Wilson and Janet Van Gulden Wilson had been man and wife and had been divorced by a decree granted the lady on statutory grounds in May, 1904. The husband, Wilson, had not appeared or defended, and the judgment had been rendered against him by default at a Wednesday matinée. The undefended divorce calendar is the Wednesday matinée in law-office slang, and the flippant term was used in the papers with the red front—a typical bit of impudence.

If the husband, Wilson, had not been duly served with the complaint in divorce and thus given his day in court, the decree entered against him later was, of course, voidable. That was an elementary proposition; he could have the decree reopened and could insist on his right to appear and answer the allegations made against him. And once the decree was reopened and the judgment against him set aside, his erstwhile ex-wife would be again his wife until she had reobtained her decree by due process of law.

But this particular proceeding—commonplace in legal principle, not infrequent in practice—had aspects to make any ambitious law clerk bright-faced with excitement.

It was an attack on a decree entered in 1904, and we were then in the spring of 1919. And the former Mrs. Wilson had remarried, had married Asa Stephens Pruitt, the well-known *bon vivant* and head of the immensely wealthy Pruitt family, and she was herself a Van Gulden.

Clipped in the red cover as part of the moving papers were two affidavits. One was by Ambrose Hinkle, and was routine in form and substance. The other was made by Gerald Pitt Wilson, and contained the meat of the matter. I give it here in full:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.
"COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

"Gerald Pitt Wilson, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he resides in the borough of Manhattan, city of New York, and is the defendant described in a paper purporting to be a complaint in divorce and entitled, Janet Van Gulden Wilson against Gerald Pitt Wilson, and filed in the county clerk's office under file number 842,301; that he has read said complaint together with the attached affidavit of service on Gerald Pitt Wilson. Deponent says that the allegations of said complaint in divorce are wholly false and untrue, and that the allegation that deponent was served with a copy of said summons on December 26, 1903, at Bopp's Circle Café on West Fifty-ninth Street in this city is likewise wholly false and untrue. That deponent was not served with a copy of said complaint or summons at any time or place, and that deponent did not know of this application for divorce and subsequent interlocutory and final decrees until within sixty days this preceding, when deponent took immediate steps, not sleeping on his rights.

"That deponent was not in Bopp's Circle Café at any time during December 26, 1903, or on or about that date, but was at all time during that day, and preceding and following, confined in bed at Hanlein's Institute in this city.

"Sworn to before me this 26th day of April, 1919.

"PIERCE MACEDWARDS, GERALD PITT WILSON.
"Notary Public, New York County."

"Mighty serious, if he can prove it," I reflected cheerfully, carrying the paper to Mr. Jastrow's room for his instruction.

"Come right in, MacDevitt," called Mr. Jastrow, seeing that I moved to withdraw after opening the door and finding him engaged. "You're the very man we want here. . . . This is our Mr. MacDevitt, who'll handle the details of the case under my direction. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt, MacDevitt. Sit down, if you please."

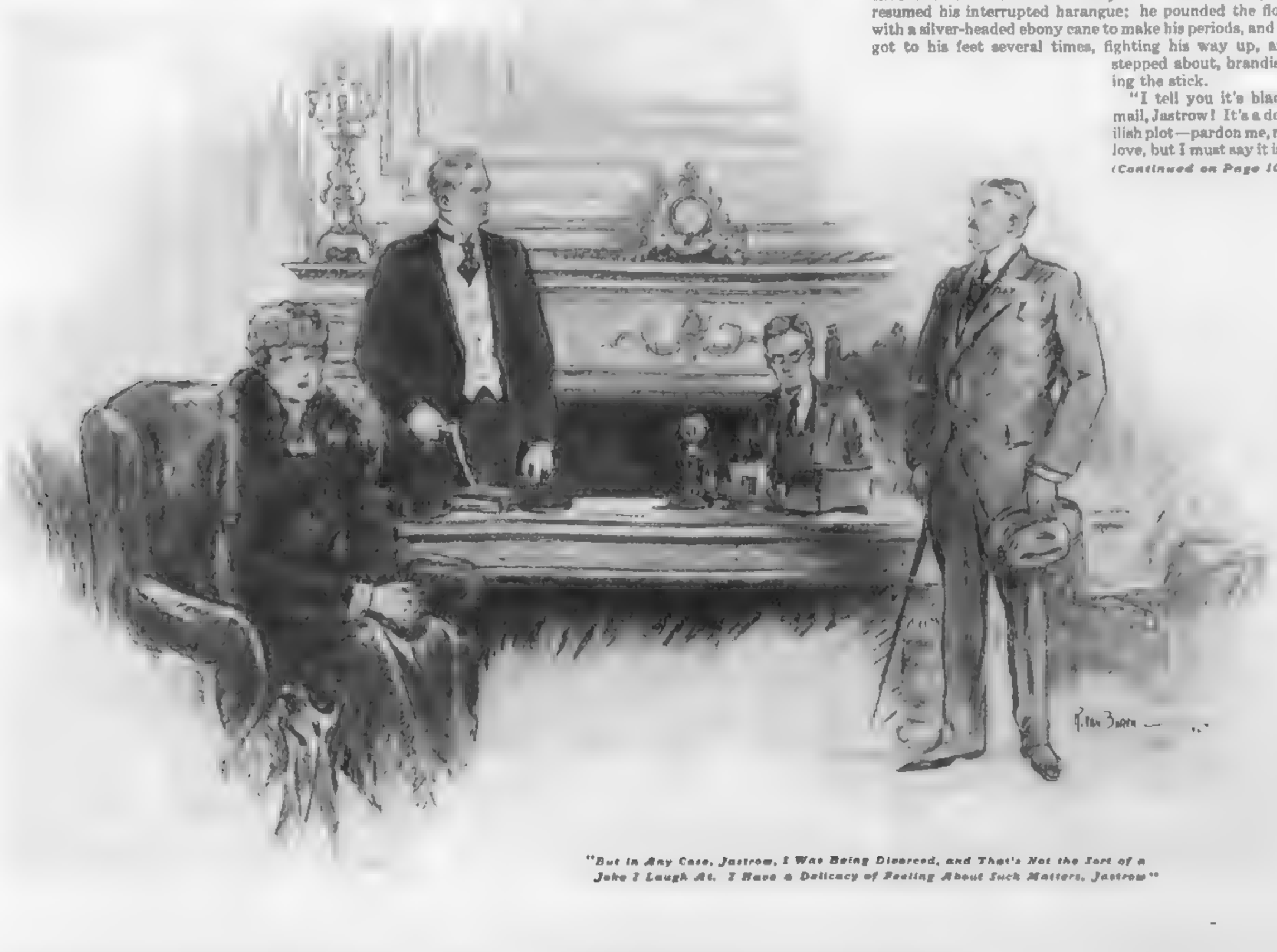
The Real Mr. Wilson

Mrs. Pruitt inclined her head and smiled. Her smile was sweet but evanescent: it faded at once, when a cast of sadness reasserted itself—a sadness that was not grief, or even melancholy, with nothing poignant in it, nothing of that rebelliousness that indicates hope. She was a large woman of settled and decorous habit, and was probably not as old as she was willing to seem. She must have been very young when she divorced Gerald Pitt Wilson. A fine-looking woman, too, with looks, money, brains and social position, and she had married a worthless loafer, divorced him, and married—after whatever interval and under whatever recrimination and pressure—the very well-known and very rich Mr. Asa Stephens Pruitt.

I wondered—hoping that my impertinent interest did not show in my face—if he had looked more like a man when she married him. A man who has insisted on having a gay time all his life, who has not had the character to drop his vices with the years they befit and to solace himself with increasing power and wisdom, is rarely much to look at when he nears seventy. This old fellow was plumped and padded, with a black toupee on his bare head and with a long trailing mustache of greenish black; his teeth were too good to be true, and I think he was wearing corsets. He threw me a curt glance, without troubling to moderate the scowl on his wrinkled and rosy face at the moment, and resumed his interrupted harangue; he pounded the floor with a silver-headed ebony cane to make his periods, and he got to his feet several times, fighting his way up, and stepped about, brandishing the stick.

"I tell you it's blackmail, Jastrow! It's a devilish plot—pardon me, my love, but I must say it is a

(Continued on Page 109)



"But in Any Case, Jastrow, I Was Being Divorced, and That's Not the Sort of a Joke I Laugh At. I Have a Delicacy of Feeling About Such Matters, Jastrow"

NEW STONES FOR OLD

By Harvey Wiley Corbett

THE great city has one very serious drawback. It is daily becoming more difficult for the business man to reach the golf links. It is all very well to build skyscrapers higher and higher, and pack 'em into hotels and apartment houses until they squeal, but if the American business man can't smash an iron or otherwise indulge in a little wholesome relaxation of an afternoon while his secretary is telling people that he is in conference, then American business will have to take the consequences.

As city population multiplies by leaps and bounds, the problem becomes a serious one. Property values increase in the vicinity of existing golf courses too rapidly to permit extension or to allow new ones to be laid out. It is painfully obvious that we cannot take the golf course to the business man, and until aerial travel becomes more general, the methods of getting the business man to the golf course are so annoying that they take the zest out of the game. Something must be done about it. If a means could be devised of doubling existing facilities, I am sure it would be hailed as a boon thrice blest. A stitch in time may save nine holes.

Therefore I propose the double-decked golf course. The plan, in brief, is as follows: The upper course, supported by steel pillars rising from the lower in the form of stately elms and tall poplars, would receive sunlight and rain in the normal manner; that is, through the beneficent if highly intermittent provisions of a kindly Nature. The lower course, however, would be taken care of by sprinklers and artificial light, provided by a less kindly but more reliable public-service company. This would give the lower story the inestimable advantage of being playable at all hours of the day and night and in all seasons of the year.

At first glance it might seem that long drives on the lower course would meet with hazards overhead. This difficulty could be obviated by engineering the project so that the hills of the upper course would be directly above the dales of the lower, and at a sufficient height to accommodate the average trajectory of drives by a par player.

The scheme, of course, offers other obvious difficulties, but, as the old proverb has it, where there's a will there's a fairway. If the double-decked city street is a thing of tomorrow, then the double-decked golf course is a thing of, well, let us say a week from next Wednesday.

The World's Tallest Debutante

THE details could be worked out later. I simply throw off the suggestion for what it is worth to golf enthusiasts. Personally, I'm not interested. I've been off my game for two seasons. But when golf clubs are ready to discuss the plan, I should be glad to consult with them—any time I am not in conference.

The American architect is getting so accustomed to making wild, visionary guesses that he may be pardoned if occasionally he shoots a little wide of the nineteenth green. Ten years ago he never dreamed of the problems he would have to tackle today. If he had, he would probably have abandoned the muse at once and taken up one of the less hazardous professions, like deep-sea diving. And when he can find time to sit back and think of the future, even ten years hence, he can only pray for strength and imagination enough to cope with the developments that are sure to come.

The astounding things that are happening in architecture have all been the result of necessity. It cannot too often be repeated that tall buildings are an effect, not a cause. Skyscrapers did not cause city congestion; they were the result of the need for concentration and its accompanying increase in efficiency.

But if one thing can be singled out as having given the impetus to modern sky-soaring architecture, it is the development of skeleton-steel construction.

Without bones of steel to give lightness and rigidity, there could have been no Woolworth Building or Wrigley Tower. The old wall-bearing type of construction, built up to thirty or forty stories, would have crumpled like a house of cards. Of course, the Gothic cathedrals attained considerable height, but only at the expense of a great deal of lateral space for massive buttresses—space which we can hardly spare in a crowded city. Skeleton steel has made architecture flexible to an extent hardly realized by the layman. For instance, it has made it possible for us to plan buildings from the top down.

Do not misunderstand me and think that the modern tall building, whether it be a hotel or an office structure, is a rickety affair which has had too little attention paid to its underpinning. The foundations of most skyscrapers are many times stronger than is strictly necessary. I simply mean that when the cage of steel is erected and planted firmly in bed rock or concrete, the architect can juggle the interior arrangement almost *ad lib*. Furthermore, when the problem is a business building or a hotel or an apartment house, he literally plans from the top down.

The reason for this is simply that the important factors in commercial and hotel structures are the typical floors. In the case of an office building the chief revenue is derived from a great number of office floors, not from ground-floor display space; in the case of a hotel, it comes from the bedroom floors, not the lobby and dining rooms.

Hence the architect's first concern is with workable offices and livable bedrooms. When the upper spaces are arranged to the best advantage, then is the time to think of the more or less optional disposition of the lower floors.

The average lifetime of the modern commercial building is about twenty years. There are some monumental structures of recent times which will last much longer than that, but improvements in plan arrangement and mechanical contrivances such as ventilation, heating and elevator systems, develop so rapidly that the mortality of the skyscraper is high. Within the memory of our younger

Five Photographs Showing the Development of a Building in What is Known as the Zoning Envelope—Designed by Hugh Ferris After Diagrams Prepared by Helmle and Corbett. First Stage: Abstract Shape

generation, the Singer Building made her bow to Manhattan society as the world's tallest debutante, yet already her hair is gray.

Nevertheless, there is no type of building which causes more comment and which interests a greater number of people than the skyscraper. It is the touchstone of modern architecture. Hence, it may be interesting to examine the construction of a skyscraper step by step, with a view to observing the architect's part in the proceedings.

The modern office building is a complicated piece of machinery. It is designed to fulfill a definite program and to house a special group of people—a group which has been created by the separation of home and business. It must be practical. An office building that doesn't work is as useless as a taxi with one wheel. Yet the variety of office buildings is quite as large as the variety of motor cars, and it often becomes the duty—sometimes the painful duty—of the architect to advise a prospective client with a limousine ambition and a touring-car pocketbook to compromise on a sedan grade of building.

Just where does the architect step into the picture? What sort of contact has he with the great world of business? That depends on what kind of architect he is. If he is a promoting architect, he jumps in, takes an option on a piece of property, makes a sketch plan and a perspective showing crowded streets, and then hunts up a client.

But if he is a designing architect—and most architects have designs on something or somebody—he bides his time, makes all the useful connections he can, plants seeds here and there, and if they are good seeds and the soil is fertile, a client will eventually come to him to make sketches for a particular piece of land that he owns, or thinks he would like to own.

In any case, the question inevitably comes up to the architect: "Will it pay to build in a certain locality, and how large must the lot be to make building economically sound?"

To answer that question the architect must secure certain general information which will show the financial feasibility of a building project before any money is paid down or any plans are drawn. In other words, he must discover some general relation between the square foot of rentable area, or, as the British more graphically put it, "carpet area," and the cost of producing or creating that particular square foot in terms of a building ready to let.

In this first approximation he figures the cost of building in terms of cubic contents. This means that he must have a general idea of how many cubic feet of building are required to provide one square foot of rentable floor space. A calculation made on a large number of well-planned office buildings shows that sixteen cubic feet are required to make one square foot of rentable floor space possible.

What Price a Cubic Foot of Office?

EXPRESSED in another way, each square foot of carpet area will require for itself some eleven and a half or twelve cubic feet—height from floor to floor above—of building cube. To this must be added that proportion of extra cubic contents which provides for walls, partitions, hallways, toilets, elevators, basement and cellar spaces, penthouses, and so on.

Next he surveys the neighborhood in which the building is contemplated, and from its general present

Second Stage: Cut In From the Outside to Give Light and Air

character and possible future growth decides upon the type and grade of office building best adapted to the locality. It is possible to determine from buildings recently completed the probable cost per cubic foot of such a structure. A survey of the neighborhood will give the probable average rent per square foot of carpet area one may reasonably expect to get.

This formula shows how easily the problem may be worked out:

$$\frac{\text{Rent of 1 square foot}}{\text{Cost of 16 cubic feet}} = \text{Gross return on building investment}$$

For example, a certain type of office building can be built today in New York City for seventy cents a cubic

foot. The same building properly located can be rented for three dollars a square foot of carpet area. Hence:

$$\frac{\$3.00}{\$.70 \times 16} = \frac{\$4.00}{\$.1.20} = 26.7 \text{ per cent gross}$$

The client knows at once, therefore, whether this proposition will bear further investigation; whether this gross return is enough to cover interest on property cost, building cost, taxes, sinking fund, depreciation, maintenance, operating charges, and so on. If it were 15 per cent, nobody would touch it; if it were 40 per cent, you couldn't stand capital off with a machine gun.

This preliminary calculation gives an idea of how large a lot to try to secure in a given district, how much you can afford to pay per square foot for the land, and how many stories you will have to build on the given property.

Let us suppose, now, that the plot is purchased or salted away on option. By means of the above brain-racking operation in higher calculus you know how many floors you are going to build. The stage is set for your client's big moment. He gets a death grip on his bank roll, blinks three times, swallows hard, and whispers hoarsely, "Make me a plan." Then the fun begins—for the architect

Building Castles in the Air

IN FACT, this is about the only fun he gets until it's all over. For a few brief weeks he can stay at home and play with his blocks and scribble with his drawing pencils, and not give a hang whether school keeps or not. He can have a perfectly gorgeous bang-up time putting strings of iron cornucopias around each window, and running egg-and-dart moldings down the fire escapes, and building a couple of Moslem minarets on the penthouse if he wants to, and nobody will be the wiser—except himself.

But if he is a wise architect he will try first of all to fit his building as much as possible into the locality for which it is designed, without sacrificing anything to the bad influences around him. He will try to make his building a thing of beauty in itself. He will try to make it as practical and as workable as possible and still keep it beautiful. That, in the final analysis, will be the supreme test of his worth.

There was a time when it was hardly necessary to construct a model for a commercial building. Their shape was pretty much the same. You built up seven-eight-ten stories straight from the sidewalk, until your client said he was ready for the roof and cornice. For such buildings, drawings were enough. Like as not the contractor constructed the building from a stock set of blue prints, and an architect was called in, if at all, to trick it out with Beaux Arts trimmings.

But with the step-backs and dormers and towers created by the curious workings of the zoning law, it is almost essential to construct cardboard or plaster models.

When the model is coaxed into the most agreeable external shape that will conform to the general plan within, the disposition of the interior begins. As I have said before, the important thing is to develop a typical upper-floor plan first. This typical floor plan is based on an office unit. When the office unit is determined upon—and that in itself is a most subtle problem in proportion—several of them are placed on either side of a corridor; the line of vertical circulation—elevators—is determined at a central point off this corridor, making sure that no unfortunate tenant has to walk more than 100 feet from his office door to an elevator; then are added some utility spaces such as toilets, cleaners' closets, vent shafts, flues, and so on; and the plan is made.

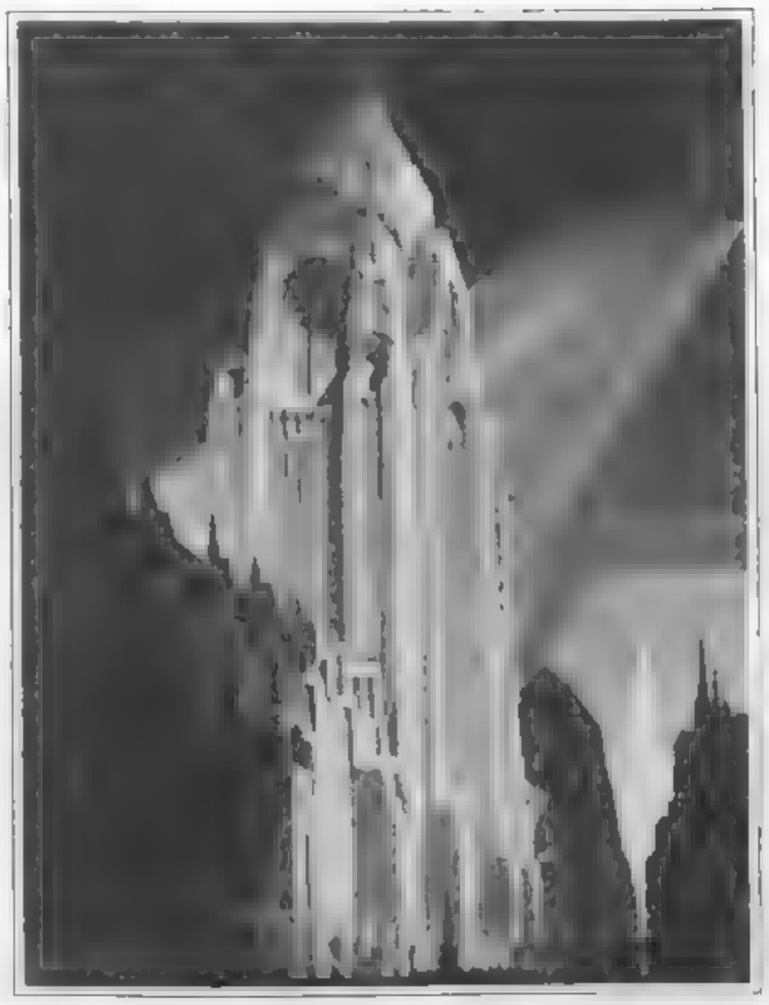
Of course, it must still be warped, bent and twisted until it fits the lot, has assured natural light in all offices, will work to a possible steel frame, and is made to conform in other ways to the practical necessities of the problem.

What is the ideal office unit? Fortunately, authorities differ; if they didn't, the poor architect would only occasionally be able to plan the one perfect office building, whereas now, every one he builds is perfect. But authorities do agree on one thing, and that is, it is better business to construct less building, and have shallow offices well lighted, than to have more building with deep offices poorly lighted. In other words, it is better to have less space—less capital investment—permanently rented at a high figure than too much space partially rented at a low figure.

The depth of a well-lighted office—by depth is meant distance from windows to corridor—is never over twice the clear ceiling height. Twenty feet is better than twenty-five. The width will vary with the distance between steel columns; economical engineering considerations put a limit of not less than fifteen feet or more than twenty-two. Mr. C. T. Coley, Equitable Building manager, gives the ideal proportions as twenty-four feet deep by sixteen feet wide.

Of course, the structural steel engineer wants as many columns as he can get, and he wants them all evenly spaced, with no offsets.

The designer wants the columns where the architectural effect of exterior and interior will be the best in appearance and proportion. The owner doesn't want any columns anywhere.



An Architect's Vision of the Cathedral of the Future

The architect must maintain the proper balance and space his columns where, by the use of the standard shapes and regular distances, he will get the freest unbroken floor spaces in the offices and yet secure economical steel construction.

Corridors can make or break the tone of a building. One might suppose there was a standard width for corridors running between offices. Probably a four-foot corridor would serve all practical purposes, yet appearance is quite as important as practicability, and appearance is a matter of proportion. You can make a short corridor narrow, but a long corridor must be wide, and all corridors should increase in width as they near the elevators.

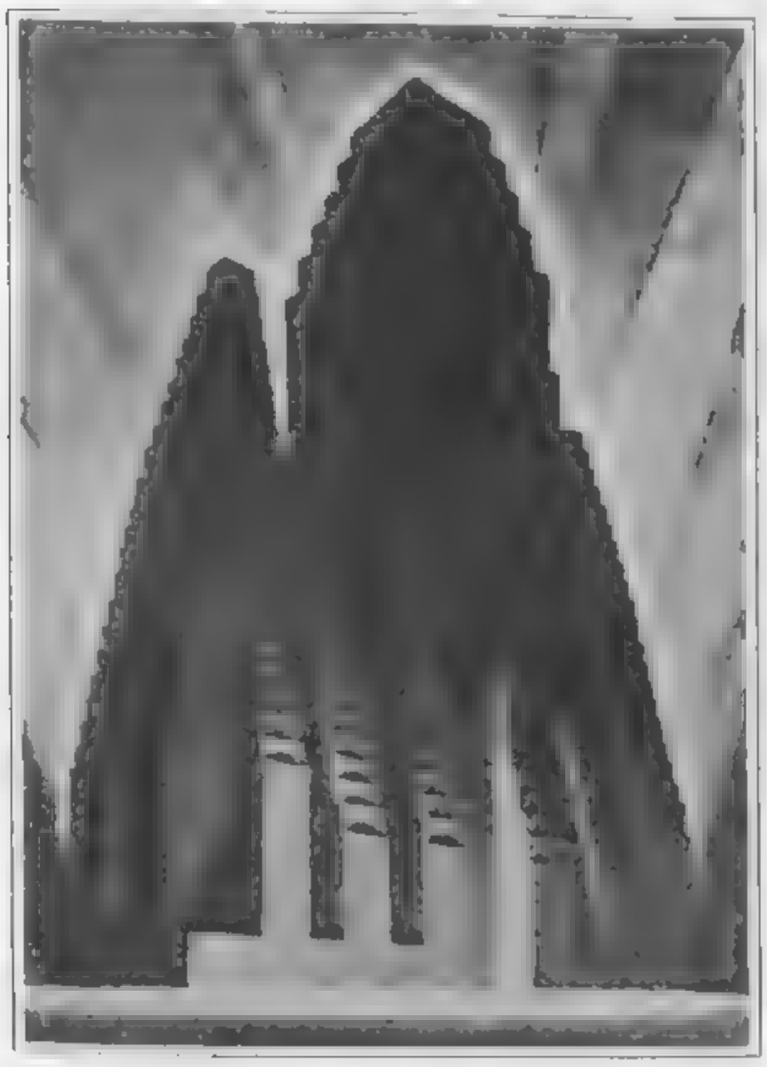
When the battery of elevators is placed so that it serves the series of upper floors most efficiently, it is time to think of the disposition of the ground-floor spaces. This can be, and frequently is, reserved until the very last, and arranged to suit the wishes of the first tenant. Furthermore, it may be radically changed during the lifetime of the building, as the requirements of successive tenants dictate. Skeleton-steel construction, by its elasticity, makes this possible. Imagine revamping the entire plan of the ground floor of an old wall-bearing building!

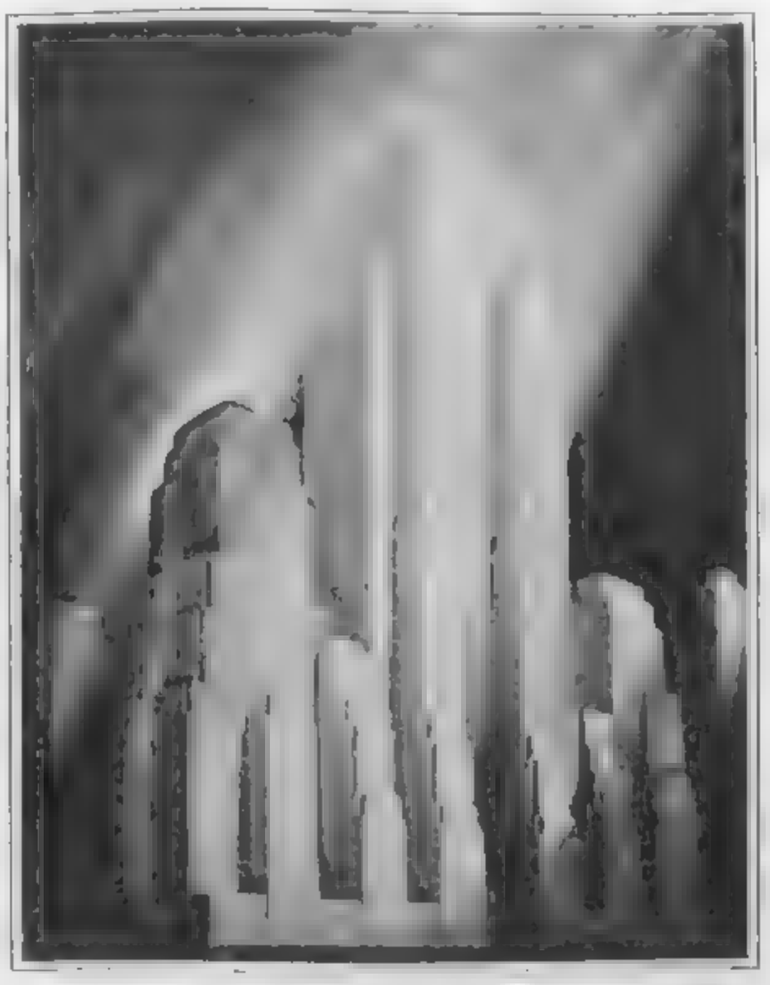
A Model Bent but Not Broken

AT LAST the architect is ready to present his masterpiece to the client—the perfect office building. The client casts a fishy eye upon the model: "H'm! What's that gadget there on top? Looks pretty fancy to me. Any office space in it? What? It contains the water tank and elevator machinery? Holy smoke! Haven't you got all outdoors to put those things in? What's the idea of putting 'em inside the building? And what are these jiggers running up the sides, and these doodads?" And so on.

You caress your darling shamelessly in the presence of your client, and defend every line and curve of her, and if the client isn't too critical of her charms, she emerges from the session somewhat bent, perhaps, but not entirely broken.

Continued on Page 175





At Left—Third Stage: The Sloping Planes Fashioned Into Rectangular Forms

Above—Fourth Stage. All Elements Impractical to Steel Construction Eliminated

At Right—Fifth Stage: The Finished Building

NEXT TO GODLINESS

By Edith Barnard Delano

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"I Can Cook for Myself, and I'm Goin' To. I Don't Want Any Women Around. I Wouldn't Stay in the House With a Woman, Not if I Was Dead"

STRANGERS used to marvel when they first heard the name, but there was nothing amusing about it to Hanway folks. There had been a son of that name in every generation of Bowens; when the generations overlapped, the several Zebinas had to be distinguished in some way. Something over half a century ago there were Old Zebiny and Young Zebiny and Cousin Zebiny; when Young Zebiny's son came along and was endowed with the additional cognomen of Benjamin, what more natural than to call him B. Zebina, or, as commonly spoken, Beezebiny, with the emphasis on the Bee? Nothing funny about that; nor did Beezebiny grow up with anything else about him that was humorous.

By the time he was fifty he was a small, bearded, kindly man; the quietness of his manner was not due to shyness, but to the fact that he knew where he stood on everything, and was pretty well satisfied with his lot in life. He lived with his brother William on the Bowen farm, which was pleasantly set at a crossroads where there was a good deal of passing; and the farm was not so far from Hanway village but that Beezebiny could get down to church and church suppers, to the store on Saturdays and, of course, to town meetings. He had never missed a town meeting since he was twenty-one, nor had he ever spoken from the floor. He always listened to the arguments without comment; he always knew beforehand how he was going to vote.

The Bowen farm was not a large one, nor was the house large; both sufficed for the needs of the brothers. In fact, it was commonly reputed that they had a good deal of money in the savings bank drawing interest. However that may have been, the coöperation between them insured comfort to both. Beezebiny grew two acres of good tobacco every year, neither more nor less. For years past he had grown an acre of onions on shares with a Polander, and he always saw to it that his acre was kept well weeded by the Pole and his offspring, and bagged and divided the onions himself. His wood lot was only a stone's throw from the house. He kept a cow and bought a shoat every spring and had plenty of pork for winter. The pig and the cow and the horse he cared for himself, and the farming he looked after, also; he and his brother worked the garden about evenly between them—mostly corn and potatoes and squash, both winter and summer varieties; the hens and the house were William's domain, and the arrangement suited them both.

Beezebiny saw nothing at fault with William's housekeeping. They liked the same things to eat, and William's pies were as good as anybody's. They both believed in leaving beds open to air. They both liked to keep windows shut—against cold in winter and flies in summer. Neither saw why dishes should be washed until there were no more clean ones. William swept the whole house every spring. Once a month the Polish woman came in to do their washing and ironing; it did not accumulate fast enough to have her oftener. As for their outer garments—there wasn't much use in taking off spots, for more got on again. Buttons were sewed on when a bent nail would not suffice, and shoes were bought when they had to be. On the whole, their things lasted pretty well. Life as they had arranged it suited them perfectly. Time never hung heavily on their hands; they had plenty to talk about, though they did not talk much. They subscribed for the weekly Gazette, so Paul Rice, the rural carrier, always stopped by for a chat on Fridays. Other folks stopped by, too, and they had an eight-party telephone line. There was not a soul better informed than William, shut in though he was with his housekeeping most of the time, on the details and excitements of the whole town of Hanway. They had neighbors, also, the nearest of whom, the Widow Budd, lived a bare half mile away.

"'Tain't any wonder he didn't last longer," William had remarked when Jackson Budd died, "with that woman around. He got balder and balder every year he lived, being washed so."

"Look at poor Henry, too," Beezebiny had said, referring to their other brother, who had departed this life in the town of Brattleboro, Vermont, at the unripe age of forty-three. "Wore out, tryin' to keep up with a woman."

There was no argument to that. William sniffed and affirmed, "The man that ain't got sense enough to keep clear of women deserves 'em." To which Beezebiny silently agreed.

Yet, after all, as William concluded some six months after the dissolution of Jackson Budd, a man's silence may tell something or cover something. Beezebiny's farming operations, never so heavy but what he could stop for a good purpose, were pretty well caught up with. He took a sixteen-quart pail one morning and went down the road toward a thicket where elderberries were ripe. He said nothing of his purpose to William; no need to. They had never made any until the year before; it turned out real well, but it was, unfortunately, entirely consumed before cider time came round again. William hurried a little with his housework, set the squash on the back of the stove and along toward eleven o'clock took another pail and went down the road in the direction his brother had taken; every quart they got would help some. Then, as he reached the bend of the road beyond which the elderberries were, he heard voices. More precisely, he heard a voice, for the inarticulate sounds that came at intervals from Beezebiny were not like anything vocal that William had ever heard before.

"No, no, you take these, Zebina," the voice was saying. "I'll get plenty. Hold your pail, I'll pour them. What? Yes you do, too. Bein' two men so, you'll need them. They do make beautiful jell. Jackson did relish it so. It's awful, just awful, cooking for one."

There was a croaking sound that William attributed to his brother; the voice, incisive and clear, came from a little way farther along the line of elderberries than it had the moment before.

"What'd you say, Zebina? What, you don't make jell? Oh, William don't make jell? You buy it at the store? Sakes alive, if that ain't like men! So helpless and all. Now I tell you what you do, Zebina. You come down to my house some day next week and I'll give you some elderberry jell that is jell. Or I can bring it over to you. And if it tastes good, I could run over to your house and show William how to make it. You tell him I ——"

William went around the bend in the road. His eyes met his brother's. Then William turned and walked away, bent, but with firmly set steps, toward the house. . . . The squash had stuck to the pan a little, too. Ordinarily, Beezebiny would have remarked upon it. But throughout dinner, throughout supper, neither brother spoke. Nor did either brother look once at the other.

For years Beezebiny had driven down the steep hill to the store every Saturday night; for years he had been unaccompanied—in fact, a good many people in Hanway had forgotten what William looked like. Every Sunday, weather permitting, Beezebiny had washed his face and put on the clean shirt and the other suit and driven down to church.

On the Sunday after the picking of the elderberries, a young woman said to another, as they were standing on the church steps after service, "Who on earth is that man Beezebiny Bowen's got with him?"

"Who is it, John?" the other asked of her husband.

"Why, that's William. Ain't seen him in years, till last night. Come down to the store with Zebiny, he did. Not much of a talker, either one of 'em."

Nor did the brothers talk much while driving up the hill toward home. William was silent; as they passed the Widow Budd's house, Beezebiny said, "Giddap." Both were glad to get home—until they opened the kitchen door. They saw it at once and at the same moment—there on the somewhat red tablecloth. A pie. . . .

Both went closer. That's what it was—a pie. Moreover, any housewife in Hanway could have told at a glance that it was a good pie. It was deep. All the way round the pie plate its edge was pinched and crinkled. Its upper surface had been pricked with a fork and delicately slashed with a knife until a pattern had been achieved thereon—a

pattern of whirls frisking caressingly around a true-lovers' knot in the center.

For several moments neither spoke. Then Beezebiny said, "Gosh a'mighty! Well—I—snum!"

William's Adam's apple went up and down under his beard. He carried the pie at arm's length out of the house.

When he came back, he said merely, "I buried it so's it won't kill the cat."

On Monday, William announced, "We got to pick our shell beans today."

On Tuesday, making sure that Zebiny was one of the group sifting onions in the far field, William fried the pork and potatoes and set them in the oven to keep warm; then set off in the direction of the Widow Budd's house. He had not walked that far in years, but the long hot walk cost him no more than the determination to face Mrs. Budd. On the way he remembered how once, in their boyhood, he had rescued Zebina, older but smaller than himself, from a strange black dog that wouldn't let him down from a crab-apple tree. . . . He had not thought of anything to say, not even when Mrs. Budd came to the door and beamed upon him.

"Why, William!" she exclaimed. "Why, how nice and neighborly of you! Come in, come right in."

But William did not go in. The floor was scrubbed, there were flowers on the window sill, white oilcloth, as it seemed, everywhere; a stove loomed in shining blackness, the very air of the place smelled like all outdoors with something sweet cooking in it.

"I'm just making my second batch of elderberry jell," Mrs. Budd said with enveloping cheeriness. "The first came out grand. Just look at it!"

There were rows of filled jelly glasses on a tray on the table. She held one up before the window, and William, from the doorway, nodded.

"I told Zebina I'd give you some," said the lady. "Or I'll bring them over and ——"

"I could carry 'em," William said, his beard moving convulsively. "I could—take 'em now."

"Why, that's fine—you can have some with your dinner. Mr. Budd used to like it fresh made."

So there were glasses, three of them, on the table when Zebina came in at noon. His round eyes grew rounder.

"What's them?" he asked chokingly.

"Ain't you got eyesight?" his brother returned, thumping the pork and potatoes down.

Zebina went to the sink and brought back a pan that had been used for baked beans a few days before. He emptied the contents of the three glasses into the pan and went out-of-doors.

When he returned, he said, "I buried it so's it won't kill the hens."

They ate their dinner in satisfied silence.

Everyone felt bad for Zebina when William died. He felt bad himself.

"Ee-us, he was a good brother," he said to everyone who came to the house that day and the next. "I dunno how I'll get on without him."

"Death takes us all," said the minister, who had driven up to make the arrangements.

"One of you ought to have married," said the minister's wife, who had come with him.

"I been spared that," said Beezebiny; and somehow the thought lingered and comforted him, particularly when Mrs. Budd came in with a piece of boiled meat and a cake and some pies—pies, at that time, decorated merely with a few knife thrusts in the top. Zebina was mute before the offerings.

"I don't want you should thank me," Mrs. Budd said with a cheerfulness that still had a sort of crape-veil effect. "And you can make your mind easy about the house, Zebina. I'll clean it up for the funeral."

Zebina blinked; then—for who is not inspired in moments of need?—then he said, "Brother William would like the house just the way it is, Mis' Budd."

Mrs. Budd looked at the stove, at the sink and the table. "I'll just wash the dishes and pans," said she.

"It's the way Brother William liked it. I wouldn't want to touch it. Not now," said Zebina.

"But the parlor'll just have to be dusted."

"It's clean," said Zebina, quite firmly. "Good and clean. It ain't ever opened."

Mrs. Budd was taking a somewhat pensive departure when Paul Rice drove up, and with him a woman. Mrs. Budd, be it said, was possessed of a vigorous flatness of figure; the stranger was round, and her bulbous curves looked soft. Her face, between a black hat and a dress of the same hue, was plump, and pinkish about the cheeks. She descended backwards from Paul Rice's car, and went straight up to Zebina, who promptly retreated in the general direction of Mrs. Budd.

"Oh, brother," the stranger said. "Oh, my poor brother!"

Zebina was speechless. The stranger was dabbing at her eyes.

Mrs. Budd looked at the carrier.

"Who is this?" she asked majestically.

"Oh," said Paul. "Excuse me. Mis' Budd, I'll introduce you to Mis' Bowen. Missis Henry Bowen. Mis' Bowen, meet Mis' Budd."

"Henry!" gasped Zebina. "Gosh a'mighty! Be you Brother Henry's woman?"

The lady revised that. "His widow," she admitted "Oh, my poor brother, you haven't a relation left in the world now, exceptin' me. I saw the notice in the Gazette."

"Why, how kind of you to come!" Mrs. Budd exclaimed, smiling and moving her head several times. "Blood's thicker than water. I always said so."

Mrs. Bowen tucked her handkerchief into her belt with something of emphasis and looked at Mrs. Budd; or, as Paul Rice afterward described it, took her in. "So 'tis," said she. "And I believe in a family's standing together."

"There's nothing like a member of your own family," Mrs. Budd agreed ambiguously. "Now I tell you what, Mis' Bowen. I'm the nearest neighbor. You must come right to my house and stay until after the funeral."

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Henry's relict. "But I come to do what I can to comfort poor Brother Zebina. I'd better stay right here."

"It can't be done," Zebina managed to say. "There ain't but two bedrooms." And a while later, when he had watched Paul Rice's car trundle off in the direction of Mrs. Budd's place, the two women crowded on the seat beside him, he rubbed the back of his head, drew a deep breath and said:

"My gosh a'mighty! . . . Well—I—snum!"

Even the great Achilles had a weak spot. The strongest man has his moment of weakness. The day of the funeral was a hard one for Zebina. There were people all over the place; he suspected them of poking around where 'twas none o' their business. He was feeling pretty bad about William. Didn't see how he was going to get on without William. All those people around the grave—he'd rather have been alone there; 'twould 'a' made it seem's if he'd been sort of closer to William at the last.

There was the long drive back from the cemetery, alone in his wagon as he had been many and many a time, going home from the store or from church; but this was different. He didn't see how he was going to get on without William. . . . The horse, unguided, went directly into the barn. Zebina sat still, the reins limp in his hands, until the horse turned its head inquiringly. He unharnessed the beast and put it into its stall. He'd have to feed the hens. . . . Never did care for hens. . . . 'Twasn't quite time to feed them, but he didn't want to go into the house, somehow. He did everything he could in the way of chores; anyway, there'd be a lot of straightening up to do in the house, what with all those people having been there. He'd have to shut up the parlor. At last he went in.

He went unsuspectingly into the kitchen, then stood as though petrified, only his eyes moving. Something had happened. He had never had a nightmare in his life—there were no complexes, no inhibitions in Zebina to trouble his subconscious in sleep; he knew nothing of dreams, but this was not waking. It was not real. The stove was blackened, not a friendly rusty place showing. Every darned thing in the sink had been washed. The frying pan that always waited on the back of the stove was hanging on a nail. Instead of the reddish tablecloth, there was a white one that would show the dirt in no time at all. The two old catchup bottles were gone, the sugar bowl shone, there was a bokay of flowers alongside the caster. And the floor—goah a'mighty, the floor had been washed!

(Continued on Page 193)

William Went Around the Bend in the Road. His Eyes Met His Brother's

AMARDIS OF NO MAN'S LAND

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

IN THE center of the hairpin bend, just beyond the village of Little Dole-Keynes in Sussex, was the cottage in which Amardis lived. Her parents were dead and no one knew why she had been called Amardis, but they agreed that it was hard luck.

Amardis, who was only a little girl, didn't care one way or the other. It was absurd to bother about even an absurd name. Amardis had Sally's puppies to look after or look forward to. Sally was a spaniel with a brown-and-white coat, a tubby body and a short tail with an ensign at the end of it. The ensign fluttered madly at the sound of a gunshot, but at other times remained in perfect control. Sally was part of the village of Little Dole-Keynes and was generally asleep in the middle of the road like an island. She did not move for traffic, which went round her, keeping strictly to the left—except occasional motorcycles that had to be fished out of the pond. Amardis was wrapped up in Sally and held long conversations with her of a womanly and intimate kind. Amardis had a grandmother who was a very still old lady with bright eyes and pale blue hands. She did not say much, but she kept neat accounts and used to copy cooking recipes into a book with a marbled cover. Because she was a true Victorian, she used long s's and smelled faintly of geranium. Amardis' grandmother was wrapped up in Amardis and entertained thoughts of her of an intimate and womanly kind.

The cottage in which they lived was called Cooden, because pigeons had built in the elms that surrounded it for more years than anyone could remember. At the back there was a triangular garden with a narrow hedged path at the apex which ran into a wood and got lost. The estate was like a small funnel through which civilization flowed into the wild.

On the right of Cooden was a newly erected bungalow called Hill 60, owned by Captain Greville, a warrior of the Great War. Captain Greville was no longer in the army—he was in poultry, being in command of a company of three hundred Buff Orpingtons. Perhaps it was rather vain of him to have retained the use of his military title, but he could not help regarding his past record with more favor than his present. Captain Greville was a widower, his wife having died as a result of the Battle of Hill 60. The War Office sent her a wire to announce that he had been killed in action. Subsequently they sent another which ran: "For 'Killed in action' read 'Slightly wounded.'" But that one arrived too late. Greville was left with one child—a boy—Michael.

There wasn't much the matter with Michael. He had piercing gray eyes and a chest like the front door of a castle.

Michael's lifelong and inseparable friend was Charlie Hands, who lived in a residence called The Yews on the left, or other, side of Cooden. Charlie's father, Henry Hands, had made a nice little fortune out of dry-cleaning, but nobody save Henry Hands was much impressed by that. In Charlie's opinion it was a stuggy sort of business. In Henry's opinion it was highly refined, but then he did not regard his trade as dry-cleaning, but as *nettoyage à sec*.

"Boys are a Great 'Sponsibility," She Said. "They are Awful Friends, These Two"

Charlie was one of those lean, wiry, muscular boys with an outdoor mind and a proper contempt for all forms of peace and sentiment. Between himself and Michael existed an offensive and defensive alliance of such potency that a moment spent in any other company was a moment irredeemably lost. In general, they shared everything; and in particular, shared for each other an admiration and a need more boundless and devoted than is known by lovers.

The existence of Cooden driving a wedge between The Yews and Hill 60 provided the boys with matter for constant lament. They resented the delay occasioned by the separating influences of the permanent No Man's Land. True they had piled packing cases upon which they could stand and shout to each other across the intervening space, but this method of intercourse was not encouraged by Greville, Senior, Hands, Senior, or by the grandmother of Amardis. The latter bribed them to discontinue the practice with smiles and a double handful of Garibaldi biscuits.

"I love you to be young," she said, "but I'm tiresome about a noise." It was tactful to suggest that the fault was hers. They gave her full marks for that. "Why not make a little hole through the hedges in the lane?" she suggested.

That was an idea no sooner mooted than carried out. The new right of way was quickly established, and within half an hour of its establishment a platoon of Buff Orpingtons in charge of a young rooster passed out of civilization into the wild woods beyond.

Michael and Charlie had already melted into the landscape on affairs of a masculine and primitive nature and it was Amardis who witnessed the leakage of Captain Greville's capital into the unknown. Amardis had imagination. There was a litter of young foxes in the wood. Presently murder would be done and later penalties would be exacted from those who had been responsible. Then perhaps Captain Greville would call on Mr. Hands and demand damages, and Mr. Hands, who was rich enough to be mean in small matters, would refuse. These two men held each other in contempt—Greville because Hands had done nothing in the war and Hands because Greville had done nothing since the war. So there would be an unpleasantness on both sides of Amardis unless steps were taken to avoid it.

Amardis took a deck chair and laid it slantwise across the path, covering the newly made hole in Mr. Hands' hedge and leaving open that in Captain Greville's. Then Amardis went into the wood with Sally.

It was not an easy task she had set herself, for the wood went on forever and Sally had been taught that chickens were to be left alone.

The feckless birds had scattered in all directions and were reluctant to be disturbed. They put up a gallant fight and only by dint of the greatest determination Amardis contrived to chevy them, one at a time, up the narrow lane and back to their own quarters. At last all had been returned save the young rooster. Then Amardis blocked the hole and went back to the chase.

At first she could not find the truant and had almost despaired of doing so when she heard him cackling proudly in a thicket two hundred yards away. Presumably he was endeavoring to attract the attention of the fox, in which there seemed every promise of success.

"Silly cocky fool," said Amardis and, grabbing her short skirt, dashed off in the direction of the sound with Sally at her heels.

Returning from their expedition of a primitive and masculine nature, Charles and Michael leaped to concealment behind the trunk of a huge oak. Cautiously peeping forth, they saw Amardis, the girl of No Man's Land, urging her dog to capture and destroy one of the Greville prize roosters.

"By cripes," whispered Charles, "she must be clean barmy!"

"Lie low till she comes this way," was the answer.

"How about slinging a chaquer at the dog?" Charlie inquired, producing a catapult and fitting a pebble into the pouch.

Michael Greville shook his head. A dog takes orders from master or mistress, for whose sins and omissions it may not be held accountable.

"But the girl will go through it," he said.

The rooster had taken cover in a clump of brambles, from which it cackled defiant willingness to stand siege.

"Hi in, Sally, and seize him!" cried Amardis.

But Sally had picked up the scent of a coot, and coots and her puppies were the only living things that robbed Sally of a sense of discipline. The little white ensign at the

end of her tail was wagging furiously among the reeds of a forest pool. There was nothing else for it, and tugging the small paddy hat she wore over her ears, Amardis went down on all fours and squirmed into the brambles.

"Now!" whooped Michael Greville.

Together the two heroes dashed across the open. As Amardis gripped a leg of the young rooster the two boys fastened upon her ankles.

"We've got you! It's no good struggling!" they cried.

From inside the bramble came a syncopated squawk from the bird.

"Pull away!" cried Charlie. "She's killing it in there "

But thorns and briers conspired to hold Amardis prisoner. Then Sally turned up and loyally seized Charlie by the end of his coat.

"Collar the dog!" shrieked the excited youth. "I'll manage the girl."

"If you'd leave off pulling me for one minute, I might be able to squirm out," said Amardis faintly. "You're driving millions of prickles into my back."

"How do we know you won't nip in again?" demanded Charlie, without releasing his hold.

"It isn't the sort of place anyone'd stop in for pleasure," came the answer.

"All right; but no tricks, mind!"

It was a very disheveled Amardis who emerged a moment later. Her short skirt was over her head, small red patches spotted the knees of a pair of white cotton stockings and dozens of scratches crisscrossed the back of the hand that still grasped the protesting rooster. But Amardis was in no way distressed by her wounds. The light of victory was in her eyes.

Michael seized the rooster and pointed an accusing finger at Amardis.

"You've been caught red-handed chicken killing. Any excuse to offer why justice should not be done?"

Amardis was busy pulling thorns from her fingers with sharp white teeth. She looked up at Michael and smiled.

"If I were you, I'd put that bird back before it 'scapes again. And 'nother time I wouldn't leave a hole in a hedge for everything to get through, especially as there's foxes."

The reply was unexpected.

"Do you mean you weren't chicken killing?"

"How awfully silly you are," said Amardis. "Do you think I'd chase all those chickens for fun?"

"All those chickens—are there some more then?"

"There were, but I chased 'em all back 'cept him. That hole in the hedge is a rotten idea. If I wanted to get across from one side to the other, I'd tie a rope to that bough that crosses the lane, then I'd jump and swing right over both hedges. You'll never remember to put the wire back if you use that hole. Boys never remember things."

Michael looked at Charlie in amazement. Here was this girl—a despised creature at best—with more invention than the pair of them put together.

"It's pretty good cheek suggesting things to us," he said, "though it beats me how a girl ever thought of it." He added, "Especially as you couldn't possibly get over yourself that way."

"Wouldn't have the strength," Charlie indorsed. "I'd laugh to see you try. Why, you'd just swing about in mid-air like a hanged cat!"

"P'raps I should," said Amardis, "but that wouldn't be very funny. Anyway, I'd give up using the hole, 'cos I may be too busy to shoo the chickens in 'nother time. . . . Oo-ee! Sal-lee!"

With Sally at her heels, Amardis turned up the path along which the wild flowed into civilization. As she walked she smiled happily to herself, for her mind was full of intimate and womanly thoughts in which the male had no part. She was glad of the thorns in her knees and hands. They were the talismans of service. It was pleasant to look back on the rough usefulness of what she had done. In a small way she had contributed to the order and tidiness of the world. She had protected the nation's food supplies—her action would be the source of rescuing millions of eggs for the consumption of future generations. The thoughts of Amardis did not go consciously so far as that. They were of too intimate a kind to travel great distances. But she was glad that she had cheated the fox of a dinner—a fox being a wild antisocial creature by no means deserving of encouragement.

And she was glad that she had saved the boys from a row and their sires from dispute.

"We've had a lovely time, Sally," said she.

And when her grandmother said, "Dear Amardis, you're covered with scratches! What have you been doing?" she repeated, "I've been having a lovely time."

That afternoon Michael and Charlie fixed a rope to the tall bough that stretched over the lane and by its aid effected a system of aerial transport that carried them over the hedges of No Man's Land with a breathless rapidity.

"It's absolutely great," said Charlie. "Practically turns our two gardens into one. Hike! And over!"

His lithe young body whizzed through the air, landed, leaped and whizzed back again.

The novelty of the exercise occupied their energies to the exclusion of other pursuits of a primitive and masculine nature.

"I suppose we owe something to that No Man's Land kid for suggesting it."

Michael nodded

"Matter of fact," he said, "we owe her a good deal for chasing in the hens. There'd have been a fearful stink if they'd been lost."

"M-yes," agreed Charlie, "but one feels such a fathead thanking girls for things."

"How'd it be," Michael suggested, "to let her come and see us leap the chasm? She couldn't fail to like that."

"Decent idea."

"Then give her a shout, Chas."

Charlie shook his head.

"You can; she's got such a fool of a name, and it's your idea."

"All right, if you're funky."

"Who's funky?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Then jolly well shut up yourself."

It was their nearest approach to a dispute.

Michael made a rude gesture and mouched off, hands in pockets. He climbed the pile of packing cases and looked down over a pergola of cluster roses. Amardis was sitting on the grass, with Sally's head in her lap. She was taking burrs out of Sally's ears and talking in a reproving tone.

"You got them from chasing that coot and it would serve you right if I left them there; I would, too, if I didn't think your puppies would be ashamed of you." Sally's brown eyes became blurry with tears. "Going off like that," said Amardis.

"We all have our little failings," sighed Sally.

"You behaved badly," said Amardis, "and what's more I didn't like the way you treated Ginger this morning. After all, he is your husband." At the name Ginger, Sally tossed her head this way and that. "Chasing him out of the garden like that."

Ginger was a yellow dog, well known in their neighborhood as the possessor of loose morals and a truculent temper.

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It Was a Very Dishevelled Amardis Who Emerged a Moment Later. But She Was in No Way Distressed by Her Wounds. The Light of Victory Was in Her Eyes

FEED THE BRUTES!

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

"There's Another Angle in This Business Out of Which I Get a Life-Sized Punch—That's the Marketing. I Do All the Buying Myself—Never Telephone"

WHEN I first went into this business," said Miss Turner, restaurateur, as we sat leisurely lunching one day in her own restaurant—which, starting with a modest little ante of three hundred dollars, sans experience, sans training or clientele, she had built up into such a fine substantial success that she had bought three apartment houses in New York City with her earnings in the brief space of five years—"I didn't go into it with the idea of making a fortune. As a matter of fact, I haven't made a fortune—at least, not what's known as such in New York.

"I've prospered in a modest, unassuming, leisurely way; but I haven't begun to pile up the whacking big sums made by some women who, entering the business simply and solely to make money, have built up huge organizations and swing a whole chain of restaurants with a whale of an overhead. It can be done in New York. It's no trick at all in this city to make millions in food. Why, they say people can often get credit to start a restaurant here—even after they've failed with two or three tea rooms. But I didn't go into it from that angle. I didn't sit down deliberately and say, 'People have made millions in food. Go to—I'll make a million likewise.'

"What I was trying to do in the beginning was to hand myself a good live job; a job I could get a thrill out of; a job that would amuse me and hold me, yield me a comfortable income without enslaving me, and permit me to live my own life as I went along. That's the trouble with so many Americans—and particularly women in business—they don't know how to live and enjoy themselves as they go along. They're in such a rush to make money and still more money that they ride their jobs to death; they don't seem to know how to ride with easy rein and take in the landscape of life. But when I started I didn't give a hoot about money. What I was after was to have fun, to present myself with a live, kicking job that would give me a thrill to handle and at the same time keep Fido the wolf from clawing down the door.

"Well, I've succeeded. I have a job that suits me down to the ground, so that the money earned is just so much velvet. You wouldn't think you could eat your cake and have it too; but that's just what I have done. I've eaten my cake of enjoyment right along, day after day, done exactly what I pleased in the way that I pleased, made experiments—I'm always experimenting with this job. That's the fun of it; there's always something new cropping up that I'm bound to try out—and at the same time, without trying, without even thinking about it, I've made a handsome profit."

Serving Food With a Personal Touch

"I CUT the job to fit my figure, to have a darned good time—and the money seemed to roll in. Now we've moved into this big new place and we're coining money hand over fist. We're doing twice the business we did before and I could do twice as much again if I had the floor space. But I don't want to. That's the point. I know I could double and quadruple my profits by starting branch restaurants, buying wholesale and putting in managers; but I'm sure as I'm alive that if I did I'd lose the thrill I'm getting out of it now. Instead of a plaything it would turn into a big, ugly, nerve-wrecking machine that would drive me to death and devour my nights and days.

"And why on earth should I slave to leave a million dollars to somebody else when I'm dead? I don't want to hog the universe. I'd rather jog along easy, make a comfortable income and have my joy by the way. So I keep my plant small on purpose and run it with the personal touch. That's a great little phrase and it explains many a success. It explains mine as well as anything else. Feed the brutes—yes; but if you want to have fun out of it and make a financial success, feed 'em with the personal touch. Give them good food—that goes without saying. Then put into the combination that fine, rare elixir of personal hospitality which made the old English and French innkeepers famous—pepper and salt to suit the individual taste—and you have a recipe for success which will yield high returns.

"Just the right personal touch—it's the hardest thing in the world to find in American restaurants. I don't know why, but it's either overdone or underdone or not done at all. A woman said to me one snowy night as she paid her bill: 'Do you know why I braved the storm to come here tonight? Because I knew I should find a cozy open fire. I don't know another place in New York where I can eat quietly, in comfort, before an open fire.'

"'But it's because I know people like it that I have it,' I laughed. Of course all the right atmosphere in the world won't take the place of good food. There is no substitute for that."

The waiter appeared with our dessert, set it quietly down and departed. The restaurateur gazed around her new quarters with the fond eye of a parent exhibiting a favorite child.

"Nice, isn't it?" she remarked complacently. "Spacious, but cozy. I had that gallery built across the rear of the room and put a few tables up there in order to break up the monotony of the floor space. You see, this was originally a sculptor's studio; it belonged to X." She named a well-known sculptor. "He remodeled it from an old stable. Look, you can still see the big stable doors in the rear. Then he put in a skylight and that open staircase leading up into the loft, where I've set a few more tables. It's just made for a picturesque double-decked restaurant, with quiet, sequestered nooks so the diners won't be sitting in one another's laps.

"These old brick walls have been painted a dozen times, I suppose, in the past sixty years, so I decided just to scrape them down. Well, the workmen began to uncover those former coats, mellow old greens and yellows and terra cottas and blacks; and while they were at it a painter friend dropped in.

"'Gosh! Stop those fellows,' he said. 'That's a stunning background just as it is. Mighty easy on the eye.'

"So I kept it that way. It's quiet and comfortable and easy-going, set back from the noisy traffic of the street in the rear of this apartment house, which I leased from the sculptor when he moved his studio farther uptown.

"Of course," she added, "I know I lose a certain class of customers by having my restaurant back from the sidewalk, but they're the kind I love to lose. I can't lose them fast enough to please me."

From Music to Menus

"THERE'S another thing," she continued, "that I don't stand for in my restaurant—that's speed. There's nothing exciting about my restaurant and nothing exciting about my food. Some women go in for violent and dramatic color schemes in their tea rooms: screaming reds, bright orange, or wild and virulent greens; tables, chairs and hangings so loud they fairly yell. They make a customer bilious just to look at them; and there's nothing so drab, dingy and unappetizing as this fake arty stuff when the colors begin to crock and fade.

"Backgrounds should be kept backgrounds, especially in a restaurant. So right from the beginning I decided to cut out all the loud, vulgar, speedy stuff. No orange cheesecloth hangings or tables of Chinese red. No canned jazz. No ukulele with song and dance or sensual contortionist stuff. No hip flasks or gin in teacups. No rowdy familiarity and dancing on tables by village cut-ups. No cheap inferior meat camouflaged with highly spiced sauces. No waiters decked out in sloppy costumes as Rumanian peasants or Japanese geisha girls. In short, no paprika, no fake speed; just plain simple food of the very best quality, deliciously cooked and carefully served in a congenial atmosphere of leisure and repose.

"This idea of running a restaurant to please myself," she continued, "did not come all at once. It grew. I had studied music as a career, and was about to start on my first concert tour when along came the war and knocked all my little plans into a cocked hat. War work began to absorb everyone. At first I tried to get over to the other side to help—but what could I do? I had absolutely no business training of any kind, and there were too many useless fussers over there already cluttering up the landscape. For a year or so I fretted and fumed, trying to play a dramatic part; we were all strung up with patriotism and war jazz, and every woman wanted to be a field marshal at least. Then a woman friend had an opportunity to go to France and she asked me to look after her antique shop.

"'All right,' I said to her, 'you trot right along; I'll run your antique shop for you—that's just about my size.' And that's how it began. A friend—my present partner—and I took charge of the antique shop in a spirit of sheer adventure. It was in a basement, two steps down—a quaint, stuffy little old den, but rather pleasant for all that, with

windows in the rear giving on the usual awful New York back yard.

"Well, we dragged the junk out of dark corners, brightened up the place and made it cheery with a fire, and one day I said to my partner, 'Why don't we serve tea in the afternoon, before this fire, so the shoppers can linger for a cup of tea and a chat?' So we did. Thus far, I was simply following the line of least resistance, for I am hospitable by nature."

Rise of Us & Co.

"MY PEOPLE are English and I was brought up on the English idea that afternoon tea and dinners are something more than merely stoking the human furnace with coal; they are essentially social functions, and as such, other elements besides food play an important rôle. Leisure and comfort and conversation belong to eating; also an atmosphere of ease and good cheer. At least, that's the English tradition, and that was what I tried to establish in my tea room.

"We went down to the basement of a big department store and invested in a few chairs and tables which we arranged invitingly before the open fire. Crumpets and tea and conversation—that was the original idea. Well, people dropped in and seemed to enjoy it—and I enjoyed them. It gave me as much pleasure to serve them tea in my antique shop as it did to entertain them in my own apartment; for I have always believed that doing things with and for congenial people is the greatest source of happiness in the world. I suppose," she added reflectively, "I've capitalized that social instinct of mine, for, looking back, I can see it's been a large part of my success; but I didn't do it consciously in order to make money; I did it because I'm built that way. I don't think, as a matter of fact, we made any money out of the tea room; all it did was to get us acquainted with the idea

"Sometimes, When My Chef Was Sick, I Went Out Into the Kitchen and Cooked the Dinner Myself"

"And then one day I said to my partner, 'Look here, why should we have all this fuss and feathers just for afternoon tea? Why don't we serve luncheons and dinners and have some real sport?'

"'Yes,' replied my partner, who is the practical, hard-headed member of the firm, 'but what about the antiques? You can't run an eating joint and a junk shop in the same place at the same time.'

"'Can't I? Just watch me!'

"'They'll be spilling food all over the antiques.'

"'We'll move the antiques out into the front room. Antiques in the front room, restaurant in the rear room. That way we'll catch our public coming and going.'

"Well, that was the germination of the real idea. Then we got busy. We invested in three hundred dollars' worth of crockery and pots and pans, which was all the money we possessed in the world. A shoe string? I don't agree with you. You can start almost anything on earth with three hundred dollars. It's just the right size to pivot on. Our rear room seated twenty people, no more, and even then I had to ease in the twentieth with a shoehorn.

"We had no domestic-science training, didn't know a single blessed thing about restaurants, keeping books, or how many customers a three-pound beefsteak would feed; I don't know yet—it all depends on the customer. We had no money in the bank, no credit, no clientele. The whole thing was a gamble, and that was what made us keen as mustard for the scheme.' Crazy, you'll say, as loons. That's what my people said. It was Us & Co. against the world and we intended to put up a stiff bluff. Of course, I knew how to cook; I have a flair for it—always had; even now there's nothing I love so much as to go out into the kitchen and cook a meal for a hundred people, from soup to nuts. Exhausting? No! Why should it be?"

Catering by the Golden Rule

"WELL, I wrote out our cards, announcing the date of our first dinner, and went out myself, excited as a debutante over her first ball, and dropped them into the mail boxes of the tenants who live in the near-by apartment houses. It's a good neighborhood around here. Successful writers and cartoonists have bought and remodeled houses in this quarter; famous painters and sculptors who live uptown have work studios here; a big publishing house is just around the corner and a university a few blocks away—altogether an interesting clientele. And I had the arrogance to believe that these people were my people; that what I liked they would like, and that therefore if I pleased myself, I would be likely to please them. Anyway, that was the principle on which I worked out my first menu.

"'Suppose,' I said to myself, as I sat at my table chewing my pencil, 'that I were a professional woman or an artist living in New York in a tiny pocket handkerchief of a flat where it's a nuisance to cook real food, and I had to go out for my dinners, what kind of place would I choose as a regular thing?' I knew the answer right away. It would be that kind of place where I could get a little bit

(Continued on Page 169)

"Just the Right Personal Touch—It's the Hardest Thing in the World to Find in American Restaurants"

THE WITCH TREE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

What Was There to Frighten Neil Gandry in the Sight of It? He Followed Gandry's Wavering Hand and Caught In His Breath at the Answer to His Question

AGAINST his will, Sim Cole's voice softened to something like apology under the level eyes of Saul Hunter's hill-bred wife. There was nothing about her as she stood in the kitchen doorway of Hunter's decaying house that justified any uneasiness in the mind of a deputy sheriff engaged in the performance of pacific, routine duty; and yet in spite of her damp, reddened hands and the faded cotton dress that hung lankly about her tall, thin body, Cole was uncomfortably aware of a reluctant, almost humiliating respect.

"He's down yonder to Neil Gandry's."

Her speech had the strange quality that, to Cole's alien ear, always seemed to suggest that these hill women let their voices rust for want of use; and yet the sound of it, for some reason, deepened his unpleasant, absurd feeling of inferiority. The dark, opaque eyes looked out over his shoulder with a curious suggestion of dismissal. Only his inquisitive bent restrained him from heeding it at once.

"Gandry's? I thought him and Saul wasn't speakin'."

"Made it up." She brought the straight gaze back briefly to meet Cole's stare; the tone and look seemed to rebuff, unspoken, the prying questions that Cole yearned to ask.

The quarrel between Hunter and Gandry went back a long time; it was one of those abiding hatreds that spring up between neighbors, like pine trees, rooting in some trivial seed and growing and stiffening with the slow years. The news of its healing would make a startling supper-table story at the hotel back in Tyre. It occurred to him suddenly that he could learn the details from Hunter and Gandry themselves; it didn't matter if this tight-lipped woman refused to talk. He touched his hat and turned quickly, hurrying across the littered dooryard to the little tin car in which old Dan Mackenzie waited.

"No, he ain't home." He chuckled at Mackenzie's question. "Reckon you couldn't guess where he's at, neither."

Mackenzie's faded blue eyes surveyed him interrogatively as he scrambled over the side to his seat at the wheel.

"Mean to tell me he's down to Gandry's?"

"Shucks!" Cole frowned. "Didn't reckon you could hear ——"

"Didn't," said the sheriff. "Only figured I better guess the unlikeliest place first, the way you sounded." His white brows drew together. "Gandry's, eh? She tell you what he aimed to do down yonder?"

Cole shook his head, finding a sulky pleasure in withholding a little of his news. He started the engine and headed the car toward the lane that led out to the highway. Mackenzie touched his sleeve.

"Turn in yonder, Sim." The gesture indicated a wheel track through the sparse overgrowth of scrub oak that had straggled up, like a frowzy beard, from what had once been a tilled field. Cole hesitated, frowning, while the engine raced.

"Better go to Gandry's, hadn't we?"

"Aim to." Mackenzie looked worried. "Get there quickest, I reckon, if we take the old road yonder. Sight shorter'n goin' clean around by the highway." He shook his head. "Don't like it, Sim. Liable to be bad trouble if Hunter's down to Gandry's."

"Bet you they ain't." Cole was always glad of a chance to beat Mackenzie's guess. He adduced reasons, as if in support of pure hypothesis. "Won't never be no fight between them two. Had it out a long while back, they would, if either of 'em was a fightin' man. Gandry, he's got a sight too much sense to fight a man twicet his size; an' Saul Hunter, he's too dog-gone triflin' to put up his hands without he plumb has to." He waved a hand at the forlorn wreckage of what had once been three tobacco barns. "Look at how he's left his place run down! Right pretty barns, them was. Hunter could 've been a right rich man if he'd worked his farm. You an' me wouldn't be out yere tryin' to collect a judgment offen him if he was any good. Taken an' throwed away most everything he had, sooner 'n work."

"Triflin', sure enough," said Mackenzie. "Bound to lose the place one of these days. Apt to be a sight more of these yere judgments for me and you to collect."

"Serve him right!" said Sim Cole.

"Expect it does. Kind of hard on Mis' Hunter, though. Right sorry for her, Sim. Reckon she'd make out to save the land without no help from Saul, if only he didn't hender."

Cole, remembering the tightness of those lips, the hard proud eyes, inwardly agreed, except that he withheld his pity. Any woman who had been fool enough to marry Saul Hunter deserved whatever luck she got; any woman who put up with him, slaved for him, endured his shiftless, idle soberness and his recurrent, roaring sprees —— He shrugged his shoulders.

"Expect she'd 've left him a long ways back," said Mackenzie, "if it wasn't for them young ones. Bound to save the place for 'em if she c'n do it. Right fine woman, Sim."

Cole said nothing. Mackenzie, he remembered, had come down from the hills himself; probably that haggard drudge in Saul Hunter's kitchen would look better up yonder, but ——

Cole resisted a grin. A fine woman! You might think Dan Mackenzie had never been to the picture shows at Tyre or seen the girls who dawdled over the golf courses at Summerhills! A fine woman!

The lane ended, at the foot of the long slope, in the abandoned highway that ran along the branch. Cole drove gingerly, choosing a careful path between young pines that had sprung up since the last wheels had traveled in the sunken track. At the left, as the road slanted away from the hillside, he observed a widening stretch of level land, already disappearing under the scrub, but plainly showing the undulations that had once been cotton rows. Cole knew enough of farming to realize that this was better soil than the higher land that Saul Hunter had kept under cultivation, and his contempt for the man was deepened. All these fertile acres of rich bottom lying idle! Shiftless, trifling ——

"Yonder's the witch tree," said Mackenzie.

Cole, with a mild stir of interest, followed the direction of the pointing finger, his mouth twisting to a grin. The words were familiar enough. Tongue in cheek, he had listened again and again to different versions of the story, amused to find that there were still people in Hewitt County who believed in hants and witches, who were afraid of a tree because, years and years ago, a man had hanged himself from it.

He was angered to discover now that even Deputy Sheriff Sim Cole, born and raised in the superior sophistication of Cray County, felt a little shiver between his shoulder blades at the sight of that huge sycamore lifting its gaunt, scaling branches high above the bleak skeleton of a ruined house. He told himself impatiently that all sycamores had that look; the negroes called them ghost trees because of it. Except for its size, there was nothing unusual about this one, nothing to warrant or excuse that stupid quiver along his spine. He sought a medicine for it in scornful speech.

"Witch tree! Reckon that's one thing you got to come up to Hewitt County to find these days. Down in Cray, even the nigras knows better."

"Expect that's right, Sim." Mackenzie spoke gently, as he always did when Hewitt County was under Cole's criticism. "Bound to get funny notions about trees when you live under 'em like Hewitt folks been doin' f'r two hundred years."

Cole twisted his eyes from the road for a swift side glance at the old man's face. It was placidly good-humored, with no suggestion of irony.

"Sounded like you was standin' up f'r the notion, sheriff," Cole chuckled, and Mackenzie smiled in accord with his amusement.

"Only standin' up f'r Hewitt folks, Sim," he said. "Reckon they got the wrong notion about that there tree, sure enough; but all the same, if I was Saul Hunter I'd cut it down and get shet of it."

Cole chuckled again. The superstition was vague in some respects, but wholly definite as to what would happen to the man who laid ax to a witch tree.

"If you was Saul Hunter you'd sooner get shot than go fallin' that sycamore."

Mackenzie shook his head. "No. Saul he don't look at it like most folks. Claims they ain't no such thing as witch trees, same as you. Reckon he'd 've cut that there one a long ways back, only for Gandry askin' him to do it. Gandry and Saul split up about it."

Cole was interested. "Gandry! Didn't figure he'd be fool enough to take no stock in ——"

"Right funny what a smart man'll believe," said Mackenzie. "Reckon you and me wouldn't only laugh if some fortune-tellin' nigra woman was to let on 't that there witch tree 'd be the death of us; but Neil Gandry, he ain't quit worryin' since he heard it."

Cole made a scornful sound in his throat.

"A smart man like Gandry! And that's what made the trouble between him and Hunter?"

"Reckon Saul only aimed to pester Gandry a spell when it started. Didn't believe in the notion hisse'f and wasn't smart enough to figure out how Gandry looked at it. Expect he'd 've give in pretty soon and cut the tree if Gandry hadn't taken and tried to make him do it. Been hatin' each other a mite better every year since. See can you speed up some, Sim. I'm real worried. Bound to be trouble if Hunter's over yonder."

Cole held his tongue and quickened the pace of the car as much as the road allowed. He chuckled when they emerged from the crude wagon trail that led back from the branch to Neil Gandry's thrifty farmstead among the pines. Gandry and Hunter sat on the gallery between the two wings of the weathered house, a jug and glasses on the table between them. Cole pointed.

"Look yonder! Didn't I tell you they wouldn't be no trouble?"

"Reckon you was right, Sim." Mackenzie spoke absently and Cole as he stopped the car saw that the white brows had drawn together again. The old man said something under his breath as he climbed stiffly down. To Cole it sounded as if he had qualified that admission of defeat by saying "So far, anyhow," but the deputy wasn't sure.

He followed the old man toward the steps, a little surprised by the cordiality with which Gandry, small and slight and neatly clad, made them both welcome. Always, hitherto, Gandry had been cool, stand-offish. Cole, wondering at the warmth of his greeting, attributed it to the cob-corked jug on the table.

The impression grew as Gandry called for fresh glasses and, when the turbaned negress had shuffled out with them from the kitchen wing, poured out the pale corn whisky, giggling at his joking reference to its unlawful origin. Cole grinned politely over his glass, watching Mackenzie's face. The old man, he saw, was still troubled as if he didn't yet understand that these two had made up their quarrel. Hunter, huge and gross, sprawling in his chair, his small eyes almost hidden behind the puffy, reddened cheeks, pounded the heel of his tumbler on the table and guffawed boisterously, as if Gandry had said something very funny.

"Come over to see Saul," said Mackenzie, in answer to Gandry's question. "This here judgment, Saul — - "

Hunter waved his great hairy arm. "That's all right, Mackenzie. Just fixin' to pay you. Gandry's buyin' that there bottom land."

Mackenzie's glance shifted gravely to Gandry, who grinned and nodded—a little nervously, Cole thought.

"That's right, Mackenzie. Me and Saul just shook hands on it. Reckon you can take acknowledgment of the deed and save us goin' over to Tyre? Saul's got it drawed up "

"Sim's a notary," said Mackenzie. Cole wondered at the soberness of the look that moved back to Hunter. "Give in about it, have you, Saul?"

Hunter laughed harshly. "It's Gandry 't's give in. Always aimed he should buy that there land. Had this yere deed drawed up fifteen years back." He pulled a document from his hip pocket and unfolded it on the table. Cole saw that it had yellowed with time and that there were cracks along the creases. Gandry's nervous flickering grin came and went again.

"Reckon we both done some givin' in," he said. "I'd 've taken and bought that there bottom any time, only f'r that"—he hesitated, seeming to force his voice to the final word—"that tree." Cole saw his throat work. "Saul, he's bargainin' to take and cut it."

Cole's impatience found expression.

"And you two been hatin' each other fifteen years when you could settle it that easy!" He turned to Hunter. "Why didn't you fall that there tree straight off and get shet of it? You don't take no stock in the witch notion, I reckon." *(Continued on Page 125)*

Hunter Hesitated. Cole Saw the Menace of the Look He Turned Toward His Wife. "Well, You Better Hurry Up and Sign It"

THE ZODIAC GOAT

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ANNIBAL TOD was a splendid fellow, and he had been splendid since his boyhood. It was his bent. Long before the *beau geste* had become the *cliché* of the journalist, Annibal had done the splendid thing, naturally or of set purpose. His friends were wont to shake their heads over him, but they were fonder of him than they were of more circumspect friends with less dreamy eyes.

That morning Annibal Tod was feeling even a trifle more splendid than usual. He had money in his pocket. He had sold to the Amalgamated Stores no less than twelve Overbeck Rejuvenators and had been round to the Overbeck offices and collected twelve pounds commission in cash. It must not be supposed that money, when he had it, burned a hole in Annibal's pocket; but it certainly did induce a certain warmth in it.

He walked along with a slight accentuation of his usual splendid air. Not that he was greatly splendid to the eye, though he was well-looking enough; of middle height, thick-set and strong, with a square chin, a well-bridged nose, sensitive, firmly set lips, a good forehead and a pale, clear skin. But the general strength of his face was rather weakened by that dreaminess of his blue eyes. To that dreaminess his friends ascribed the persistent deficit in his budget.

He walked slowly, with just a suggestion of a swagger. Different schemes for turning the twelve pounds into twelve hundred flitted hazily through his mind. Then he came to Wilkinson's auction rooms in Covent Garden, and after a few seconds' hesitation entered them.

He found Wilkinson selling Chinese hard stone; and on the tray which the commissionaire was handing round was a small dark gray chunk of stone about three inches high and three inches long and nearly three inches thick. Annibal was unimpressed by it.

This was not the case with the two dealers and the pale collector who were bidding against one another with a frosty bitterness.

As Annibal came to a standstill the first dealer rather snarled "Five!"

"Ten!" snapped the second.

"Fifteen!" said the pale collector icily.

There was a pause; then Wilkinson said in a tone of wailing protest, "Only three pounds fifteen for this extraordinarily rare Zodiac goat of the Han period? Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" He seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"Four pound!" snarled the first dealer.

A wave surged through Annibal's brain.

"What about five pounds?" he said in his rich and ringing voice.

With one accord the two dealers and the pale collector turned and frowned faintly on the interloper.

But Wilkinson smiled on him a smile of warm approval and said, "Five pounds—five pounds bid for this extraordinarily rare piece of jade! Five pounds!"

"Guineas!" snarled the first dealer.

"Five-ten," said the pale collector.

"What about seven pounds?" said Annibal cheerily.

There was another and a longer pause.

Then the pale collector said bitterly, "Guineas!"

"What about a tenner?" said Annibal even more cheerily.

There was another pause. Wilkinson smiled yet more warmly on Annibal and repeated the formula. The two dealers and the pale collector seemed to be drooping. Wilkinson knocked the goat down to Annibal. Annibal paid cash and received it.

He examined it. Now that he had paid ten pounds for it, it impressed him.

Another lot was put up, an ostrich egg, carved, or rather scratched, in low relief. The pale collector rose and came to Annibal.

Without waiting to be introduced to him, he said bitterly, "What the devil did you give a tenner for that goat for?"

"Because its tail ends in a lotus leaf," said Annibal with promptitude.

"Of course its tail ends in a lotus leaf. It's one of the cyclical animals, and their tails always end in symbols," growled the pale collector.

"They do, do they?" said Annibal, interested.

Sobbing, She Fumbled in Her Vanity Bag, Found the Notes, Gave Them to Him

The pale collector surveyed him with a cold contempt and said in venomous accents of the most profound conviction: "You amateurs are the curse of the collectors!"

A big man came hurrying up the room and jostled him.

"Just as I'd escaped Jinks too!" said the collector very bitterly, and moved away.

The big man looked at the ostrich egg, which had risen slowly but surely from five to eleven shillings, and said under his breath, but not so low that Annibal did not catch the words, "Dammit! I've missed that goat!"

He went to the auctioneer's clerk and questioned him; then he came back to Annibal, looked him over and said in a civil voice, "If you would care to part with that jade goat, sir, I'll give you two pounds for your bargain."

Rather haughtily Annibal said that he did not wish to part with his jade goat. The big man looked troubled and said that he would give him five pounds for his bargain. Annibal shook his head. The big man frowned and said that he would make it ten pounds. Annibal shook his head.

The big man gazed at him with a moody distaste; then he said in cold and deliberate accents, "Twenty pounds for a gray jade goat of crude, absolutely crude, workmanship is an extravagant price."

"Then why offer it?" said Annibal unkindly. Then he said almost despitefully, "I think you must have missed the orlp."

"The orlp?" said the big man quickly. "What is an orlp?"

"Oh, if you buy jade and don't know what an orlp is ——" said Annibal, and he shrugged his shoulders.

He did not himself know what an orlp was; the word had come into his mind and it had seemed to him the kind of word that went with a gray jade Zodiac goat. He had used it.

"Of course it makes a difference," said the big man heavily, in a doubtful voice. Then his eyes grew rather fiery, and he said harshly, "I'll give you thirty-five pounds for it, and that's my last word!"

Most young men whose budget showed a permanent deficit would have rather jumped at a profit of twenty-five pounds on an expenditure of ten pounds.

Annibal was not like that.

He said, "If you want a Zodiac goat so badly ——"

"I don't want a Zodiac goat!" broke in the big man fiercely. "I don't know why anyone should want a Zodiac goat! But a customer of mine commissioned me to buy this one for her, and if I'd been here three minutes earlier you wouldn't have got it."

"I should certainly have got it," said Annibal coldly but inaccurately.

He fancied that the big man ground his teeth; but whether he ground them or not, he asked Annibal in a tone of bitter resignation, but civilly enough, for his name and address in case his client should wish to communicate with him. Annibal gave them to him. The big man left the auction room with bowed head.

Annibal stayed a few minutes, had a light lunch at a Strand tea shop, then took his way to the Annibal Tod offices. They were two small rooms at the top of an old house in the Adelphi. In them he practiced his profession of inventors' agent, pushing, advertising and selling many new and curious devices, for the most part of a labor-saving or hygienic kind. He made a point of handling only inventions of proved merit, such as Essendene's Patent Plantain Extractor and Morton's Multiple House Cleaner; but his great stand-by was Overbeck's Rejuvenator, an electric machine in which he had unbounded faith, because he had seen its astonishing effect in the rejuvenation of its inventor. He had sold a hundred and twenty Rejuvenators during the past four months, fifty-five to the trade, on each of which he received a commission of one pound, and sixty-five to private customers, on each of which he received a commission of thirty shillings.

An idealist, he brought his idealism to the pursuit of the private customer. He would stalk old gentlemen in the residential districts, track them to their homes, note their addresses, look them up in the directory, discover their names, send them the Overbeck literature, and two days later call on them and discuss the Rejuvenator with an enthusiastic, almost fanatical, conviction that inspired in most of them the keenest desire to shuffle off ten, fifteen or twenty redundant years and return to the robustness of their forties.

Having once bought a Rejuvenator from Annibal, an old gentleman knew little peace. Every week he received a reminding letter, adjuring him to persevere faithfully in the use of it, since only by perseverance would he restore himself to the robustness of his forties. Also at intervals he received a visit from Annibal himself, and some oral adjuration. If these adjurations, written and oral, were disregarded, neither Annibal nor the Rejuvenator could be blamed if the old gentleman remained old.

These reminding letters were no matter for a cold typewriter; each of them was a holograph in Annibal's clear and precise handwriting. He set the Zodiac goat before him on his desk so that he could study and admire it—not that he found it greatly to be admired, for it had been carved out of a jade pebble, and the primitively minded artist had given all his thought to its head—and set about writing reminding letters. He had written about half a dozen of them when there came a knock on the door of the outer office and someone entered it hastily and noisily.

"Come in!" shouted Annibal.

The door of his office was opened with no less violence and there entered a lovely girl in a bad temper.

She looked at Annibal as if he were considerably less than the dust beneath her chariot wheels and said "Mr. Annibal Tod?"

Annibal rose, staring. Her dark-brown hair framed one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen. That face was flushed slightly; her eyes were sparkling; her kissable lips were set in a straight line. Plainly she was in a devil of a temper.

"Yes," he said.

"You got my goat," she said in a beautiful golden voice, evidently controlling herself with difficulty.

"Your goat?" said Annibal, misunderstanding her and surprised. Then he followed her gaze to his treasure and added, "Oh, this goat!"

"Yes—my Zodiac goat. I commissioned Jinks to buy it for me, and I've come for it."

She spoke as one who has only to be heard to be obeyed. Indeed, since Annibal was a young man, she was quite convinced that that was the proper procedure. Other young men had always followed it. But it was no way to speak to Annibal Tod.

He said coldly and very distinctly, "If you're talking about this Zodiac goat, it's mine."

"It isn't—not really. It was just an accident," she protested. "If Jinks had got to the sale three minutes earlier you wouldn't have got it at all." She looked round the bare kamptuliconed room contemptuously.

"I certainly should have got it," Annibal asserted.

"You'd never have gone to thirty-five pounds for it! Never! And I told Jinks to go to thirty-five pounds for it!"

"I didn't have to go to thirty-five pounds for it," said Annibal, and there was a note of satisfaction in his tone.

It was exasperating; the girl trembled with righteous indignation. She opened her vanity bag, took out a small packet of five-pound notes, stripped seven from the top of it, threw them down on the desk in front of Annibal.

"There's thirty-five pounds," she said, and stretched out her hand for the goat.

"The goat is not for sale," said Annibal in icy accents, covering it with his hand.

The lovely color deepened in the girl's lovely face; the delicate nostrils of her perfect nose dilated a little more; she ground her perfect teeth.

"But this is preposterous!" she cried, and her voice had lost something of its golden ring. "It's just contrariness—that's what it is! You don't want the goat! You're not a collector! You just bought it because you saw someone else wanted it, and you're sticking to it just because I want it."

This was true; he was sticking to it because she wanted it. But it was no way to speak to Annibal Tod. Beauty is much, but it is not everything. A tyrannous and overbearing spirit impairs it. Hers was a tyrannous and overbearing spirit and left no opening for the display of splendidness. Had she approached him in the right spirit, the splendid gesture would have been forthcoming—he would have given her the goat.

As it was, he said again in icy accents, "I have become a collector."

The girl looked at him a little wildly; then she looked round the room a little wildly. He had an impression that she was looking for a lethal weapon. She could not throw a Rejuvenator at him; it was too heavy. He hoped that her eye would not fall on the example of Essendene's Patent Plantain Extractor which lay on the mantelpiece, or he would be fighting for his life. It did not.

She took a deep breath; then she said, "Of all the disagreeable, greedy, grabbing people I ever came across——"

"I should think that with your horrible temper you must meet a great many," Annibal broke in. "You'd make a Bayard discourteous."

She could not believe her ears—she with a horrible temper!

She said simply, but rather thickly, "Tod is the Scotch way of pronouncing toad."

The thrust went home; Annibal was sensitive about his surname, so sensitive that he had dropped one of the *d*'s in it.

He said sternly, "Tod is the early Frisian for death. The Tods were death-dealers."

"Poisonous toads," said the girl, stressing the "poisonous."

For the moment Annibal had nothing more to say; the girl had nothing more to say. They glared at each other a diabolical, implacable hate.

The girl was the first to recover. She said in almost matter-of-fact accents, as if nothing of any real moment had happened, "Well, are you going to let me have that goat?"

"I am not!" said Annibal quite loudly.

She gazed at him. But eyes cannot kill. Slowly she picked up the seven five-pound notes from the desk and put them in her vanity bag. Then she turned to go.

In the middle of the room she paused, turned to gaze at him again, then said, "If you think I'm going to let you keep my goat you're wrong."

"You can't prevent my keeping my goat," said Annibal confidently.

"Oh, can't I?" she said in a tone of jeering menace.

She walked to the door, opened it, stepped into the inner office, came back to the threshold.

"Tod is the Scotch way of pronouncing toad," she said in venomous accents, and went.

She went down the stairs, suffering from a sense of horrible outrage. A young man—a young man!—had turned.

Annibal wiped his brow. This was not how young women treated him.

With a splendid effort he dismissed the girl from his mind and got to another reminding letter. They were doing their work; forty-three out of his sixty-five private customers had, thanks to them, persevered in the use of Overbeck's Rejuvenator and manifestly pushed off redundant years. It was a cheering thought.

But the face of the girl kept coming into his mind. Alas that such loveliness should mask such a spirit! Nevertheless, in spite of her disabilities, they had grown astonishingly intimate, seeing that it was their first interview. They had talked to each other as if they had been married several years.

He locked up the goat in a drawer of his desk. He needed fresh air. He would stalk an old gentleman or two.

The northern air was more refreshing than the southern. He took the Tube to Swiss Cottage and strolled slowly up Fitzjohn's Avenue. He had already sold four Rejuvenators in Fitzjohn's Avenue. He looked into the windows of houses as he passed, hoping to see an old gentleman. When he came to Mr. Begbie's house he rang the bell. Mr. Begbie was at home; Annibal had tea with him. Over it he adjured him to persevere with his Rejuvenator. Then they talked of other things. Many of Annibal's private customers liked to keep Annibal to talk about other things: he cheered them up.

As he came out of Mr. Begbie's house he saw a moderately decrepit old gentleman walking along the other side of the road. He stalked him. The old gentleman led him to Number 7, Buxton Grove. He let himself into it with a latchkey. Annibal made a note of his address.

He walked along Buxton Grove, looking into the windows. It was virgin soil; he had not yet planted a Rejuvenator in Buxton Grove. In the bow window on the ground floor of Number 22 a girl was standing with her back to him. A girl, though not an old gentleman and possibly profitable, is a girl; and Annibal looked at her carefully. She turned. He saw that it was the girl who collected Zodiac goats. He was not surprised. They were fated to meet. That was quite plain.

She saw Annibal. Her eyes opened wide. She looked at him with surprise and loathing. Then she made a hideous face at him. Annibal was not so startled that he failed to see a distinguished-looking old gentleman deeper in the room. He made a note of the address.

On returning to his offices, he learned from his directory that Mr. John Petherick lived at Number 7, Buxton Grove, Mr. Rex Probyn at Number 22. He sent the literature of the Rejuvenator to both of them. Next day he wrote to both of them that he would call on the following afternoon and discuss the Rejuvenator with them. The thought of making his way into Number 22 pleased him. It would show the girl how little he cared for her hostility.

The next afternoon he called first on Mr. John Petherick and found that he had read the Rejuvenator literature with great interest. In twenty minutes he had sold him one. He found Mr. Probyn more difficult—skeptical. It took him thirty-five minutes to sweep away that skepticism and sell a Rejuvenator to him.

He had interested and pleased Mr. Probyn, who asked him to have tea with him. Annibal accepted the invitation with some eagerness. On the mantelpiece and the low bookcases round the room stood many fine pieces of jade. Having become a collector, he wished to know about what he was collecting. He had no difficulty in inducing Mr. Probyn to talk about jade. He was an enthusiast. In an hour Annibal learned more about jade than he would have learned in three months from books. Mr. Probyn was charmed with Annibal; he had never chanced on anyone so quick to learn or to appreciate.

Then the girl came in. At the sight of Annibal her face was contorted by the scowl he knew; her eyes gazed at him with the familiar glare. She did not greet him.

(Continued on Page 181)

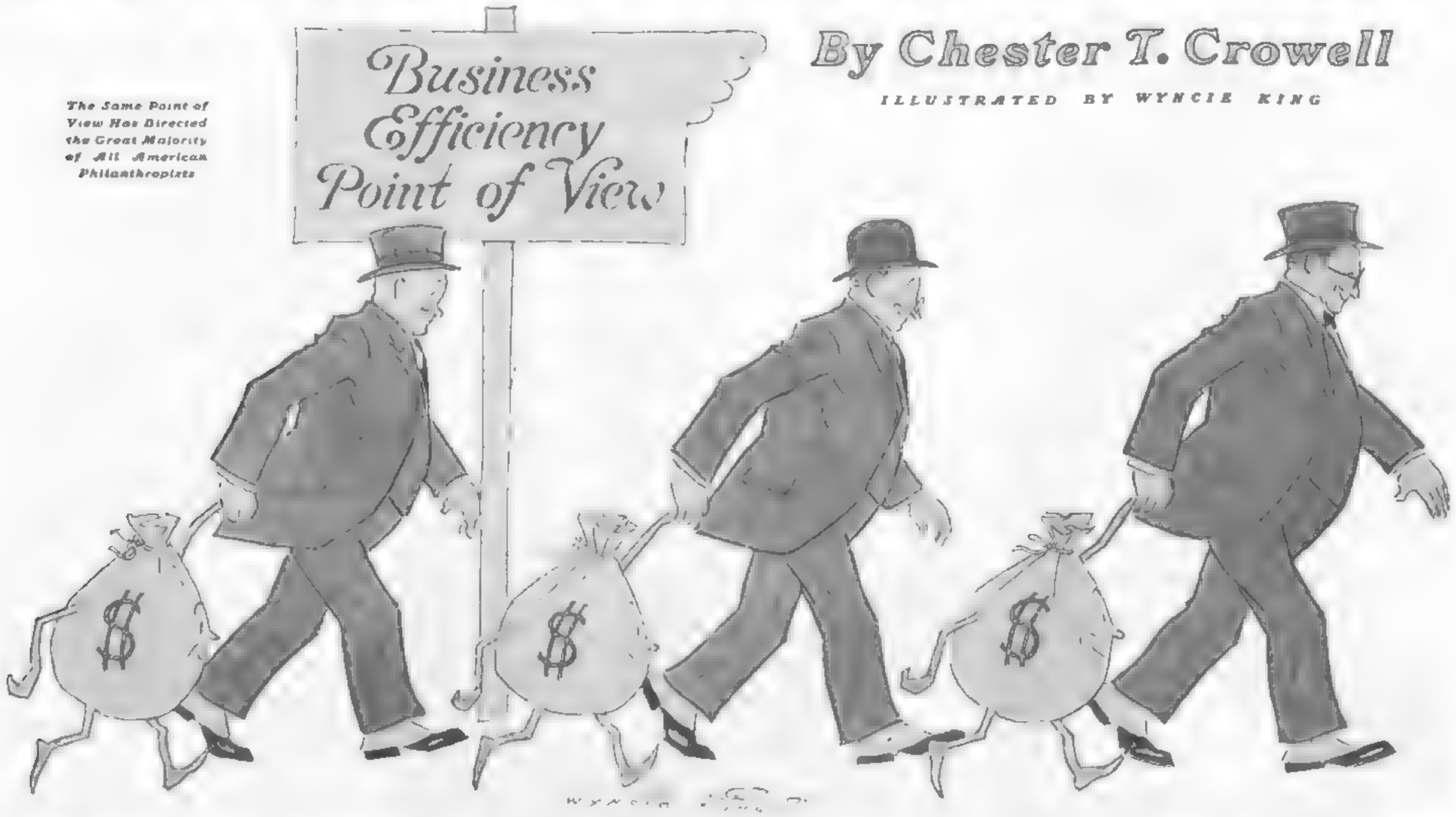
Mr. Probyn Began to Discuss Again His Beautiful Jade; Annibal Began to Learn Again. Stella Smoldered

GIVING AWAY MONEY

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

The Same Point of View Has Directed the Great Majority of All American Philanthropists



IN THE street car on his way to the office, Mr John Doe opens his morning newspaper and reads with interest that Mr. Bubble, the soda-pop king, has just given an endowment of $1,000,000 for the promotion or prevention of something or other.

"Humph!" grunts Mr. Doe. "If I had $1,000,000 to give away, I think I could do much better than that with it."

So Mr. Doe engages his neighbor in conversation and tells him precisely what ought to be done. He is a rare person, indeed, who does not carry around under his hat exact specifications for the use of Mr. Bubble's surplus funds. Uncounted thousands of letters are written annually in this country alone to philanthropists, advising them how to get the best results. Now and then someone actually invites suggestions from the public. Afterward they usually regret it. Giving away money, assuming that the donor wishes to achieve wholesome results, is an extremely intricate and difficult science. Literally thousands of schemes have been tried and abandoned because they did more harm than good. It would be almost impossible for anyone to outline a plan that has not already been tried.

Most of the wealthy men and women who endow organizations devoted to the public welfare have previously served their apprenticeships on one or more boards or committees. Before launching out independently on a large scale, they usually seek expert advice. Mr. John Doe would probably be astounded if he could hear some of that advice and note the hesitant manner in which it is given. Instead of there being thousands of possibilities for bestowing benefits, he would learn that there are only a few. And even these are constantly in process of evolution, so that valid objections can be raised against almost any one of them. It becomes necessary, then, to weigh the advantages and faults of each. None is perfect.

A Little Journey in Philanthropy

FOR instance, Lady Bountiful encounters on the sidewalk a child who is crying and discovers that the child is hungry. Investigation discloses a father who is ill, so she leaves money enough to buy food for the entire family and goes on her way, promising to return next week and hoping that the father will soon be well. So far as Lady Bountiful can determine, she has done her best; she feels that assuredly her action was above criticism. But she meets a physician and he says:

"What you have done amounts to very little. The father of that family has tuberculosis and I don't think he will recover in those surroundings. If you want to do some real good, direct your attention to his cure. Otherwise you simply pauperize the family while he slowly dies."

So Lady Bountiful sends the father to a sanitarium. Then she meets another expert, who says:

"Well, assuming that he recovers, he will return to the same work in which he was engaged before. That was where he got tuberculosis. A great many of those people get tuberculosis. If you want to do some real good, you will help the campaign for a law requiring sanitary conditions in the sort of workshops where those people are employed. Also, there ought to be a law assuring them better housing conditions."

So Lady Bountiful takes another step and eventually comes into contact with more experts.

"The sanitary regulations you are fostering," says one of these experts, "do not meet the needs at all. They are based upon scientific theories that were exploded four years ago."

And then another expert says: "But his are no better than yours. His also are out of date. Moreover, the proposed law he has drafted would be unconstitutional in the opinion of experts on that subject."

So Lady Bountiful decides that she needs the advice of a super-expert to pass judgment upon the experts themselves. Without going very far she finds precisely that sort of person.

"You must join our group," he says, "and help us to study these problems. We want to know just what would be the right kind of sanitary regulations for factories and tenements. We can get them if only we can prove that we know what we're talking about. Also, we want to find out more about tuberculosis in order that we may fight it intelligently. The right remedies and preventive measures are more important than anything else. Incidentally, in the course of studying factories we have discovered that preventable accidents cause much more loss and suffering than bad sanitary conditions. We ought to place this matter before the public."

So Lady Bountiful joins a new group that is engaged in gathering statistics on industrial accidents, and then one day the newspapers announce that she has given this group a large sum of money.

Sitting in the street car, John Doe opens his morning paper and says: "Humph! Here's a woman gives $100,000 to a lot of bespectacled old fossils who are gathering statistics on industrial accidents. Not hiring doctors, you notice. Not feeding the victims' babies. Oh, no! Just gathering statistics. It's a great world. If I had that much money to give away, I'd hustle around to their houses and feed some of them."

Well, that was precisely where Lady Bountiful started, but John Doe, of course, doesn't know it. When he feels that he can spare a quarter he gives it to a poor old crippled beggar who sits near the front door of the office building where he works. John can see for himself that that fellow is in a terrible condition. Of course John may be right, and then again he may not be. Every now and then the police of New York City expose one of these pitiful blind cripples as the owner of an eight-cylinder car and resident of an expensive apartment. Perhaps John's charity also could use a few statistics. No system is perfect.

The evolution of Lady Bountiful's charity from bread for a starving child to a commission for gathering statistics is not entirely fanciful. That story outlines very briefly the general course of philanthropic endeavor. Invariably it begins with the discovery of an individual in distress and goes step by step back toward primary causes. Meanwhile along the way new vistas open. This is not only the historic outline of all welfare work but as a rule it comes close to the record of most of the large foundations.

The Fight Against Hookworm Disease

FOR instance, long before the Rockefeller Foundation was established, John D Rockefeller had been interested in education. His representatives in certain Southern states discovered that the prevalence of hookworm disease made efforts to stimulate educational activities difficult almost to the point of total loss. If the people were backward as to education it was because of illness and not of sloth.

When the Rockefeller agents reported this condition he sent out other agents to inquire into the nature of hookworm disease, to learn the extent of it and to find out whether it could be cured. With the facts before him, Mr. Rockefeller wrote a letter, dated October 26, 1909, asking a group of men to assemble for a conference to devise a plan of campaign against this disease. He placed at their disposal $1,000,000. The conference produced the following very brief plan:

1. To make a survey showing the geographical distribution and intensity of hookworm disease in the United States.
2. To cure the sufferers.
3. To remove the source of infection by stopping soil pollution.

During the following five years 441,408 patients were treated; more than 1,000,000 were examined microscopically; 653 counties were surveyed and interest in public-health work was stimulated throughout the world. During

the first year of this campaign only two counties in which it was being carried on made appropriations for the support of dispensaries.

Three years later 208 counties had undertaken definite public-health budgets. At the end of five years 556 counties were committed to regular appropriations to safeguard the public through sanitation.

Mr. Rockefeller himself regarded this campaign as primarily educational. On August 12, 1914, he wrote to the men who had conducted it as follows:

"The work thus far accomplished would seem to have brought about in all of the Southern states a very general knowledge on the part of physicians, health authorities and the public regarding the prevalence of hookworm disease and the method of treating and preventang it. The chief purpose of the commission may thus be deemed to have been accomplished."

The policy followed throughout the campaign was to work with and through the regularly constituted public agencies and then get out of the field just as soon as local residents could assume the burden alone. Relief of the individual sufferers was only one part of the plan; to bring into being a new agency, supported by the public, was the primary purpose. In other words, it was an educational campaign.

It is extremely improbable that even those who took an active part in this work could foresee its vast importance. As they went along they were also being educated, no less than the people directly benefited by their efforts. Never before in the history of the world had a health campaign on an enormous scale achieved such startling success. Without minimizing the abilities of those who directed it, one must note the fact that fundamental conditions were favorable. Hookworm disease is easily detected, easily cured, and the preventive measures were already known.

Growth of the Rockefeller Foundation

THE fact that hundreds of thousands of people could suffer year after year from such a disease must have been a startling discovery to Mr. Rockefeller. At any rate, while this work was still under way, he was maturing a plan to make use of its lessons. On May 14, 1913, the state of New York granted a charter to the Rockefeller Foundation, endowed with $100,000,000, and on June twenty-seventh, less than two months later, this Foundation created the International Health Commission "to extend to other countries and peoples the work of eradicating hookworm disease . . . and for the promotion of public sanitation and the spread of the knowledge of scientific medicine."

Within a very few years the new international organization was as widely known for its campaigns against yellow fever and malaria as for the success of its work against hookworm disease, although the latter has been carried on in no less than fifty-two countries and twenty-nine islands of the seas.

The field was continually widening. An alphabetical list of the countries in which members of the staff of this organization are at work today follows: Antigua, Australia, Brazil, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, China, Colombia, Czecho-Slovakia, Dutch Guiana, Fiji, France, Guatemala, Honduras, India, Jamaica, Mauritius, Mexico, Nicaragua, Palestine, Panama, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Salvador, Siam, Trinidad, and about fifteen American states.

Thus far we trace only a quantitative growth, or rather a taking in of more territory. Along with this, however, there was bound to come the realization that medical science is itself comparatively young; that more diseases would be rendered harmless as medical science advanced. The next step was the establishment of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Science, however, is international. No one can pin it down to any single place or institution. The international exchange of information is of greater importance than the work of any one man or group of men. So in 1924 we find the Rockefeller Foundation underwriting to the extent of $350,000 a plan to publish "an international abstract journal of the biological sciences." Funds are advanced also to stimulate the development of medical schools from Cambridge, Oxford and Edinburgh to China and Siam.

The Rockefeller Foundation very seldom sets up machinery of its own. Nearly all its work is done by cooperating with existing agencies. Where actual field campaigns against disease are undertaken, the organization usually pays about one-fourth of the total expense and endeavors to withdraw within three years. The sooner it can get out, and the less it spends, the greater the success, for that is the measure of the educational value of the work. Though the Rockefeller Foundation began with an initial endowment of $100,000,000, there were subsequent gifts; during the first ten years of its life it received a total of $182,000,000. Disbursements during that period amounted to $76,800,000, which included all the income and $17,500,000 of the principal.

An organization could scarcely be less bound by rules than is the Rockefeller Foundation. The nine directors originally named were authorized both to choose their successors and add to their number. Their charter states the purpose of the organization as follows: "To promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." They are not even forbidden to spend the principal of their endowment. That, along with its income, is at their disposal. They have probably canvassed the field of possible benefactions as thoroughly as any organization that ever existed, but their activities continue within the limits that experience has proved. Only a few times have they ventured beyond.

In the early days of the organization, while general policies were still under discussion, the directors made gifts to a wild-life refuge in Louisiana, the American Academy in Rome, the Palisades Interstate Park, and—to quote the tenth annual report—"various other objects which no longer fall within the scope of the Foundation's work." Gradually the field narrowed down to public health and medical education, if such a field can be called narrow. Thousands of suggestions have been received by the directors and nearly all of them fall within five classifications. Here are the five: To give or lend money to individuals; to invest in securities on a philanthropic rather than a business basis; to finance patents or altruistic movements involving private profit; to support propaganda to influence public opinion on social or political questions; to contribute to local institutions. All such petitions are declined.

There are other Rockefeller organizations engaged in other fields, such, for instance, as the General Education Board and International Education Board, but it is interesting to find that even with such a vast sum as that at the disposal of the Rockefeller Foundation, the wisdom gained by experience counsels choosing one field and remaining in it.

Keeping Within Their Field

APPROXIMATELY the same course has been followed by the Russell Sage Foundation, which is considerably older. It was incorporated by an act of the legislature of New York State in April, 1907, the purpose being stated as follows: "For the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States of America." The original endowment was $10,000,000, given by Mrs. Russell Sage in memory of her husband. Later by her will another $6,000,000 was added. Although the scope of activities is virtually unlimited by the charter, the directors, as they gained experience, narrowed their field. After the general declaration of purpose previously quoted, the charter of this Foundation says: "It shall be within the purpose of said corporation to use any means which from time to time shall seem expedient to its members or trustees, including research, publication, education, the establishment and maintenance of charitable and benevolent activities, agencies, and institutions already established." That is what they may do if they wish. Following is a recent official announcement of their policy:

"The foundation does not relieve individual need or duplicate the work of official agencies. It studies and interprets facts with regard to social conditions and methods of social work, makes the information available by publications, conferences and other means of public education, and seeks in various ways to stimulate action for social betterment."

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Uncounted Thousands of Letters are Written Annually in This Country Alone to Philanthropists, Advising Them How to Get the Best Results

THE BLUNDERER

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

He Hesitated Only for an Instant, Then With a Single Step He Reached the Border of the Float and Flung Kurr From Him

BUNKER'S confession that he had lost his bearings came to Cynthia with an abrupt and thrilling impact; she felt not so much panic and apprehension as absorbed and alert interest. It did not occur to her to be alarmed. They had come, that morning, surely not more than four miles; and though the way was trackless, through heavy timber with never an opening, yet it had not been sufficiently long to impress upon her the remoteness and isolation of the locality. Now she supposed the fact that they were lost meant merely a little retracing of their steps, meant simply a delay in the hour of their return to the camp. So she watched Kurr's bursting irritation, tinged with something desperate, with a puzzled frown between her eyes.

They had been, for a time immediately before Bunker admitted himself at fault, descending steeply over ledges and precipitous slopes through a growth of old maple and beech. Bunker's form, rendered somehow shapeless and inhuman by the pack basket bulking large upon his shoulders, moved ahead of them, blurred and indistinct in the increasing persistence of the rain. She had had some difficulty in keeping him in sight. Kurr had been a little behind her and she had heard him panting, with a whistling sound curiously expressive of nervous apprehension, even before they came to the edge of the cedar swamp.

But when they did so, and Bunker stopped and waited for them with a fuddled look on his friendly countenance, Kurr for a moment let his feelings escape. It was by this time almost dark, yet even in the gray light Cynthia was able to see Kurr's pallor, and after a moment she interrupted his scalding reproaches to the guide.

"Wouldn't we better be going back, repairing the mistake?" she suggested. "It can't be far to the lake in any case. And there's no good in faultfinding now."

"You see, ma'am," Bunker eagerly explained, "we must have slanted along the wrong ridge. There's three brooks rise in there in about the same place and we're on the wrong one."

Kurr said savagely: "Be still, man." And to Cynthia he continued, in a restrained voice: "As a matter of fact, we can't do much tonight. That's clear enough. I'll never forgive myself for trusting you to this—idiot."

"But we can get back," Cynthia urged, quietly enough. She saw Kurr wipe the rain from his face with a fierce gesture and he shook his head.

"I wouldn't trust him to lead us in the dark," he retorted. "And it doesn't pay to run wild in the woods at night. We'll have to put up here, somehow." He swung to Bunker, asked coldly, "Nothing in that basket of yours that we can use, I suppose?"

"Some corn bread from lunch, and them trout, and a bit of coffee," Bunker replied

"Blankets? A tent?" Kurr cut in, and when Bunker shook his head, Kurr said to Cynthia, "These chaps like to pack a big basket—empty."

"There's a ledge up there; a kind of cave," Bunker said diffidently. "I noticed it as we come down. It might be somewheres near dry if we had to lie up. I'd begun to figure we was in the wrong valley, somehow."

"Can you find your way back to it?" Kurr demanded. "I don't propose to go butting into trees all night, hunting for shelter. Find it quick or make us some sort of shelter here."

"You all can stay here, then," Bunker suggested, "while I go up and locate it and make a fire. You can see the fire from here, I guess."

"How far is it?" Kurr snapped.

"'Bout twenty-five rod," Bunker told him, and he set out forthwith, up the stiff ascent behind them, quartering back by the way they had come. Kurr said to Cynthia reassuringly:

"I'm mighty sorry. But I'll see you're as comfortable as possible. We'll be all right in daylight."

Cynthia made a quick little movement with her head. "It's rather—an adventure," she said softly. "I'm interested." And a moment later, "Shan't we start after him?" she suggested. "There's no good in standing still, and it will be dark in a few minutes now."

"He ought to have found the place by this time," Kurr agreed.

They climbed a little way and she asked over her shoulder, "Has Bunker often guided for you?"

He said quickly and protestingly: "Please, Cynthia. You're thinking I arranged this. I beg of you ——"

She laughed, uncontrollably amused. "No, no, no. I'm willing to believe you think well of me, but never that you'd contrive for my amusement such an adventure as this. It's too uncomfortable for you, my friend."

He tried to meet her mood. "Of course," he agreed. "Now if I were to abduct you to a beautiful lodge in the mountains, and hide you away there for days ——"

"All through the second act?" she suggested with a smile in her voice.

"To the end of the play, perhaps," he retorted.

She shook her head, said daringly:

"Oh, no. The hero always appears at the end of the second act. Don't you remember? Saves the heroine from worse than death as the curtain falls."

He smiled and there was a chuckle in his tones.

"But that's melodrama," he reminded her. "In the comedy of manners, the lover is sometimes the hero, instead of the husband."

"This is hardly a comedy of manners," she remarked, and they both laughed together. Then Bunker hailed them from a little ahead and above; and as they came to where he was he set a match to a twist of birch bark and the leaping flame lighted the spot he had found. What was little more than a shelf of rock gave a partial shelter from the direct assaults of the rain, but there was not room for even one person to lie at length with any ease, though two or three might huddle there and be partially protected. Kurr said, his anger all returned:

"We can't sleep there, Bunker."

"I can make a bough roof that'll drain off some of the water," Bunker explained. "This is an old porcupine den, but I can clean it up good enough and get a fire in front here." He added whimsically, "I guess we won't none of us sleep much. It's going to be kind of cold tonight. The wind's starting to blow."

They had not before perceived this, but when he called it to their attention, Cynthia began at once to feel a little chilled. They had been warmed by their own exertions, but now these had ceased. The rain shirts which she and Kurr had put on when the drizzle began were sufficiently waterproof, but not much protection against cold. When Kurr now appealed to her with a glance, she said quickly:

"I think with a nice fire in front, we'd all be very comfortable here."

"I can cook up a trout for you to eat, ma'am," Bunker suggested solicitously, and Cynthia laughed a little.

"I'm sure it will taste good," she agreed. "I'm hungry. Mighty hungry."

"Get at it," Kurr said sharply, and he turned to Cynthia. "Get down under that shelf," he advised. "You can pull your feet up under you and be reasonably dry. We'll have you warm in a minute."

She obeyed him silently, but the spot was not comfortable. The sloping sand beneath her let her continually slide forward out of shelter; her braced heels found no sufficient hold to check this slipping. When she extended her feet, the rain struck upon them and she could feel it prickle wet and cold through her heavy wool stockings. She had, rather absurdly, worn this day a heavy skirt instead of the wiser knickerbockers; and this skirt had harassed her all day by becoming entangled with stubs and branches, and now persisted in sliding up as she slid down so that she was put to the absurdity of forever correcting its shortcomings. Also, when she was able to press far enough beneath the shelf of rock to be completely sheltered, her shoulders and the back of her head brushed against the roof, and dust and particles of cobweb and old moss and dry mold dropped down her neck. Nevertheless, as the fire blazed and then roared, flinging a fierce heat into her face, she became more comfortable; and after a little she even took off her rain shirt, finding it unduly warm. Kurr sat beside her, his shoulders hunched forward in a neck-aching posture to avoid bringing his head in contact with the roof. Bunker, on his knees, was trying to cook over the fire, which was so manifestly too hot for such a use; and he shielded his face with his hands, extending the skillet gingerly above the flames, withdrawing it again when the heat became unbearable. After a time he cut a longer pole to fit in the socket on the handle of the fry pan, and thus was able to cook without approaching too near the small conflagration. Then the fire began to droop and die, and he announced that the trout was done and brought their eating dishes and the corn bread.

Cynthia had said she was hungry, but the trout was not well cooked. Even an expert might have had difficulty under such handicaps as Bunker had imposed upon himself, and the guide was no expert. She picked at the half-done flesh, found her appetite failing and at last set the platter aside. Bunker had gone to hunt water; and they could hear him floundering in the darkness down the hill.

She said with a faint smile, "He's having an uncomfortable errand, I'm afraid."

Kurr nodded resentfully. "I never saw such a compound assortment of idiocy as that man on two legs before," he said.

"He does seem to have a capacity for doing things wrong, doesn't he?" she agreed.

"I wish he'd break his neck down there," Kurr muttered.

She saw that he was falling into a mood suggesting surliness, and this she found vaguely disturbing. Cynthia was a hardy young woman; she was quite capable of enduring discomfort and even hardship. But she preferred to do so with a smile, and if Kurr was going to be sulky, she dreaded the night that was ahead of them.

"We'll need someone to cook breakfast for us," she said lightly. "Let's hope he survives till after that."

Kurr seemed faintly startled by this suggestion. "Yes, we'll have to have breakfast," he agreed. "But we'll get home by noon," he added.

"You think he can find the way?" she asked.

"I'm not counting on him," he told her. "I'll take charge in the morning."

"Oh, do you know where we are?"

"I know the lay of the country," he replied shortly. "I'll undertake to find the lake. After all, you know, it's eight miles long. Even a blind man could find it in time."

She half closed her eyes. "It seems to me we must be in behind Red Top," she suggested. "On the other side of it from the lake."

He shook his head impatiently. "No, Fish Pond is just over one shoulder of Red Top, but we swung off the other way. I can remember now where Bunker went wrong. He took the right-hand ridge."

"I thought we came more to the left," she persisted, but his impatience seemed to fatten on this opposition, so she abandoned the argument. Bunker came back with water in the coffee pot, and they drank gratefully the weak, black coffee he prepared. The guide had become, for no observable reason, inclined to loquacity, and he fell into a sort of rambling monologue, told them tales of other times when he had been lost in the woods, of other occasions when he had been forced to lie out without shelter.

"I'm used to it," he said with faint pride in his own incapacity. "I get turned around kind of easy, specially when it rains. I've got so I kind of expect to git lost if it comes on to rain. Never bothers me none. I can lay down and sleep in the rain, right on the ground, and it don't hurt me a bit."

He tended the fire, more cautiously now, adding little sticks that kept the flame alight, the embers warm.

"Laid out one night last fall," he continued. "I was up in north of here with a sport after deer, and we was quite a ways from camp and it come on to snow. Then I see we was lost and we got into a cedar swamp where the wind didn't hit us. Wind was howling. Blamed if I could get a fire to burn. But I just scraped away the snow and got in under one of them low cedars and pulled my coat up around my ears. Slept all right too. The sport, he walked up and down all night." He chuckled pleasantly. "Where he'd been walking looked like a deer yard, come morning."

He talked on and on, his voice a soothing monotone, and Cynthia nodded and jerked herself awake again. Kurr, beside her, had fallen into silence, made no move, smoked a cigarette lingeringly. Bunker sat in the lee of a tree in front of their shelter, otherwise unprotected from the rain which now fell with a slanting force, thrust by the gusty wind. Above and about them they could hear the tossing disturbance of the agitated boughs; and once from somewhere below them came a long, grinding, thrilling crash, and Cynthia knew a great tree had fallen there.

"Yes, sir," said Bunker slowly. "Seems like I get into a good bit of trouble that way. But it never hurt me none."

Cynthia, half asleep, found herself asking whimsically, "How long are you usually lost? A day—or two—or how long?"

Bunker lifted his head in a movement full of pride. "Oh, I never was lost more than one night at a time in my life," he boasted; and he added reassuringly, "It's nothing to hurt a man if he keeps his head."

Kurr was driven at last into an explosive word. "Stop your insufferable drivel, Bunker," he said bitterly. "Mrs. Daigle will want to sleep."

"I'm very sleepy," Cynthia agreed. "And so warm and comfortable." She added with a smile, "Do you suppose the porcupine begrudges us his bed?"

"Oh, that ain't his bed, ma'am," Bunker assured her. "That's just his doorstep." He chuckled. "He ain't as neat as some, don't keep his front porch as clean as he might, but it's dry anyway."

"Be still," Kurr repeated. "Don't talk any more, Bunker."

Cynthia Did Not Even Look Back to See Kurr Scramble Drippingly to Dry Land Again

"I guess you'll want I should keep the fire going," the guide suggested; and Kurr said testily:

"Yes, yes, of course."

Cynthia had managed to curl herself into something like a ball, at least partially sheltered, in a posture that suggested the recumbent. "Good night, Mr. Kurr," she said with drowsy courtesy.

"Are you dry?" he asked.

"I'm wet around the edges," she confessed. "But I don't mind."

He moved a little. "Put your feet in behind me," he suggested. "You may be more comfortable so."

She tried it and found that he was right, and said good night again, and so drifted into a half slumber only faintly disturbed by Kurr's occasional movements, by the tumult of the rising wind, by the intermittent flaring of the fire. Once, opening her eyes, she saw that Kurr had given her some extra room, moving so that while his body was still protected, his legs were exposed to the rain. She tried a sleepy protest, but he hushed her so quietly she did not fully awake and she felt a vague and pleasant gratitude to him. She had not, she realized, expected to find the man unselfish. He had other virtues, but not that one.

It is not always easy, even for the experienced man, to sleep soundly in the open, but on the other hand there is a complete relaxation about such slumber that is curiously restful. Cynthia had never in her life passed so deliciously from wakefulness to sleep as this night, cramped so awkwardly beneath the low roof of a porcupine's front veranda. She slept smiling; and Kurr, looking down at her now and then, could see the firelight play across her countenance.

The man for hours slept not at all. Like a kettle on a slow fire, through the long night he stewed.

■

WHEN Cynthia woke in the morning it was already past dawn; the forest below them was full of a dull gray light through which the steady rain fell slanting. There was now no wind, only the pitiless rain. But where she lay, she found herself protected and dry and though the fire was dead, she was not yet uncomfortably cold. The men, she saw, were now asleep. Bunker sat with his back against his tree, half a dozen feet away, his head forward on his chest, his open countenance as innocent and bland as the face of a sleeping child. Kurr was huddled at her feet, half sitting, half lying. His face was turned toward her, foreshortened, the chin nearer her than the brow; and there was about it something unfamiliar, whether because the sagging cheeks produced unaccustomed contours, or because there was a shadow of unshaven beard across the chin. Remove a man for a single day from his razor and he assumes the aspect of a barbarian; a woman is not similarly handicapped. She can in little ways better support the abrasions of the wilderness, better preserve her veneer. Cynthia, with her damp handkerchief, and without moving, made herself presentable. Save for some disorder of her hair, she thought she could present a fitting front to the others when they should awaken.

She had time for thinking—thinking in the light of coming day. Last night she had been at first too much shaken by that which had passed between her and Kurr, then too weary from their toiling tramp and from the rigor of the rain to do more than submit to sleep. But now she could remember, she could weigh this and that; could, in short, consider what had happened. She permitted herself no illusions. Kurr had kissed her; she had welcomed the kiss and returned it. Other men had kissed her; other men besides Bob, and since their marriage. But these caresses had either been given with a boisterous publicity or pilfered with an impertinent audacity. This was a different matter. This kiss had been neither a jest nor an impertinence; nor, she conceded, had it been the doing of Kurr alone. It was not so much that Kurr had kissed her. It was rather a mutual affair, like

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1926

Small Towns and Large Hotels

WHETHER the construction of expensive and elaborate new hotels is proceeding at too rapid a pace throughout the country as a whole we have no means of knowing. Conditions vary so in different sections that the best-informed authorities would probably hesitate to generalize on the subject. But there seems little doubt that hotel building is being overdone in more than one locality.

No improvement in this generation has been more welcome than the betterment of hotel facilities. So greatly does the traveler appreciate the comfort of clean rooms and beds that thousands of cities and towns are striving to put themselves on the hotel map. The automobile has intensified the demand, and it is a common saying that motor travel will go where good hotel accommodations are to be found.

Not every small community can support a large hostelry. There is many a worthy town that boasts no scenic or other attraction to draw the tourist, although agricultural or industrial production may justify the existence of the place itself. Yet misguided local pride, the desire of almost every community to become great, forces the erection of a larger and more imposing as well as more expensive structure than conditions warrant.

In such cases private capital will not step in, and it becomes necessary to put on a community drive, thus forcing citizens to buy stock through high-pressure sales methods. But the inhabitants themselves cannot support such an institution, and there is nothing to attract tourists except the hotel. It is neither fish nor fowl—that is, it is neither a public enterprise, supported by taxes, nor wholeheartedly a private enterprise conditioned by profits. Thus responsibility falls between two stools. Bedrooms, though magnificent in their proportions, soon become shabby, and the whole place presents a run-down air of ill-kept grandeur. Even the tourist is no longer attracted.

Hotel keeping is like any other business; it requires efficiency, ability and knack. A small unpretentious inn may present to the guest an air of comfort, cleanliness and hospitality, due solely to the know-how of the owners, which the overgrown community-financed white elephant lacks. The easiest fallacy to fall into in any business is that initial size, extent and pretense can ever make up for the competence which comes only from natural skill, long experience and normal growth.

In the larger cities there is no difficulty in raising capital; hotels of palatial size and equipment are the rage. But the treasurer of the hotel men's association in one of the principal cities recently stated that three thousand more hotel rooms had been provided there last year than were needed. He and other authorities said that if construction continues the conditions of twenty or twenty-five years ago, when overactivity produced many failures, will be repeated.

According to an officer of the New York City Hotel Men's Association, many new projects under construction throughout the country are not legitimate enterprises, but are "inspired promotion schemes that will result in heavy losses to the investors and to operators as well as to competitive hotels in adjacent territory." One does not have to be a hotel man to observe that a sort of reckless speculative frenzy appears to have injected itself into the construction of at least some of these enterprises.

Like many other lines, the hotel business would profit from more coöperative conduct. To create the impression that they are doing as much business as their competitors, some hotel men will never admit that business is poor, no matter how bad it is. Thus outsiders are induced to enter an already overcrowded field.

From the guest's viewpoint it would seem as if more cooperation might be worked out to bring supply and demand together. The stranger goes to the best-known hotel in town. A clerk there may turn him away with "We may have something this evening, Mr. Smith, if you will leave your name." Another hotel a block away, with just as excellent accommodation, may be running in red because of vacant rooms, without the traveler being a bit the wiser.

Success, reputation and prestige deserve their reward. But it seems as if the traveling public might be more smoothly and quickly directed to vacant space than is now the case. Cannot the hotels retain the advantages of private initiative and yet provide the public with the convenience that would come from more teamwork?

Courage and Luck

A DAY rarely passes without the newspapers relating at least one case of business advancement so notable as to grip the public's imagination. Usually it is a comparatively young man who has been elevated to a presidential position or to other high rank. Now and then, these days, it is a woman who has been thus honored. In any case, there is keen and up to a reasonable point wholly legitimate curiosity, not only as to the personality of the new business figure but also as to the means by which promotion has been won.

The readiest explanation among many of those who comment upon such items of news, and often the most comforting to their self-esteem, is luck. Such is the glib, the soothing, way to dispose of the other man's success. Nor can any philosophy of life wholly rule out chance from the scheme of things. We can say that bad luck is the excuse of weaklings, the alibi of those who lack the stuff. But how do we know that young men cut off before their prime by diphtheria or meningitis or railroad accidents may not have had qualities superior to those who chanced to live?

Emerson said that all successful men agreed in one respect—they were causationists. "They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there was not a weak or a cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things."

A detailed study of a group of ranches in a Southwestern state tells how each rancher started with one section of land, how there are owners who hang onto their one section with difficulty, how others have added two or three sections, and how still others who had no more property or no better opportunities to start with, now own forty or fifty sections, or even more. Some would say, remark the investigators, that these men had better luck.

"Count it luck, if one will, they seized the opportunities that were afforded; they sold or bought to a little better advantage than their neighbors; they analyzed situations and took risks; they may have handled labor a little better; they may have cared for their livestock a little better, or excelled in some of the other aspects of ranching."

Chance has not been banished from the universe, but we must be very sure that the man who has gone to the top has none of the qualities calculated to put him there before we cry with the unthinking multitude that good luck did it.

Nor is there any inherent inconsistency between the Sage of Concord's statement that successful men are causationists and the dictum of Adam Smith that the commonest form of superstition is belief in one's own good luck. The first great writer on modern political economy referred to this trait as men's "absurd presumption in their own good fortune. There is no man living who, when in tolerable health and spirits, has not some share of it."

Mainly, it is the mental attitude which makes for advancement in affairs. It is proceeding without fear, regardless of fortuity. Luck may be regarded as merely one more ally, or it may be brushed aside as contrary to the orderly working out of laws and forces, or it may be looked upon as inconsequential, a triviality. The result is the same.

Is the Tide of Trade Turning?

FOR years our balance of merchandise trade has been in a somewhat anomalous position, a fact to which attention has been several times directed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A creditor country is supposed to have a balance of import of goods over export, the excess of import goods being the payment for services on the part of foreign countries. Ever since the war we have had annually heavy balances of export of goods over imports. The inward explanation lay in our invisible items—immigrant remittances, tourist expenditures, gold imports and foreign investments. In fact, it has been largely new foreign investments and tourist expenditures abroad that have made it possible for foreign countries to maintain such heavy imports of goods from this country. It was generally agreed that this state of affairs could not last forever; but there was wide difference of expert opinion as to when the transition might be expected.

Perhaps it has come. During the months of January and February imports of goods exceeded exports heavily. For the two months the excess of imports of goods was valued at fifty-six million dollars. We have had isolated months of adverse trade balance before. There was one month with a negative balance of ten million dollars in 1925, when the positive balance for the year was five hundred and ninety-one millions; there was one month of negative balance of eight millions in 1924, when the positive balance for the year was eight hundred and eighty-eight million dollars; but never before two months with such heavy adverse figures.

The comparison with the same months in previous years is striking. In January–February, 1924, the excess of exports over imports was valued at one hundred and ten million dollars; in the year 1925 the excess of exports over imports for those months was valued at one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. In this year, suddenly, for the same two months the balance is reversed into a loss of fifty-six million dollars. That can hardly be an accidental or incidental reversion.

It is important to note the occurrence; it is too early to seek to determine the cause of the reversal. By summer it ought to be possible, if the negative balance continues, to determine if it is due to decline of invisible items, decline of exports or increase of imports. We may be sure that one of the first explanations will be debt payments. Probably it is safe to infer, provisionally, that European manufacturers and exporters have been improving in their technic of fabrication and trading, with the result of expansion in exports to us and to other countries, displacing our wares. In other words, it may be regarded provisionally as a sign of postwar recovery and rehabilitation. If the relation continues we may expect to witness export of some of our super stock of gold. This would have the tendency, other things being equal, to lower the price level. The forthcoming developments may be awaited with interest, but without apprehension. We are not likely to be hurt, but we are certain to learn something.

TIPS—By WILL PAYNE

THE United States is far and away the biggest market ever known, containing far and away more people who have money to spend above the vague line of necessities than ever assembled under any other flag. Once get them started to buying anything in bulk—well, look at automobiles, at Florida, at the movies and at innumerable other examples.

Already American travel to Europe is one of the large facts in international commerce. Finance ministers take it into their anxious calculations of balance of trade, currency stabilization and revenue. Also, everybody from finance minister down to the pretty boy in brass buttons who opens the hotel door is anxiously trying to calculate what the traffic will bear—just how many dimes can be sluiced out of the golden stream at a given point without retarding its flow.

When a subject reaches that importance it seems high time to study it in a spirit of scientific detachment and try to remove some misapprehensions; first, the misapprehension, so popular in Europe, that all American travelers to that continent are millionaires. Americans themselves are much to blame for this misunderstanding, which may be illustrated by a simple concrete case, as follows:

"Let me give you a little advice," said the manager of our first hotel in Italy, confidentially.

We had been chatting in the hotel lounge, asking questions, American fashion, and as the manager obviously glowed with personal interest in our welfare, we listened readily. He took a precautionary look around the lounge, hitched his chair forward and dropped his voice a note:

"It's about tips. Every hotel in Italy will charge 10 per cent on your bill for service. We hotel managers resisted that to the last ditch. It was forced upon us by the union of hotel servants. They said some guests tipped properly and some did not, so they never knew what their incomes would be. They insisted that tips should be abolished and a flat 10 per cent added to everybody's bill for service, the 10 per cent to be distributed among the servants according to a fixed schedule—so many sixteenths to the head waiter, so many to the chambermaids, and so on.

"Finally we managers yielded. Now the servants of this hotel can inspect my books at any time and see that they are getting their 10 per cent of every bill paid. This scheme, you understand, worked very well for a while. The servants were satisfied. Guests accepted it. The managers thought the question was settled. But you Americans came along and persisted in giving tips as usual. Then the servants that didn't get tips became as dissatisfied as they had been before. The whole thing is getting stirred up again."

The manager's emotions had been mounting as he proceeded. Leaning forward, his voice became tremulous:

"I ask you to look at the situation in this hotel. I ask you to look at me! I have been a hotel manager for thirty years. I have devoted my life to it. If I had my life to live over again, would I be a hotel manager? Never! Never!" He struck the chair arm smartly. "I would be a head waiter! The head waiter of this hotel, with no responsibilities to speak of, takes a larger income out of the establishment than I, the manager. I assure you it is so. My chambermaids make eight hundred, nine hundred, a thousand lire a month. It is so!" Each numeral was emphasized by a blow on the chair arm.

"And now it is getting stirred up again, you understand. So my advice to you, while you are in Italy, is, for heaven's sake don't tip the servants. It will only make you trouble in the end—make me trouble, make everybody trouble. Don't you do it! Why should you tip? You pay for the service once—10 per cent added to your bill. Why pay for it a second time?"

That sounded convincing. We thanked the manager for his advice and highly resolved to act upon it. But almost at once we began to be troubled about the waiter who played the lead at our table. He was slim and pale, with dark, melancholy eyes and dark, melancholy hair that he wore in a tall back-slanting pompadour. Unfortunately, over in France, a sympathetic fellow guest had told us about the waiter who had a consumptive wife and two small children. That French case undermined our morals. What more likely than that this Italian writer had a consumptive wife and two small children? He looked far more like a man so afflicted than had the French waiter, who, in fact, was rather on the plump-and-rosy order.

Could we have a consumptive wife and two small children on our consciences—their blood figuratively on our heads? Besides, a lira was but four cents. It took twenty-five of them to make only one dollar. At length a little roll of dirty paper, small bills, passed from my guilty fingers into

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The Victim: "Officer, When Do They Start Giving Me a Little Sympathy?"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Knockturn

I LIVE in a court apartment
Where the tenant on my left
Has a synchrodyne.
And the one on my right
A heterodyne
And the chap above me
A neutrodyne.
And the one below me
A superdyne. . . .
So, naturally,
I can't rest
Until I have
An anodyne.
—Blanche Goodman.

Cinderella

A Freudian Fairy Tale for Sophisticated Infants

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little girl who lived with her wicked stepmother and her two half sisters, who were all very cruel to her. She was called Cinderella because she sifted the ashes and did all the housework. She worked all the time and never went to any parties or had any fun, so naturally she was inhibited by an acute inferiority complex.

Now one day the Prince gave a great ball, and the wicked mother and the wicked sisters were invited, but poor little Cinderella had to stay home.

As she was sitting by the fire and crying a little because she never had any good times, who should appear but a lovely lady all dressed in gleaming gauze! It was her Fairy Godmother!

"The trouble with you, my dear," said the Fairy Godmother, "is your repressions. The repression of emotions has made of you, if I mistake not, a psychopathic introvert. Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?"

"Mother and sisters get psychoanalyzed all the time, but I never get psychoanalyzed at all!" sobbed Cinderella.

"Just as I thought. What you need is to liberate your repressions." And the fairy godmother waved her wand, and what do you think! You are right. A pumpkin was turned into a golden coach and six mice into prancing horses and a big rat into a coachman, illustrating the technic of wish fulfillment. In the coach was a gorgeous ball dress for Cinderella, with a pair of glass slippers that just fitted her tiny feet.

So Cinderella went to the ball and danced with the Prince over and over again. But she had to be home by midnight, so when the clock began to strike twelve she dashed down to her carriage, but in her haste she lost one of her glass slippers on the stair.

Now the Prince was no mean Freudian himself, so he took the glass slipper to the Court Psychoanalyst and told him all his dreams, childhood terrors, slips of speech and phobias, in order to find out the relation of Cinderella to his subconsciousness.

The Court Psychoanalyst sat up all night and cabled to Vienna, and finally came to the conclusion that the glass slipper was too big for its wearer or it wouldn't have come off.

So the Prince searched high and low for the girl whose foot was too small for the glass slipper, and when at last he discovered Cinderella he was nearly beside himself with joy.

He said, "Will you be my Princess?" But Cinderella would not say yes, owing to her inferiority complex. Then the Prince said, "I know how it is. You don't like me. I don't wonder. I am a rotten Prince anyhow and I am always afraid that my subjects will find out how stupid I am."

"Oh, you have an inferiority complex too!" cried Cinderella.

"Yes, indeed," said the Prince. "Dear Cinderella, be my Princess and we will sublimate our complexes together!"

So they were married and sublimated happily ever after, but the wicked stepmother and sisters were so jealous that they became pronounced psychopathological neurotics with every kind of psychosis and neurosis and acidosis and metempsychosis.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

KNOCK 'IM OUT, KID! KNOCK 'IM OUT!
MURDER THAT GUY!
KILL THE UMP!
— FOR WE'LL SMASH 'EM
WE'LL MASH 'EM AND WE'LL ROLL 'EM IN THE MUD
BREAK HIS TOE, YUSIFF! BITE HIS EAR OFF

The Noncombatant

To a Flapper

CUTE little vamp, with your drug-store complexion,
Just for a moment give ear to my song.
You'll never win my undying affection,
Yet I feel glad that you've happened along.

Rouge on your lips, and a wave in the hair of you,
Hair that is bobbed in the mode of today.
Heaven forbid I should e'er have the care of you!
Yet you're a sweet little thing in your way.

Come-hither look in the baby-blue eyes of you,
Walk that is copied from Hollywood's queens,
Far too much guile for the half-portion size of you—
Can't you remember you're still in your teens?

Dear little fool, with your code of morality
Warped into nonsense, disguised into rot,
Please, for your own sake, get down to reality!
Please quit pretending to be what you're not!
—Carl W. Gluick.

The Age of Specialization

THIS is the age of specialization, said Binks. The doctors started it, I suppose, but now, as we used to sing in the old song, everybody's doing it.

I returned from my vacation last fall feeling pretty bedraggled and unshorn, so I dropped into my old barber shop to be fixed up. The place had been altered during my absence, and I noticed a lot of new sterilizing apparatus and bright enameled sanitary cabinets filled with glittering instruments laid out in bright shiny rows.

"I'll have the works," I said to Louis, my favorite barber. "Everything from a facial massage up and down."

"Fine," said Louis, washing his hands in green soap and switching on the electrical sterilizer. "We'll get Schultz to administer the lather. One of the best latherticians in the profession."

"Do you mean to say you don't ——"

"That's old stuff," said Louis. "I'd no more think of administering lather in an operation than I would —er— think of performing a capillectomy."

"A what?"

"Capillectomy. Hair cutting, the layman calls it."

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Her: "Hold Your Red Parasol in Front of You, Dear, and He Won't See You!"

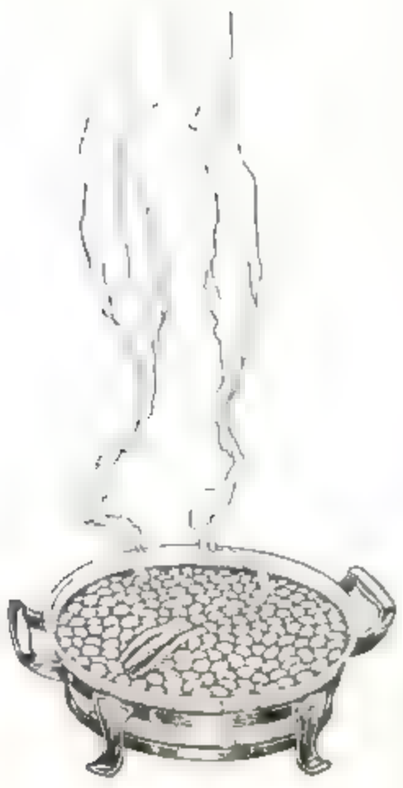
Grievances and Gratitude

What a difference the flavor makes in beans!

Quality! How quick you are to notice it the moment you taste Campbell's Beans!

You know at once that these must be selected beans and that they have been prepared and blended with their delicious sauce in kitchens where real pride is taken in the goodness of the food.

How else could such wonderful flavor be produced? And when you sit down to a dish of beans, eager and hungry, what a treat it is to enjoy the deliciousness of Campbell's!



12 cents a can

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Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

Without Any Hint From Aloysia, Mr. Wingate Seemed to Feel the Situation and Provide Just the Right Interruptions

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XXIII

LORD HENRY WYCKLIFFE professed himself "awf'ly heppy" about the McCarthys' change of plan, "awf'ly heppy"; but a distrait look came into his eyes and stayed there. Sutphen Grolier accepted it a little irritatingly as matter of course. People were always doing what he wanted them to do. During the last days of the voyage he was with Nora a great deal, and if it hadn't been for blessed Mr. Wingate, might have found monopolizing her almost stupidly easy; but without any hint from Aloysia, Mr. Wingate seemed to feel the situation and provide just the right interruptions. Sutphen disliked Mr. Wingate intensely. That was one of the most hopeful signs.

Aloysia wouldn't have been surprised if Sutphen had proposed before the Vercingetorix docked, but she didn't expect it. On the way up to London was more probable. Somehow train journeys brought people together.

In her exultation at the progress of events, just before the captain's dinner Aloysia, struggling with her hair, seized scissors and shingled it. Her head was small and well shaped. The result procured her a personal triumph, and her party—Mr. Grolier and Lord Henry and Ed Herman were all at their table—was a huge success.

The ship docked the next afternoon. The dozens of acquaintances the girls had made were crowding about them saying farewells, when Aloysia saw Sutphen Grolier pushing toward her.

"Right away," she said, thinking he was anxious to get them on the train.

"Where are you going to stop in London?"

A chill fell on Aloysia.

"I've had no time to make plans."

"Well, how can I reach you?"

"You're not going down in the train?"

"Oh, no. Cadby's car is here. Don't you know what hotel you're going to?"

Not only did Aloysia not know which she was going to, she couldn't remember the name of a hotel in London. She'd had a very definite plan of taking Mr. Wingate and Fredericka aside and consulting on the subject en route.

"Without reservations," she said, and she looked at Mr. Wingate now.

"Why not try Claridge's?" Mr. Wingate suggested quietly.

"Of course I'll try Claridge's first if I can get in."

"If not wire me care Cadby Taylor, Rockingham Priory, Essex."

Sutphen approached a little closer and added, "Going to see if I can't get you invited down. Nora anyway. Good-by."

He was off, and in spite of his last words, it gave Aloysia a queer feeling to have him disappear. One felt his world was so interesting, distractions so plentiful in it.

As though his departure hadn't been enough, Lord Henry came up with some of his very jerky sentences.

"Have to run for my connection. Not the London train, y'know. Awf'ly heppy to have met you. Awf'ly."

He was off even more hopelessly.

Only Mr. Wingate remained. By then it seemed probable to Aloysia that Mr. Wingate would be borne away by an airplane or a submarine, but he wasn't.

"May I share your carriage up to London?" he asked.

Aloysia was actually grateful to him, and he made himself charming. He bought a Times and showed them the agony column, which is somehow so much more agonized and delightful than mere American personals. He taught them about those homeless tea baskets one gets at one station and leaves at another. He was illuminating on the subject of the types they rode past.

"I love Britons," he explained. "To me they are irresistibly droll. They are so much like characters in their own cheaper fiction; one can tell all about them at a glance if one has read enough of the two-and-sixpenny output. When the women are beautiful they are so preposterously beautiful, and when they are plain they are such good sorts. And they dress either part so it can be recognized at a mile. As for the men, they are divided into sportsmen who wouldn't do anything which wasn't quite cricket, and rotters—absolute rotters.

"Now," he illustrated his theme pointing to a stocky, even-featured girl standing on a station platform, "that girl is named Doris. She's engaged to a boy named Guy. She's a little worried because she funks his mater, but he's such an old dear —— It's really perfectly true. That's the way they think."

Nora was amazingly amused at the performance. She asked about everyone they saw, and laughed delightedly at the rubber-stamp characters Mr. Wingate presented them with.

Then London rose about them, darkly magical, and Mr. Wingate pointing out buildings they passed, taking their knowledge for granted, referred to events evidently so permeated with romance to his mind that it made all three of them long for explanations, for knowledge.

Mr. Wingate rode in the taxicab with them to Claridge's and made sure they were comfortably settled before he left.

"This is for you plutocrats," he told them. "I've a little hotel as English as prawns where I can really savor the Briton at home at the Briton at home's own prices. May I show you some public monuments tomorrow?"

Aloysia remembered Josephine Harper's attitude toward anything remotely resembling tripperism, a vice she put in the category of unmentionable horrors. Of course it wasn't smart; still as she had really nothing else in mind for the next day she couldn't see the harm.

"We'd love it, if you'd be so kind," she accepted.

So it happened that for two days Mr. Wingate guided the McCarthys through the medieval city which hides in

(Continued on Page 38

The Joyous Satisfaction That Only Cadillac Can Give

The young man who drove his first car yesterday is no fresher in his enthusiasm than the owner of a new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac who has driven the Cadillac year after year for a dozen years.

The one extracts joy from all the delusions of inexperience—the other from the ripened realization that all of his experience has brought to him nothing so fine as this new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac.

The Cadillac market is bubbling over everywhere with delight in this new expression of Cadillac fitness for fine manufacture—and growing in sales volume as no Cadillac before ever inspired it to grow. New hosts of owners are coming to the 90-degree Cadillac because a new buying spirit is abroad in the land—a spirit which has weighed its own less happy experience against the everlasting satisfaction of the Cadillac owner—and found that other experience lacking.

It seems strange to say at this late date that Cadillac has come into its own—but it is true because the experience of years has shown to thousands that the oft repeated promise of equality with Cadillac has not been fulfilled.

All the millions of car owners in America have always admitted that their own private estimate of the last word in motoring was Cadillac—Now thousands are acting upon their conviction because they fully realize at last that there is no substitute for the deep satisfaction of Cadillac ownership.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FISHER

(Continued from Page 36)

the heart of London from all but the informed eye. Lady Jane and the diseased, sumptuous pageant of the Tudors and the little York princes peopled it with their lost beauty. Under its ogives there passed Cromwell, and Kit Marlowe, and the dark disdainful figure of Mary Fitton. Mr. Wingate saw them so clearly that the McCarthys saw them too.

The expeditions were even more fascinating to them than they might have been to more literate people, for they fairly hung on Mr. Wingate's words to know how the stories came out.

On the second day, at tea in an A. B. C. shop on which Mr. Wingate had insisted if they were ever to begin to understand the curious, modern Briton for whom he felt so profound and amused a passion, he proposed that on the morrow they go to Windsor. Again putting from her mind Josephine Harper and what she would think, Aloysia accepted.

There was snow, a few great flakes falling over the gray towers and the crisped oak leaves in the park. It was a day for ghosts to slip past the linen-fold paneling of somber corridors.

Mr. Wingate stalked them with his wit and his feeling for their humanity.

They had luncheon in a sweet old room with a wide fire, and a little pinched waiter who cried "Madame! There is soup!" as though it were an event.

Aloysia and Fredericka were tired, and rested after they had eaten, but Nora was indefatigable. She and Mr. Wingate ascended to the parapets, and came back only in time for tea, which was served with little individual mince pies.

It was the happiest day the four had had together. They parted with an engagement for Mr. Wingate to call the following morning at ten o'clock.

That night, however, Aloysia was wakeful, and began taking her bearings with the critical eye of the sleepless. She'd done nothing since she landed. She'd wandered about seeing things with Mr. Wingate who, though he was charming, was nobody. She'd wasted time. She might have been shopping. Shopping to Aloysia was an accomplishment. Fredericka hadn't even had her hair waved, and it looked terrible.

None of those things accounted for the depression she was feeling, however. It was Nora. Nora was acting strangely.

Finally Aloysia rose and went into the twins' room, and wakened Fredericka quietly by touching her wrist.

"What is it?" Fredericka whispered.

Her mother beckoned her to come into the sitting room.

"Mr. Wingate never makes love to Nora, does he?" she asked when they were there.

"No, never. It's awfully funny. Why?"

"I just couldn't sleep," Aloysia answered.

XXIV

AT LATE breakfast Fredericka, who was reading the agony column in the conscientious way of an ambitious person without much humor who has been assured that a thing is funny, caught a crumb of toast in her throat and began to gasp and shed great tears; but even in her pain, while she was being thumped on the back and was gulping water, she kept pointing to what she had been reading, and when she was articulate again she said, "Read it. It's for me."

Aloysia took the paper:

"Fredericka McC.: Forgot to obtain address. Utterly asinine. If this comes to your attention communicate, Box 48, Wyck-on-Severn, Worcestershire."

"But why should Lord Henry advertise for you instead of Nora?" she asked.

"Because she treats him so badly he's afraid she wouldn't answer."

Fredericka was glowing quite as though she were the ultimate object of Lord Henry's communication, and she sent a wire.

"Stopping the fortnight at Claridge's."

Fortnight was a word she had admired on Lord Henry's lips, and she regarded the message as a very distinguished composition.

Hardly was that episode done with when the telephone rang and a voice asked for Mrs. McCarthy's secretary or maid. Aloysia answered. It proved to be Mr. Cadby Taylor's butler. Mr. Sutphen Grolier had asked him to telephone through and find if Mrs. McCarthy would have luncheon with him.

"Won't he come to luncheon with Mrs. McCarthy?" Aloysia asked, and was informed that he would.

Certainly the day was beginning magnificently.

"You must make an appointment with the hairdresser at once," Aloysia directed Fredericka.

"But she'll miss Mr. Wingate," Nora protested.

"Look at the child's hair. You wouldn't have Mr. Grolier see her like that."

"But Mr. Wingate ——"

"We'll not be able to go with Mr. Wingate this morning in any case. I have some shopping I want to do."

"I can go with him, can't I?"

"I want you with me. We'll leave a note for him at the desk."

"You act as though he were a paid guide."

"I guess he's glad enough to have us with him when we want to go to buy him luncheon."

That wasn't fair. Mr. Wingate had bought them tea over and over and dinner twice. He'd paid twice as much as they had and only let her mother pay at all because she insisted.

"Go put on your things, darling," Aloysia said. "We'll start right away. I don't want to run into him in the lobby."

Nora knew herself incapable of the reproving speech she wanted to make.

If there was one thing Aloysia had learned about London for herself it was the name of the smartest modiste, and at his shop she and Nora spent the morning. The clothes he was exhibiting were really very little different from those Aloysia had bought in Paris in the summer, and with which she had created so profound a sensation in Syrchester. Aloysia was disappointed. Success was in her veins. She wanted to clothe it fitly, exultantly. Through a door she saw a manikin displaying to some theatrical women a modernist model—a tea gown of crimson silk with a cubist pattern in purple, and heavy borders of fur dyed purple too. It was the sort of thing at which she had cried out in horror in Paris. Now it struck her jaded eye as different.

"That looks very smart," she said, half closing her eyes.

"Oh, yes, madame. Very modern. Very dada." The saleswoman was quick to get her cue.

"I think it's terrible," Nora declared.

"It's not the thing for a young girl, but on an older woman—I'd like to try it on."

It fitted amazingly. Aloysia had undoubted style, and the effect, with her black shingled hair with the white wing in front, was overpowering.

"Oh, it's a divvy tigger!" the saleswoman said. "Extreme, of course, but for a woman who has style, and poise, and assurance ——"

(Continued on Page 40)

"He's a Nobody. You Think Because He Talks to You About Kings and Queens That He's One of the Great"

Chrysler "70" Royal Sedan,
$1995, f. o. b. Detroit

How Chrysler Sweeps All Comparison Aside

No one need fear that he will not be rewarded who gives to the world something distinctively superior. And *nowhere* is recognition so swift and reward so munificent as in America.

Chrysler "70" came into a seemingly crowded motor car market some two years ago, and swept its way into unprecedented acceptance as a long-lived quality product. That which ordinarily takes years to achieve was won almost overnight.

Why? Because the Chrysler brushed aside outworn traditions in engineering, in design, and in performance, and gave to the world advantages it could *instantly see* and *feel* and *experience.*

It squarely confronted problems of height and weight and size, solving them according to the crying needs of the moment rather than the needs of five to ten years ago.

It brought to bear both scientific exactness and artistry—embodying in the new Chrysler elements of dynamic symmetry and elegance no one else had ever attained.

It approached the question of motor dimensions, power, acceleration, long life and riding ease, free to devise the ideally best and then provide the means to produce the finished product.

That is why Chrysler took the country by storm at the outset—why it still stands and will long stand alone—why if you want what the Chrysler gives, the Chrysler alone can satisfy you.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton,* $1395; *Coach,* $1445; *Roadster,* $1625; *Sedan,* $1695; *Royal Coupe,* $1795; *Brougham,* $1865; *Royal Sedan,* $1995; *Crown Sedan,* $2095. *Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car,* $845; *Roadster Special,* $895; *Club Coupe,* $895. *Coach,* $935; *Sedan,* $995. *Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton,* $2645; *Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional),* $2885; *Coupe, four-passenger,* $3195; *Sedan, five-passenger,* $3395; *Sedan seven-passenger,* $3595; *Sedan-limousine,* $3695.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

All models equipped with full balloon tires

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which can not be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering

CHRYSLER "70"

(Continued from Page 38)

Aloysia considered herself in a glass. She seemed to hear the Syrchester women squeaking their dazzled astonishment.

"You call it a divvy tigger?" she asked.

The saleswoman laughed. "That's just our little slang. A divine tea gown, you know."

"A divvy tigger," Aloysia mused. Then she made up her mind.

"I'll take it."

"Oh, momma!" Nora protested.

"My dear, it's the thing that's coming. I have the instinct. I know."

The saleswoman now knew what line to take. Aloysia left with the nucleus of an entire new wardrobe and some mauve face powder.

"A woman, if she wants to keep up," she lectured Nora, "must have the courage to wear the different thing. Of course next year that dress will be as popular as that gray-flannel model I brought back this year. Then I'll have to find something new."

Aloysia sighed at the thought of her gallant æsthetic pioneering.

"If you were just going to buy hideous clothes for yourself, I think I might have gone out with Mr. Wingate"

"Why would a young girl like you want to spend her days poking about a lot of ruins?" Aloysia tried to shame her daughter.

Nora was silent.

In the lobby of Claridge's, Mr. Wingate was waiting. He came up to them excitedly.

"I was afraid you wouldn't get back before noon. I've found a practicing sorcerer's house in London. Can you come right away?"

Aloysia saw that it was time to apply certain of her methods to Mr. Wingate.

"We have guests for luncheon," she said, "and I'm very tired, and shall rest until then. Come, Nora."

"I'm awfully sorry," Mr. Wingate said.

"It is too bad." Aloysia's voice was icy.

"Can't I go?" Nora asked.

"No. I have some things I want to talk over with you."

Mr. Wingate saw that for some reason he was being snubbed. He was very red indeed.

"Good morning, Mr. Wingate."

Aloysia went toward the lift, Nora hanging back a little. There were a good many people in the car, which the starter held.

Aloysia gestured Nora to hurry in first.

Instead Nora stopped dead still.

"I'm going with Mr. Wingate."

"Nora!" There was the crack of authority in Aloysia's voice.

"I am, momma."

Nora swung about and plunged off, swift and decided.

"Are you going up, madame?" the starter asked.

Everyone was staring. In her embarrassment Aloysia fumbled the point and stepped into the car. She realized her mistake as soon as it started to ascend, and got out at the entresol and hurried down the stairs, but Nora and Mr. Wingate were gone.

Aloysia told herself there was nothing serious in the occurrence, but it was disheartening. When Fredericka returned from the hairdresser's she wanted her opinion.

"Nora must have thought you were mean to Mr. Wingate," Fredericka said. "You know how she is when she thinks anyone's badly treated."

Aloysia thought Nora might have realized what a nervous condition she was in, with nothing settled, and Mr. Grolier coming to luncheon.

That was the line she'd take when Nora came. She didn't, above all, want to overemphasize the affair. That school-teacher!

Nora didn't come, however, and the telephone announced that Mr. Grolier was below. Aloysia knew better than to offer Sutphen Grolier Fredericka as a substitute.

"It's better that I should see him alone and explain."

"I don't want to eat with him anyway," Fredericka snapped. "The girl in the shop was telling me about a kind of facial she gives that takes two hours. I think I'll telephone her to come up here and give me one. There's no train that gets in from Wyck-on-Severn till half after three."

There was something heroic about the way Fredericka took her rôle of confidante to Lord Henry. If Nora had only had a spirit like that!

The mood in which Aloysia descended was not one which made it easy to be charming, but charming she was as she said to Mr. Grolier with half a smile and half a frown and a faint ripple of brogue:

"That bad girl, Nora, has run off. She'll be late for luncheon. It would serve her right if you were not to wait for her, but in the kindness of your heart I'm hoping you'll not leave me alone."

"Where's she gone?"

"On some excursion with poor Mr. Wingate. He came for us, very excited, and rather than hurt a person my girls would fling themselves in the fire."

That implied the safeguard of Fredericka with Nora.

In one way Sutphen Grolier was glad to have a few moments alone with Nora's mother.

"About that invitation to Cadby Taylor's." He took a subject difficult even for him, from a standstill. "I asked them, but I'm afraid there's nothing doing. Joan made a lot of excuses. You know how they do."

Aloysia winced.

"We've made other plans in any case," she declared gallantly, but Sutphen Grolier completely disregarded the remark.

"No, listen," he said, "I haven't given up hope. Joan and Cadby are running up to town tomorrow to tea at Fred Folsom's to look at some pictures. I spoke to Fred, and he said to bring you and Nora around. Want to come?"

Mr. Grolier's effrontery was, of course, appalling, but as he himself was unaware of the fact and simply took for granted the plain truth that Mrs. McCarthy was a lady anxious to get good invitations, it wasn't so offensive as it might have been. In fact, though Aloysia didn't enjoy it, it simplified matters.

"I've heard so much about Mr. Folsom." Aloysia strove to give the arrangement some color of decency. "At what hour?"

"Oh, round five. I suppose I'd better call for you. I've got an appointment with a dentist, but I guess I'll be able to make it. Fred's place is just around the corner. When'll Nora be back?"

Aloysia blessed the waiter who appeared at that instant with the cocktails.

"At any moment," she answered. "We'll sit down and begin to punish her."

XXV

MR. WINGATE wouldn't explain his mysterious objective. A taxi brought him and Nora to a house so high it was almost a tower, with a witch painted on one blank wall, and the words Camera Obscura.

"Rather cheap advertising for a sorcerer," Mr. Wingate commented.

"Am I going to be frightened?" Nora asked.

"Not a bit. The sorcerer isn't at home. He's stepped out for a century or two."

He was, however, evidently a mercenary magician, for he had left a young woman to collect two shillings apiece. Mr. Wingate led the way to a dusty stairs and they began to climb

"Someone has taken away the sorcerer's crocodile and most of his spiders," Mr. Wingate explained. "I'm afraid he'll be rather angry."

There were some old maps and a stuffed owl in one of the rooms, which were only landings.

"Is it here?" Nora asked.

"There are lots more stairs to climb."

At last they came to a closed door.

"This is the sorcerer's own study," Mr. Wingate explained, and flung it open.

The room was dark, but on a table in its center was something which looked, for an instant, like a tremendous, gleaming opal.

"What is it?" Nora asked.

"It's London."

Lenses and mirrors had somehow caught that part of the city immediately about them and focused it on the table. At one side was the impressive angle of the Houses of Parliament, with Big Ben the size of a doll's watch. There was a glimpse of the river, with a tug on it trailing a plume of smoke which would only have done for a small bird—a wren or a martin. The gray lace of Westminster rose above St. Margaret's, and before St. Margaret's door was a crowd of microscopic people, waiting for something.

"Good," Mr. Wingate said. "That's why I wanted to get here before noon."

"Why?"

"You'll see."

With the condensation, every color in the scene seemed brighter than Nature's, and every activity more graceful, more part of an established plan. To look at that table was like looking at early twentieth century life through the eye of some meticulous artist generations hence.

"But what is it?" Nora asked again.

"London. Beneath your hands, as it should be."

"It's so lovely."

The quiet was one amazing thing. With no hint of sound a motor car, perhaps four inches long, swung to the curb by St. Margaret's. One could see the crowd cheering noiselessly.

"Now. Now, watch."

A footman opened the motor's door, and a gentleman in morning clothes descended and gave his hand to a miniature figure in white, a lovely, gleaming, lace-and-satin bride who bowed to the cheering crowd as she passed to the church door.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Some great wedding. I don't know whose."

The crowd waited. Children played in the park. The miniature Big Ben pointed to twelve, and they could hear his great voice.

Nora hung over the important, tiny happenings, strangely elated. Suddenly there was activity in the crowd about St. Margaret's.

"The wedding must be over."

An usher rushed to make sure the motor car was waiting. The bride and a slender, laughing groom made their way to it. At its door the bride turned and flung her bouquet theatrically to the crowd. Then she and the groom were swallowed into its secret darkness, and the throng broke, and guests emerged in atomic splendor.

"Did you enjoy it?" Mr. Wingate asked.

Nora looked at him across the radiance above the table.

"I don't think I've ever been so happy, Mr. Wingate."

She was so happy that suddenly she asked a question which had been troubling her for a long time.

"Don't you like me?"

"Like you, Nora?"

"Why don't you ever make love to me?"

"Because I'm old and poor. Because it would be preposterous."

"But I love you so much."

"Do you?" Mr. Wingate asked, in a voice just a shade removed from a sob. "Do you?"

Then the thing happened which made him no longer old or poor or preposterous. Lovely, costly Nora McCarthy was in his arms, and he was catching youth and power and eligibility from her lips. There is no point in trying to set down the things they said, or even the sort of things. They would give a very false impression of the intelligence of two moderately sane people.

After a time so crowded with ecstasy that it might have been several hours, they walked back to Claridge's, simply because that had been their intention when they set out and they were utterly incapable of a process requiring so much cerebration as a change of plan.

Mrs. McCarthy had said they were having guests for luncheon, and so unused was Paul Wingate to having the world his football that he actually parted with Nora in the lobby, and went off to buy a ring which should, in some measure, ratify what had occurred.

It wasn't until Nora was in the lift that she realized how awful it was to have let him go. She went to her room. The masseuse was bending over Fredericka.

"Well, where have you been?" came from an aperture in a hot towel.

"To the most wonderful place."

"Well, Mr. Grolier's downstairs. He has been for an hour. Mother must be wild."

"Oh, Freddie, I can't go down and eat with Sutphen Grolier and momma."

"Why not, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, because."

She couldn't tell before that strange woman.

Fredericka pulled the towel off her thin face, which was scarlet from the heat.

"Nora McCarthy," she said, "don't be a fool. Now you go downstairs, and go down this minute. He'll just ditch you if you don't look out, and I wouldn't blame him a bit. Nora, are you going to cry? I could kill you."

Nora's obedience was congenital. She went downstairs.

XXVI

ALOYSIA had been under no illusion that she could entertain Mr. Sutphen Grolier for long. He simply wasn't interested in ladies over thirty, and certainly not in those unversed in the current chatter of his set. She hadn't known, however, how bad it would be. It had been ghastly.

"For all his financial genius," she was babbling despairingly, "Mr. McCarthy had the soul of an Irish poet," and she was watching Sutphen Grolier pull down his wrist watch cautiously from his cuff again, so that he could see how long he'd been being bored without it appearing too obvious, and she was wishing, for her soul's sake, that Nora were again at the age for the slipper or the hairbrush, when Nora appeared in the dining-room door.

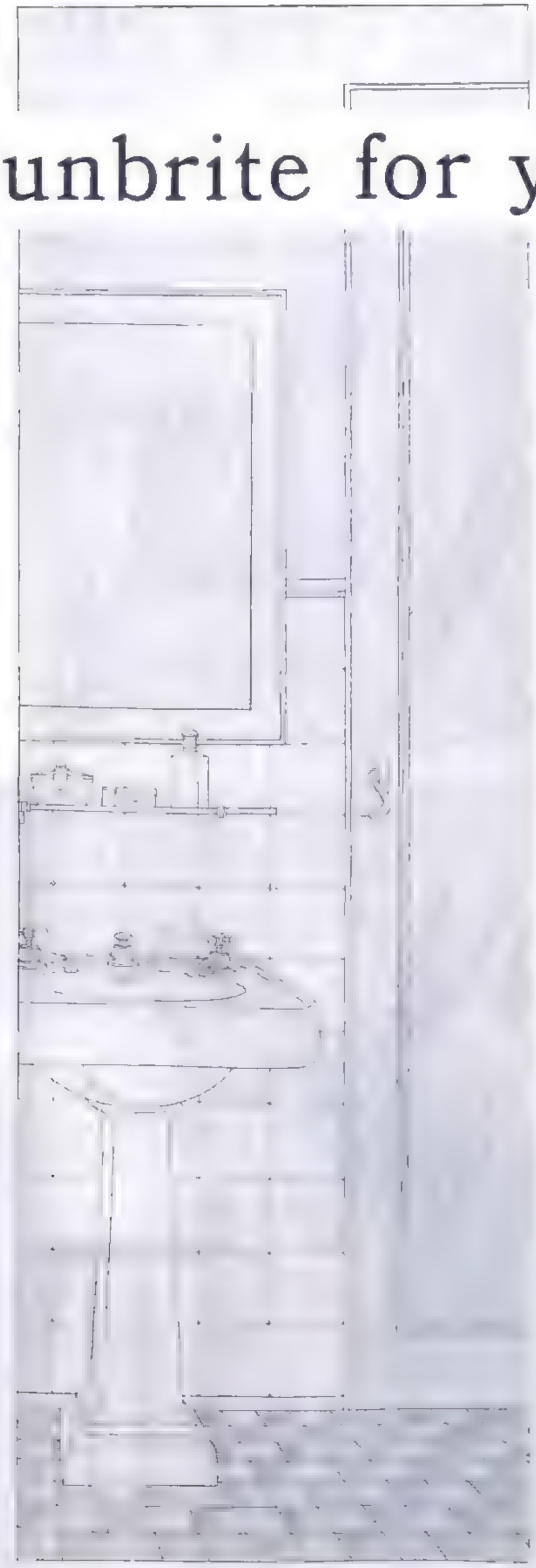
Exalted and illumined by those few moments in the Camera Obscura, angry at Fredericka, disdainful of every message she read in her mother's glance, Nora's emotions might have performed a miracle for the plainest of girls.

Nora was so beautiful as she stood there that the maître d'hôtel, who was accustomed to women of the most professional and expensive loveliness, actually backed off the top step leading down into the room, and literally rolled at her feet.

She was so beautiful that an old gentleman who was sitting with his solicitor, planning to break the entail of his property and disinherit a grandson for a runaway marriage, at sight of her renounced the project and made overtures of forgiveness that very afternoon. She was so beautiful that a ruinous harridan who had received royal favors in her glorious youth and preserved until that moment the hideous conviction that her heyday was not done, suddenly knew that it was, and was curiously reconciled to its ending, since such beauty as Nora's still blessed the restaurants of London. She was so beautiful that a defaulter, at one of the best tables, very abruptly abandoned

(Continued on Page 130)

Sunbrite for your bathroom!



Double Action
Single Cost

"Double Action"

keeps it more than spotless —free from dangerous invisible dirt

The one room in the house that demands cleanliness above all others is the bathroom. We like to *see* it spotless—and like to *know* it is free from that dangerous dirt we cannot see.

It is an easy matter, now, to keep the bathroom up to this desired standard. **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser, does it so easily!

A Sunbrite cleansing is doubly effective. It is a splendid scouring agent which removes spots and stains. But it has a more far-reaching action. It sweetens and purifies as it scours.

One simple cleansing process, two results! Think of the economy of time and effort! With each can you also get extra value in a United Profit Sharing coupon.

Try **Sunbrite** on your tub and bowl, tile floor and walls. You will have a new, satisfying sense of cleanliness. Use it for your kitchen utensils, too. "Double Action" wherever you want *real* cleanliness!

Swift & Company

Wherever you need soap
—Quick Naptha White Soap Chips

Here is a soap that answers every demand. It is in a convenient flake form that dissolves instantly; is so mild it will not harm either hands or fabrics. Yet it acts on dirt quickly and thoroughly. Try it in the washing machine—or wherever you need soap

SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUMS

FIRE! FIRE! A CRY OF FIRE!

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WENESDAY, April 7, 186— me an Beany and Pewt had a verry narow escaip from being caugt for what we done to the horse on the vane of the barn of old man Hobbs whitch lives on Elm Street rite behine old Gnatt Weaks house. we gnocked all of it off with sling shots whitch was left after we had gnocked most of it off with rocks and snowballs. the first time we done it jest for fun and to see if we cood hit it and to see it fli round when we hit it. the second time was becaus old man Hobbs hadent mended it or put up a new horse althoug he had time enuf to build a new barn and we thougt he had augt to talk moar pride in his naborhood. so if he had found out who done it they coodent have did mutch to us

but our fathers cood have licked us and probably wood and mite have stopped me and Beany and Pewt going together for a long time whitch wood have spoilt all our fun and wood have been a bad thing for the naborhood ennyway becaus there is a good menny things that has got to be changed by us.

well you see old Hobbs gnew better than to ask us about it but he got old Bill Greenleaf to find out. so Bill he xamined the peaces of horse that we had gnocked off and he cood see dents in some of the peaces whitch we had made with buck shot. so he sed that sum fellers had been pluging it with a sling shot. it was prety smart of Bill but he woodent have gnew it if Pewt hadent taken Bill in the hine leg one nite when Bill was going by Bill made a auful fuss about it but he coodent find out who done it.

well Bill told old Hobbs he wood try to find out becaus he wood bet a millian dollers that the same mizerble cuss whitch shot him in the leg gnocked that horse off the vane. well Bill was prety smart but he wasent quite so smart as he thougt. one day he called Pewt over and told him old Missis Sawyers cat had killed sum of his chickens and he wanted Pewt to bring over his sling shot and hit her with a good charge of buck shot. well if he hadent sed chickens Pewt wood have done it, but Pewt gnew Bill dident have enny chickens and so he suspected sumthing and he told Bill he wood bring over his shot gun but he dident have enny sling shot and never had one

then Bill asted Pewt if i had one and Pewt sed no and Bill he asted him if Beany had one and he sed no, and Bill asted him if he gnew who did have enny and Pewt told him Herb Moses and the Chadwick boys and Fatty Gilman and lots of fellers and so old Hobbs has been to them and their fathers and everybody has been mad but nobody has been found out yet

i tell you Pewt was prety smart. if Bill had asted me or Beany we wood probably have jest hipered over there with our sling shots as fast as we cood hiper because enny feller wood like to hit a cat with a sling shot.

i have had a grate deel of xperience in pluging cats becaus when we packed the alwifes in sea sand me and father pluged cats for nerely 2 weeks and i know how they ack when they are hit

if you hit a man with a sling shot he gumps most as high as a cat and always taiks the naim of the Lord in vain so you can hear him all over town. I have never gnew it to fale if it is a deekon or a parson or a barkeeper it maiks no diference. then he runs in the direction where the shot has come and gumps over fenses and looks into bushes and behine trees and swares feerful and sumtimes licks the rong fellers and if he dont find ennyone he goes down to the police station and pulls up his britches and shows the red mark to old Kize or old Brown or old Swain or old Mad Sleeper or old Mizery Durgin and says that things has come to a prety pass if a respeckful sitizen cant go along a publick street without being assalted and attacked by rowdys and if the orthorities dont do sumthing to bring the desperaydose to jestice it is time for onnest peeple to carry guns to defend themselfs. so men ack funnier than cats or dogs or horses or cows or pigs. i dont know how girls or wimmin ack because we fellers never plug girls or wimmin with sling shots. i have never gnew a feller to do it.

well one thing we have desided and that is to maik it lifely for old Bill Greenleaf. he had no business to try and catch us for old man Hobbs. we hadent done nothing to him xcept when Pewt hit him with the sling shot and 2 or 3 times we tripped him up with ropes. that was a long while ago and he dident know Pewt done it. so me and Pewt and Beany have talked it over and we are going to do sumthing. i shant say jest what but if Bill dont wish he was ded before we get throug with him i will drink a glass of soft sope. you jest wait.

Thursday, April 8, 186 — it snowed last nite neerly six intches and after old Bill Greenleaf had went to wirk at about 7 oh clock we fellers set to wirk with snow shovels and shovelled all the snow from old Ike Shutes sidewalks and his paths into old Bills front yard. Ike only give us $.05 cents apeace and dident know us he was so neer sited. so when old Bill come home at noon you had augt to have herd him sware. he sed he wood give $1000 dollars to find out the fellers whitch done it. so he went into old Ikes and asted him and old Ike told him it was Johnny Brown and Charlie Hobbs and Willie Clark. we had told old Ike that we was them becaus we gnew he woodent give us the gob if he gnew who we was.

then old Bill went up to Nippers father and got into a row with him and over to William Hobbses the fotografers and got into a row with him and then down to Pop Clarks mothers for his father is ded. then Nippers father and the fotografer and Pops mother all piled down to old Ikes and piched into him for lying about their boys and there was a auful time before it was settled and then old Bill had to wirk all the afternoon and after supper to shovel out his yard and he swore evry shovel full he threw out.

i gess i wont have to drink the soft sope.

Friday, April 9, 186— today we sent old Bill Greenleaf a letter from the factory telling him that they woodent nead his services enny longer. so old Bill dident go to wirk and

(Continued on Page 82

In a Few Minites Aunt Sarah Come Out With Cele and Keene and Georgie and Annie and Frankie and the Baby One After the Other

Above is shown the "Shantung" Design—Gold Seal Rug No. 566. An adaptation of one of the rug treasures in the British Museum. The predominating color is a mellow smoke gray enlivened by quaint Chinese figures in ruby and porcelain blue.

A Wide-awake Household—

Here's a mother who knows that an early start makes the day brighter and easier. Just as she knows that the surest way to make rooms bright and easy to care for, is to start with an artistic and labor-saving Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug.

For nearly fifteen years, Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs have been beautifying homes—lessening household cares—giving a measure of service far beyond what you would expect of such moderate-priced floor-covering.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

You'll find a world of comfort in these sunny, labor-saving rugs. They never need beating—do not collect dirt—will not treacherously curl at the edges and trip hurrying feet.

And at the present low prices *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are a more wonderful bargain than ever before. Quality is still higher. Patterns even more attractive.

Look for the Gold Seal

But be sure to look for the Gold Seal when you buy. No rug, regardless of its appearance, is genuine, guaranteed Congoleum unless the Gold Seal appears on the face of the pattern. This Gold Seal is your one and only guide to the quality and value which have made Congoleum Rugs the choice of millions of women.

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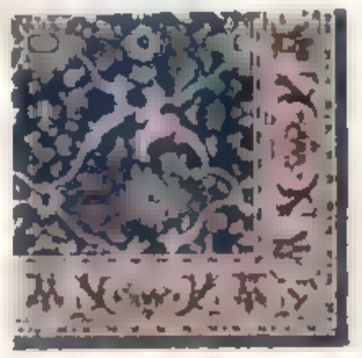
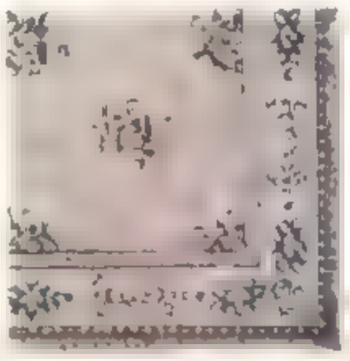
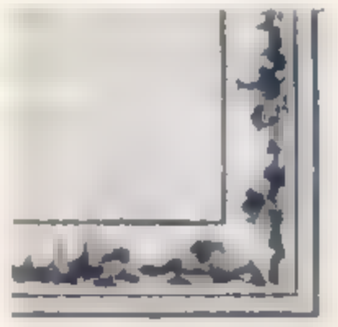




The "Gentian" Design—Gold Seal Rug No. 106—is a modern floral treatment on a damask ground effect in blues and tans



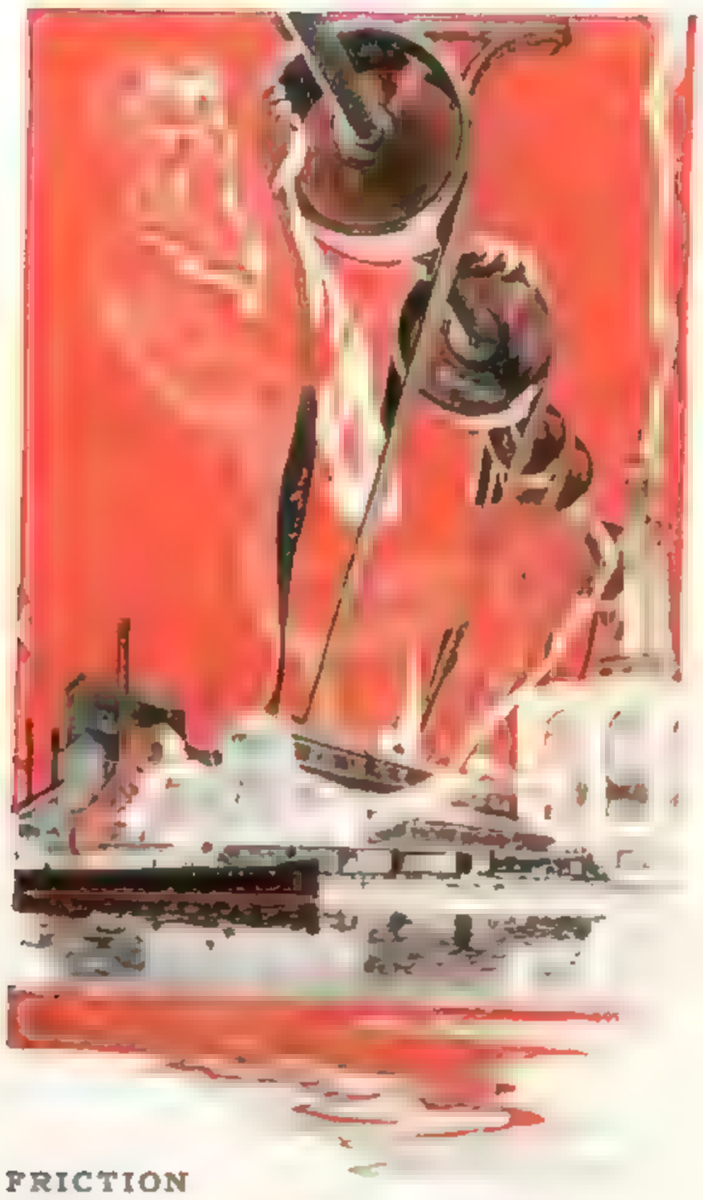
The "Holland" Design—Gold Seal Rug No. 504—is a delightful blue and white Dutch tile pattern with an unusual landscape border

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

A new yardstick for plant production



FRICTION
—the unseen destroyer of plant machinery

A well-known plant employing up-to-date methods and the best management was recently turning away orders because of inability to meet required delivery dates. A requisition was turned in for $250,000 worth of additional machinery.

Then someone asked, "Are we using our present equipment fully?"

Analysis showed that the present equipment was utilized less than 30% of operating time. If the *Utilization Factor* could be increased 10%, production from present equipment could be raised 33⅓%.

The requisition for additional machinery was cancelled.

ARE you using your plant equipment all the time? The lack of correct lubrication is the major cause of plant machinery being shut down for repairs.

A plant whose machinery is supplied with scientifically correct oils reduces wear to a minimum. This insures more productive use of existing equipment. It defers, perhaps for years, any need for costly replacements.

Probably no one thing in plant operation is more important in maintaining production than correct lubrication—nor more often unconsciously slighted.

A trifle in cost, compared to other plant expenses—it becomes a tremendous trifle in operating results (see diagram at the left).

Correct lubrication can best be obtained by consultation with experts who have made lubrication their life study. It involves the selection of the correct oils and the correct application of these oils.

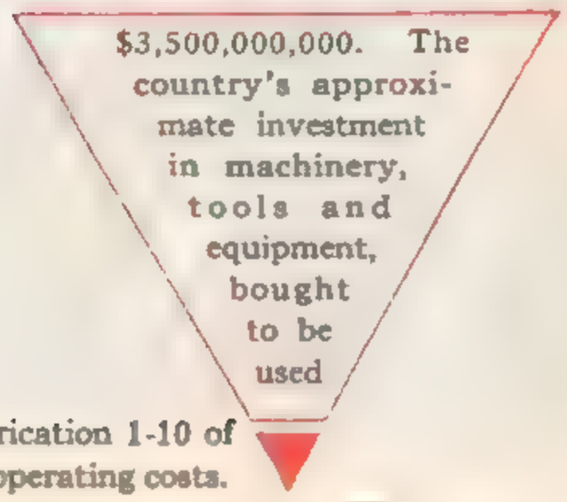
Our 60 years' experience as the world's leading specialists in lubrication gives us the privilege of speaking positively but modestly.

With the cooperation of your personnel, we will gladly assume full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication for your plant. Get in touch with us.

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

The insignificant item
on which the whole structure rests


$3,500,000,000. The country's approximate investment in machinery, tools and equipment, bought to be used
Cost of lubrication 1-10 of 1% of total operating costs.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

TRICKERY IN HIGH PLACES

By Howard Thurston

YOU have heard people say of some man, "He's a tricky fellow; watch your step." The world condemns deceit as one of the most reprehensible qualities in the human make-up. In business and private life nobody practices it for long before he is hoist with his own petard. Humiliation, disgrace and incarceration are always in hot pursuit of the knave; sooner or later one of them catches up with him and he is devoured. This is the rule of life, as inexorable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

There is a single exception—the magician. Trickery is his avowed business; the greater his skill in artfulness, the greater his success. He alone survives the odium of being called a tricky fellow. It is not a term of contempt in his case; it is one of praise. For it is one thing to deceive the people and have them pay for it, and another to deceive the people and have to pay for it.

The chagrin one feels at being tricked through dishonesty is transformed into enjoyment when the chicanery is performed by the professional trickster. It is the same with all classes of humanity, from the highest to the lowliest. Big men and little men are identical when it comes to magic. I have exhibited my goods before all kinds—kings, emperors, Presidents of our Republic, men who have scaled the highest summits in their respective callings and whose names are known in every corner of the universe; and I have also had the humblest in my audiences. The fun of being fooled appeals as much to one as to the other. And I believe the explanation of it lies in the fact that the spirit of the boy lives on to the end in the man, regardless of his station in life.

I am telling in this article of two specific things—my contact with some of the more notable personages of the world, and the unusual experiences I have had while traveling the strange byways over which I have often found my footsteps leading me. My mental attitude in approaching the subject is much the same as that with which I make my bow to a theater audience. I am in dread that you will think I regard myself as a clever fellow and that I am trying to demonstrate how good I am. If that thought occurs please remember that it is the nature of the business and not of the man which is to blame. It is the one great drawback of his profession that the magician is supposed to be smart. I ask your indulgence.

PHOTO BY BAKER ART GALLERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Mr. Thurston Performing One of His Tricks

Magic in the Secret Service

ONE evening, in the last summer of the war, Mrs. Thurston, my daughter Jane and I were sitting down to dinner in our home on Long Island, when an armed motor car drove up to the house and a tall, handsome young man in the uniform of a lieutenant appeared at the door, demanding to see me. He entered the room at my invitation, and I noticed that he was in a sort of breathless state of anxiety.

"Mr. Thurston, I have an urgent message for you How quickly can you put a few tricks in your pocket and leave with me?" He came to the point at once.

Supposing it to be a request to appear at a hospital or some war benefit, I told him I could leave immediately after dinner.

"There's no time, Mr. Thurston," he urged. "Every minute is precious. Please hurry."

As he spoke he handed me a card with two words scrawled on it, reading "Hurry. Dennis."

Dennis I knew intimately; a clever amateur magician, who was then engaged in wartime secret-service work for the Government, and who is today an international detective of note. It was his first name he had signed to the card and it is as Dennis we will now speak of him. Obviously it was a matter of great importance. The curt message, the lieutenant's distressed manner and the purring of the motor in the armed car outside, all spoke of extreme urgency.

"One moment and I will be with you," I said to the young officer as I left the table and started on a hurried round-up of a few properties—a pack of cards, several extra handkerchiefs and a live rabbit, all of which I thrust into a coat pocket. In less than five minutes we were speeding in the direction of New York. It was not until we were seated in the car that I found time to ponder over this curious happening. I plied the lieutenant with questions, but he knew no more than I did; his instructions had been simply to get me to New York with all possible haste.

Amusing a Group of Children

Along the Long Island roads and through the heavier traffic of the intervening towns we traveled at a speed which I momentarily expected to end in disaster. But we reached our destination safely. As we drew up in front of a prominent foreign club I glanced at my watch and noted that it had taken less than half an hour to make the trip. Indeed, the onrushing panorama of the fleeting landscape still blurred my vision when we entered the club and found Dennis waiting for us in the lobby. He seized my arm and led me over toward the heavily portièred entrance of another room. Through an opening in the curtains I saw a company of about a hundred guests, in evening clothes, at dinner. A young woman was entertaining them with a song.

"Listen," whispered Dennis, pointing to one of the diners, a heavy-set man with a beard. "Do you see that man? In his right inside coat pocket he has a long envelope. I have to have that envelope in ten minutes' time, and I depend on you to get it for me. I'll be waiting here. Ten minutes!"

The girl finished singing, Dennis gave me a gentle shove through the portières, and I found myself in the banquet hall. Somebody was addressing the diners.

"Now, gentlemen, we shall have the pleasure of watching Mr. Howard Thurston, the magician," I heard a voice saying

A Bit of Light Finger Work

THERE was no time for speculation now. Feeling in my pocket to make sure that the rabbit was still there, I made my way between the tables to the platform and at once started a series of card manipulations. My only thought was of Dennis' last whispered words. Ten minutes! In ten minutes I must deliver to him the mysterious envelope which was the keynote of this strange errand. I spotted my man, stepped down into the audience and walked toward him. I had formed my plan of action.

"Will you select a card, sir?" I asked a man sitting to his left. "Any one you like"

The card was chosen and replaced in the pack, which was shuffled. Then I addressed the bearded man.

"You sir, I believe, are sitting on this gentleman's card—the queen of hearts," I remarked.

He arose, smiling pleasantly. Sure enough, there was the queen of hearts on his chair. He made as though to resume his seat, but I interfered. I had purposely maneuvered him into a standing position, and there I must keep him until I had either succeeded or failed in this mission.

"I beg your pardon, there are more cards about your person," I interposed, at the same time producing handfuls of cards from his beard, his hair and his coat collar. The audience was laughing heartily, and he seemed much amused, and wholly unsuspicious.

The big moment was at hand; and now I launched on a series of swift movements which were to be the climax of my efforts. I could feel the envelope in his coat pocket.

"What's this?" I exclaimed. "It seems to be alive."

As I spoke I pulled some handkerchiefs from his coat collar, and then, opening his coat, I thrust the rabbit in. He could not see what was going on. My left arm was under his chin in a manner that caused him to throw his head back, but there was nothing in my movements which would lead anyone to believe I was intentionally keeping him from observing everything.

With one hand I lifted the wiggling rabbit from his coat collar; with the other I filched the envelope from his pocket and concealed it in my own clothes.

(Continued on Page 63)

A VERY EXTRA GIRL

By MARIAN SPITZER

IT DIDN'T take me long to realize how exceedingly extra I was. Hollywood and environs, whither I had gone to learn about extras by being one, seemed to regard me as entirely superfluous. There was nothing personal in it. To office boys and assistant directors I was just one more eager little idiot from Fort Dodge, Iowa, or Manhattan, Kansas—one of the hundreds that present themselves and their dreams daily at the casting-office wicket. Courteous enough they were, too, in an incredibly impersonal way. There was just nothing doing; nothing for me, anyway.

The same thing prevailed at the huge casting agency in the heart of Hollywood—"if you think Hollywood has a heart," one discouraged youngster said to me. She had been there four months and had found only six days' work in all that time. But a few days later I met her again, and she had just been hired as an extra for a picture which was taking her to Coronado Beach for nearly a week, and she felt quite different about Hollywood's heart.

PHOTO BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER STUDIO

A Scene From the Play in Which Miss Spitzer Played a Bolshevik

I didn't share her good fortune. And though I was armed with letters from the home offices of several film companies, introducing me to studio executives and casting directors, I hesitated about using them. I did hope to get an extra job on my own merits. So, prayerfully I left my name, address, telephone number, photograph and detailed description of my person, accomplishments and wardrobe. I waited in vain to be sent for. I made the rounds of the studios daily, only to hear the familiar "Nothing today, dear."

It began to look as though I'd never learn anything about the life and habits of extras if I persisted in this method, so reluctantly and with wounded pride I made use of my letters. They, of course, explained my purpose and simplified matters at once. With the understanding that no one but himself was to know that I was not a legitimate extra, the first casting director I visited agreed to put me to work the following day in a big mob scene.

A Lady Bolshevik for the Day

"REALLY to get this dope," he advised me, "you want to get here with the others, and that will be pretty early. Now we could fix it so you could come in late, but you'd miss the best part of your story. Are you game?"

"Certainly," I said proudly.

"Hey, Morris," he called to the office boy, a budding little Izzy Iskovitch, "what time is that call for the Glyn set tomorrow?"

"Ha' pas' seven," bawled Morris in a cheerful voice.

The casting director looked at me searchingly. The studio was in Culver City. I was living in Hollywood, nine miles distant as the crow flies. Only, unfortunately, one can't travel that way except by automobile. To get from Hollywood to Culver City by public transit it is necessary first to ride in to Los Angeles, the apex of a triangle formed by the three places, and then out to Culver City—a jaunt of an hour and a half, if you make good time. That meant leaving Hollywood at six o'clock, without any margin for delays; and breakfast had to be taken into consideration. The day would be long and hard; it was necessary to be well fortified. That would take half an hour—5:30; and half an hour to dress—five o'clock. The casting director's searching gaze was still upon me.

"Are you game?" he repeated, looking as though he expected me to say no.

"Certainly," I said again, only not so proudly this time. My voice sounded a little weak in my own ears. I began to have a suspicion that I'd picked a fairly difficult assignment. I was right.

Armed with a make-up box and a circumstantial, fanciful story of my life, I managed to arrive at the studio on time the next morning. I was tired already, since I found that the only sure way to be awake by five in the morning was not to go to sleep at all. There was a considerable crowd outside the main gate of the studio when I got there; not a very thrilling-looking crowd either. The usual quota of pretty girls, a few of them well dressed and carefully groomed, but most of them frowzy and down at the heel. A number of stout, middle-aged women, a group of foreigners, elderly men with three days' growth of beard, a handful of youths in nondescript attire and half a dozen children of assorted ages.

Many of the people seemed to know one another, and they called greetings, some gay, some listless, as newcomers approached. After a few minutes a man came outside the gate.

"All those for the Glyn set this way," he called through a megaphone. We rushed through the gate, shoving and pushing as we went. I began to feel at home, it was so much like the New York Subway. Two men with little filing cabinets waited inside. You told them your name, and if there was a card made out for you, you were in the picture. Some of the people didn't get cards and there were wailing and gnashing of teeth. I was petrified for fear the casting director had forgotten all about me, but at length my card turned up.

"That way to the wardrobe," said one of the men, pointing vaguely to the right.

Scanning my card, I followed some other girls and walked about a quarter of a mile to the wardrobe building. From the card I gleaned, among other things, the fact that I was to be a lady Bolshevik for the day. That explained why the crowd wasn't more picturesque. Bolsheviks, to be sure, aren't conspicuous for their beauty or grooming.

Arrived at the wardrobe, I took my place in line. There were about a hundred women ahead of me. Some already had their make-up on and were waiting impatiently to be attended, calling greetings to their acquaintances, speculating as to how many days' work the scene would afford and complaining in a light-hearted way of the early call.

A girl whose bad complexion was only partially hidden by a heavy grease-paint make-up stood directly in front of me. She looked stupid and friendly, and seemed to be a good prospect for my investigations. I smiled confidingly and spoke.

"It's terrible, giving us this early call, isn't it?" I said, taking my cue from the comments around me. "I had to come clear from Hollywood."

"Yes, dear," she replied in the honeyed voice of the determined ingénue; "but I'm used to it. It's all part of the game. Have you been working on this lot very long, honey?" No, I admitted, I had not. "I thought not," she replied. "I didn't remember seeing you before, and I know most of the regulars."

Caste Among the Extras

THERE was a faint note of patronage in her voice which I found echoed in all the voices I encountered among extras who had been around the studios any length of time. In fact, I came to recognize very clearly that there is a distinct social scale among the extra people. The regulars are quite snobbish about the casuals, and on the whole rather resentful; which is not surprising, since every new extra in the field means that the chances of work for the rest are that much slimmer.

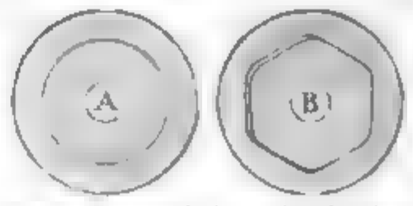
There are several degrees of extra talent, as it is officially called. They range in pay from three dollars a day, lunch and car fare extra, to as high as fifteen and on rare occasions twenty dollars a day. The three-dollar crowds are those which work in scenes so large that they do not even need make-up. They are not used very frequently. Next come the five-dollar people, used in fairly big mobs, and wearing costumes supplied by the company. A notch or two above are the seven-fifty extras, who work in somewhat smaller scenes, such as ballrooms, dance halls, churches, and the like, either in the company's costumes or simple clothes of their own. The ten-dollar people, as well as the twelve-fifty ones, are those who supply their own wardrobe, of a rather pretentious nature—evening clothes, riding habits, garden frocks, and so on, and who are used in

(Continued on Page 48)

The New Sport Roadster with Body by Fisher—$1175

Body and fenders finished in two-tone Duco, Mount Royal Blue and El Paso Tan with Faerie Red striping; auxiliary seat in rear deck, gray genuine grain leather upholstery, inlaid nickel door handles, locked golf bag compartment in right side of body, folding and detachable top, nickeled lamps, nickeled windshield posts, plate glass wings, nickeled bumpers, decorative radiator cap, aluminum deck rails and top supports, kick plates, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, transmission lock, four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, natural wood wheels (wire or disc extra), air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling, and the Harmonic Balancer.

A. *New Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.*



B. *Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not uniformly smooth—having vibration periods.*

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration.

Each year, some one appealing motor car creation emerges from the throng of commonplace cars and wins country-wide preference. . . . This year, it is the dashing new Oakland Six Sport Roadster that occupies the spotlight. In every city and town in America, roadster enthusiasts are according the car an unexampled welcome. . . . They admire the beauty of its long, low racy Fisher body. . . . They comment upon its distinctive color scheme in two-tone Duco—Mount Royal Blue and El Paso Tan. They speak enthusiastically of its speed, acceleration, power and the unmatched smoothness imparted by the Harmonic Balancer. And they marvel that a Roadster so fine can be offered at such a low price. . . . With the advent of Spring, the demand has become insistent. Ordinary wisdom suggests that you place your order now.

Touring $1025; Coach $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295. Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825, Coupe or Coach. All prices at factory.—General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest, have been made still lower.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch This Column

Some More YOUTH *and* BEAUTY

While this great public of ours admires the established stars, it is ever on the qui vive for new faces, new beauty, new youth and new talent. Universal loves to please the people and is now developing a number of young people who have shown unmistakable evidence of ability. Last week we published some of them, and here are some more.

ANDRE MATTONI

ANDRÉ MATTONI, a young actor whom I discovered in Europe and signed for a long-term contract, is being cast for the leading rôle in a big Universal production. Watch this young man.

BLANCHE FISHER

BLANCHE FISHER, beautiful, young and vivacious, is being considered for excellent parts in Universal pictures now in preparation. I have no doubt she will be very popular.

TOMMY THOMPSON, who is playing with NORMAN KERRY in *"The Love Thief,"* has earned his way to more ambitious rôles. He was a professor in an Eastern University when I discovered his fine screen possibilities.

TOMMY THOMPSON

FAY WRAY, a sweet and ambitious young woman, has already appeared in some of our Westerns and is now being cast for leads in new productions because of the talent she proved.

FAY WRAY

By all means, see *"The Flaming Frontier,"* that stirring epic of the Golden West. Don't forget to see *"The Cohens and Kellys"* as it has scored a tremendous hit and is one of the gems of the year. Also *"His People,"* another hit of the season. Have you seen any of the *Buster Brown Comedies* or *"The Gumps"*? Let me know what you think of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46

what is known as society stuff. They must have in addition to good wardrobes, good manners, an air that can pass for good breeding, and a degree of *savoir-faire*.

Then there are about a hundred and fifty men and a hundred and fifty women—a casting director's estimate—who have especially good wardrobes, and who can be relied upon to wear the right clothes on all occasions, and wear them well. They can also be trusted to walk into a room correctly, to sit properly in a chair, to pose effectively in general. These people are used in the foreground of a scene. They are the ones who walk past the camera alone, or in pairs, just before the star makes her entrance, and once in a while they get a tiny scene to play. These are the fifteen and twenty dollar ones, and they are more condescending toward the humble little five-dollar boys and girls than any ten-thousand-dollar-a-week celebrity.

We were mostly five-dollar people, although there was a stray seven-fifty Bolshevik among us. My new friend asked me how much I usually got.

"To tell you the truth," I confessed, "I've only been in Hollywood a few days and I don't know a thing about working in pictures. I don't even know how to make up."

"Oh, that's all right, dear," she told me, a note of kindness added to the patronage in her voice. "I'll show you how."

That established us as intimates, and as we stood in line, still waiting for our dole of lady Bolsheviks' attire, we exchanged stories. Mine is of no consequence, its sole purpose being to draw out Fleurette, which she assured me was her real name—"my folks are of French descent, you see."

Hers is of considerable consequence, being the usual one of the small-town girl who "looks just like Mary Pickford, everybody says," and who twinkled brightly in Sunday-school entertainments back home. These qualifications, augmented by a wholesale consumption of movie-fan magazines, filled her with a determination to charge upon Hollywood. So after a year of high school in a little Oklahoma town, rebelliously attended, she plagued her parents into consenting. And here she was, eighteen, pretty in a rather shoddy and commonplace way, and truly enough a weak, oh, a very weak echo of the lovely Mary. Her conversation gave not the slightest hint of intelligence. Later, on the set, her behavior revealed not the faintest glimmer of talent. She was utterly without direction. She was simply there, drifting, contented, dreaming vague dreams about that tomorrow which will see her soaring to great heights, her name on everybody's lips, her image in everybody's heart.

The Fringe of Filmland

Fleurette is an interesting girl, not because of any individual characteristics, but because she is absolutely representative of at least 50 per cent of the thousands of girls that descend upon Hollywood every year. During my brief but illuminating career as an extra I talked with not less than a score of girls who differed from Fleurette in no way save in the details of home town, coloring, and which particular movie star they thought they looked like. Sometimes it was Nita Naldi or Lillian Gish instead of Mary Pickford, but it was almost invariably someone. And they were all living in that same tomorrow which occupied most of Fleurette's thoughts.

Fleurette had been in Hollywood a year. She brought a little money with her when she came, and as one can live quite cheaply there, she suffered no hardship during the first fruitless months of job hunting. The details of how she lived are also quite typical, and as such I think are of interest.

"It took me three months before I got any work at all," she told me. "You're awfully lucky, honey, to get a chance so soon. But you don't want to be too encouraged. It'll probably be months before you get another. They have to get to know you, and that takes a while."

From the third to the sixth month, she confided, she had worked on an average of one day a week, getting five or seven-fifty a day. After the sixth month, the casting offices having become familiar with her face, work came a little more steadily. The average, she said, was three days' work a week, at seven-fifty a day. This, too, I found to be a general estimate, although there were some who declared it a bit high.

Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week, then, was her average earning, less about two dollars for agents' commissions. She lived in one of the court bungalows which abound in Hollywood, sharing it with two other girls. Rent was forty-five dollars a month, making her share fifteen, or about three dollars and seventy-five cents a week. Eight dollars a week was ample for food; they got their breakfasts at home, lunched cheaply at the studios or neighboring cafeterias, and managed to wangle at least half their dinners from boy friends. That left about nine dollars a week for clothes, emergencies and the justly famous rainy day. Not so bad, considering that it entailed only three days' work a week.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO

Miss Norma Shearer

By the time we had progressed this far in our friendship, Fleurette and I had reached the counter and were given our costumes, consisting of an old skirt, a peasant blouse and a bandanna apiece. The wardrobe mistress stamped our cards. Grasping me firmly by the hand, Fleurette made a dash for the dressing rooms.

"Hurry," she exclaimed, "or we won't get a mirror."

She was really awfully nice about helping me, showing me just how to darken my eyelids and how much grease paint to apply.

Not that my make-up mattered. I never got within fifty yards of the camera. But I put it on carefully just the same. It was all part of the game I was so eagerly playing. And my costume! I could have been two lady Bolsheviks and still got comfortably into it. With the aid of several giant safety pins, I managed to stay in it, but it was difficult.

While Fleurette was attending to her own needs I tried to make a hasty survey of the room, in which there were about fifty girls and women dressing. Half of them were obviously Fleurettes and the other half a somewhat assorted crew. There were several middle-aged women, one of whom I recognized as an actress who in the early days of the movies had been greatly in demand for character parts. Now she was grateful for extra work at five dollars a day. There are many such cases and they are heartbreaking. But they are also inevitable. There was an attractive pair of blondes who looked like sisters, but who, I discovered, were mother and daughter. They were well-known around the studios, worked steadily and regarded extra work merely as a pleasant means of earning a living. That is to say, neither the mother nor the daughter had any aspirations toward film greatness. They had been extras for about three years and expected to remain extras indefinitely. It paid well, afforded some amusement, and, on the whole, they felt, was an easy occupation. There are quite a good many women, and a number of men, too, who have the same point of view. They are professional extras, looking upon it as a business and wanting nothing from it but a decent livelihood.

There was the studio manicurist, who had taken the manicure job with the understanding that she might do extra work two or three days a week to supplement her income. Many extras, incidentally, have other occupations to fall back on when work around the studios is dull. One well-known extra girl is an ex-teacher who spends about half her time tutoring the studio children. Several of the girls are part-time stenographers, hairdressers, and the like; many have night jobs as ushers in the theaters, and any number work in the prologues of special movie productions. And believe it or not, one of the older women is an embalmer by training. Only, of course, since the climate in California is so marvelous that nobody ever dies there, she can't make a living at her trade. And in our group were a couple of hefty amazons who divided their time between doing extra work and taking in washing. Really!

Extras All

Apropos of that, when I asked one casting director how many extras there were, he replied, "If you will tell me the total population of Hollywood and the surrounding territory, I will tell you how many extras there are."

Everyone in the vicinity is a potential extra, from the wealthiest society matron to the poorest charwoman. Every waitress behind a cafeteria counter, every nursemaid wheeling a pram, half the hotel clerks and many of the stars' chauffeurs originally came out to achieve stardom by the extra route and weren't even able to get the perilous foothold acquired by my dressing-room companions.

After we were all made up and dressed in our Bolshevik clothes we walked another quarter of a mile or so around the circuitous pathway of the studio, encountering on our way straggling groups of extras from other sets—a platoon of doughboys from a war picture, an octet of ballet dancers from a film of stage life, some society types, some Swedish farm characters. After trudging past a deserted French village, a snow-bound mountain lodge, a quarter section of an ocean liner and a magnificent garden, we arrived on our set. It was a huge open lot, at one end of which was a platform for the director and cameramen, and at the other a flight of the most imposing steps I have ever seen, leading to the palace gates of one of those mythical Balkan kingdoms which have done so much to make romantic fiction what it is.

There were about three hundred of us Bolsheviks. On the palace steps lolled some of the ten-dollar extras, court ladies and gentlemen, resplendently attired. It was now nine o'clock, and the blazing California sun rode high and beat upon us, the downtrodden masses. A little man with a

(Continued on Page 50)

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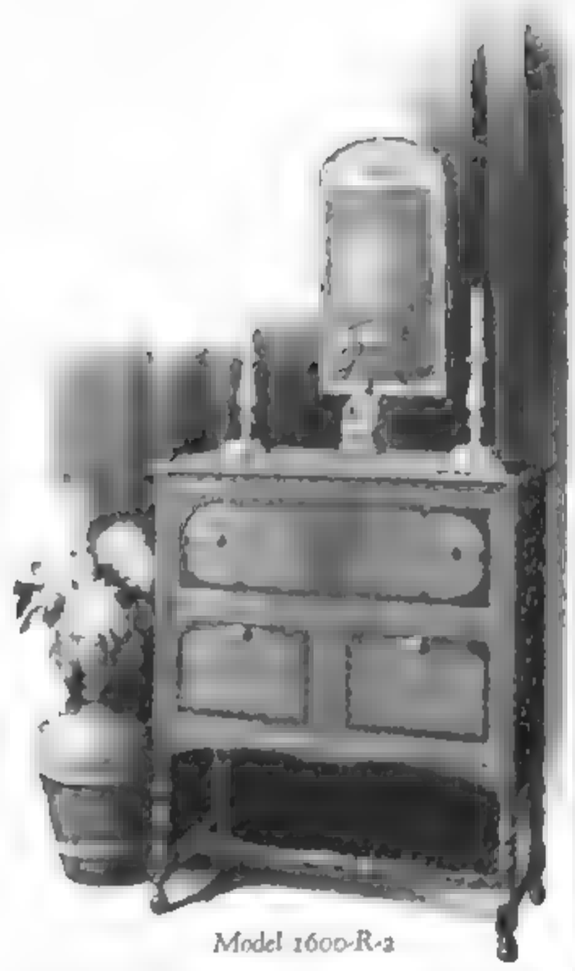

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megaphone, the assistant director, dashed about among us, explaining that we were to storm the palace this day and run amuck among royalty. That sounded exciting and full of the action I craved.

The action was forthcoming, but not for hours. From nine until well past noon we simply stood there, while the director, in conference with Elinor Glyn, who wrote and supervised the picture, posed the principals and the expensive extras on the palace steps. Over and over again, more times than it is possible to remember, we fell into our painstakingly rehearsed attitudes. As soon as the assistant director's back was turned we fell out again and straggled to the sidelines, trying to find a little relief from the sun in the shade of some prop trees.

Suddenly I found myself alone. Fleurette had found some cronies and disappeared. All about me were little knots of men and women talking gayly, telling one another about the marvelous offers they had just turned down, indulging in the aimless wise cracks that mark a theatrical crowd anywhere, under any circumstances, gossiping about the stars, pushing one another playfully about in an excess of high spirits. Nobody spoke to me. I was beginning to feel very sorry for myself, when I heard a voice close to my ear.

"Waiting?" it said.

I looked around and saw a boy, very handsome under his Bolshevik make-up, with wistful eyes and a gentle mouth.

"Yes," I said. "You too?" He regarded me with a melancholy gaze.

"Waiting and hoping," he declared solemnly.

A promising case certainly. Here I had stumbled on Merton in the flesh, yearning to be next season's Doug Fairbanks. He sat down beside me and we talked. But alas for romance! After a little I discovered what it was he was hoping for. It wasn't to be Fairbanks at all.

"No," he said in response to my questions, "I don't want to be a movie actor. I just do this to make extra money until I get established in my own line."

"What's that?"

Extra-Noble Extras

"Well," he said, "I'm a plumber. Not a master plumber yet, see; just an apprentice. And I don't get work every day. So I fill in my spare time workin' as an extra. But pretty soon I'll be a master plumber, an' then I'll quit this game. This ain't a man's game anyhow. You—uh—you keepin' steady comp'ny with anybody? How about some chow and a movie tonight?"

Before I could answer, the little assistant director appeared on the scene again and separated us. Just by way of contrast, my next acquaintance was a countess. At least she said she was a countess. She was a beautiful Italian girl, and whether actually possessed of a title or not, she revealed high birth and gentle breeding in every gesture. She came to America two years ago, having been advised to try her fortune in pictures. She went through the customary routine until one day a director noticed her dignified bearing and gave her a chance to step out of the mob. Now she works regularly and is in the ten and twelve-fifty a day class.

Nobility is getting to be almost commonplace in Hollywood. No picture is complete without its quota of titled extras. And one director assured me feelingly that there couldn't possibly have been as many grand duchies in imperial Russia as there are grand dukes in Hollywood. In the filming of The Merry Widow, a picture with a spectacular military background, there were three German barons, a Russian grand duke, a French viscount, an Indian maharaja, an Austrian count, an English earl and a Chinese prince. While some of these men had tiny parts, most of them were extras in this picture, and they had all served as extras previously. With the exception of the Chinese prince, all had interesting war records. They had fought against one another, but now they were united in the common cause of restoring their fallen fortunes with American money.

To return to the picture. After countless rehearsals and innumerable interruptions, we finally heard the command "Camera," and according to instructions, charged up the palace steps like a pack of ravening wolves and proceeded to tear the costly garments off the aristocrats. No longer tired, and bursting with pent-up energy, I threw myself whole-heartedly into the task, lunging about wildly with the stick given me by a property man. Suddenly I noticed one of my companions, a lady Bolshevik of mountainous proportions, prostrate herself carefully on the steps, directly in the path of the onrushing extras.

"Oh, you'll be trampled on!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Shut up!" she muttered angrily, and remained where she was.

The Tomorrow Club

A moment or two later, when the camera had stopped grinding, the assistant director came bounding up the steps, a look of triumph on his boyish face.

"Caught you dead to rights this time, you old fraud," he cried, dragging her to her feet. "And don't try it again. Now beat it!"

She sniffled and wailed and called upon heaven to witness that she didn't know what he was talking about, but she departed. Later, upon inquiring, I learned that for several years this woman has managed to get herself hurt in every mob scene she worked in so that she could sue the companies for damages. Several times she had collected, and they were eager to keep her off the lots.

On the whole, though, the extras are a well-behaved lot, easily managed and enormously blithesome. If the hours are long they grumble; but they don't really mind, because they usually get paid for overtime.

Perhaps it is the celebrated California climate, or perhaps it is the general atmosphere of *laissez faire* that characterizes the movies; but a charming air of lightheartedness and gayety pervades the studios. It's hard to define, but as I watched the hordes of extras eating their lunch in the monster circus tent that served as a commissary, and listened to their chatter, I felt that here were the only carefree human beings in a care-infested world.

At six o'clock that night I wended my weary way homeward, with a terrific appetite, a five-dollar bill and a badly sunburned neck as the tangible results of my day's work.

I worked in several other pictures, and finally achieved the dignity of being a seven-fifty extra. In this picture, at a Hollywood studio, the call was for 6:30. But the studio was only a few blocks from where I lived, so I didn't have to get up any earlier than for the 7:30 call.

So eager was I to be on time that I was the very first person to arrive. A few minutes later another girl appeared, and as we were alone in the anteroom of the casting office for about fifteen minutes, it was easy to get acquainted. My new friend was quite a different type from Fleurette. Older by ten years, and not particularly attractive, she was really very intelligent, and had quite a philosophical point of view on the extra question. She had been a dancer in vaudeville for several years, but the illness of her mother necessitated moving to California; so she turned to the movies as a source of livelihood. She knows she'll never be a star, or even a principal; but the casting directors know her, and she gets four or five days' work a week and an occasional chance to do a specialty dance in a cabaret scene. She's satisfied with or at least resigned to her lot, and she looks upon the general run of extras with a certain amount of disdain.

"They have no brains," she told me. "They have just imagination enough to visualize themselves as great stars, but not imagination enough to recognize the terrific odds against them. Just think, one out of five thousand really gets to the top. And not more than one in five hundred makes any progress at all. Yet they keep on coming, and they stay and stay; and just when they're about to give up in despair they read in the paper about some kid who just got a chance; and then they think, 'Maybe tomorrow it'll be me,' and decide not to quit after all. It's always tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes for most of them. If you can do anything else, you're foolish to waste your time out here."

We dressed together and she told me these things as she helped me get into my costume. Today's scene was indoors; a costume ball at Palm Beach, it was, with all the guests dressed as movie stars in famous rôles. My careful make-up was in vain again, because this time I was even farther away from the camera than I had been before.

It took us from 6:30 till nine to get ready, and at nine we trooped over to the stage, where once again we waited about three hours before doing any actual work. This crowd was quite different from any of the others I had encountered. The girls were younger and better-looking on the whole, and the boys quite swagger. Seven-fifty was the lowest pay check in the crowd. Most of them got ten dollars, and a few, who had tiny scenes apart from the mob, got twelve-fifty and fifteen. The conversation was different too. Most of the talk I overheard was about week-end parties and dances at a nearby resort. One of the girls, it appeared, had been discovered by a famous director while dancing there with a boy friend one night. He had sent a note around to her and offered her a chance, doing extra work at first for experience, and later, if she developed satisfactorily, small parts.

"Some people have all the luck," exclaimed one of the Orphans of the Storm. "Impersonating Lillian Gish in this scene is about as near as I'll ever get to being a star. Gee," she giggled, "look at the bunch of us! Stars for the first and probably the last time in our young lives. Well, even once is better than never."

Several of the extras in this picture were former show girls from New York institutions like the Follies and the Winter Garden. They were part of the studio stock company, and always worked in pictures of this type, where smart-looking girls were needed. Some were on a salary basis and a few even had contracts.

Fixed and Falling Stars

There was much speculation about the future. On the very next stage were two girls who less than a year ago were extras, utterly obscure. Today they are stars, famous the world over. And, as one of the boys pointed out, neither of them is one bit prettier or one whit cleverer than fifty of the extra girls sitting in our immediate vicinity.

The longer I observed extra girls and studio methods, the more puzzled I grew over one question: What is it that lifts a girl out of the extra class? Once she's been selected for advancement, it is easy enough to see how she gets ahead—beauty, talent, hard work. But that first chance—how does she get that? What characteristic must she have before she can arrest the attention of a director or an executive so that she is given the opportunity to show what she can do, and what she looks like on the screen?

One thing is certain: It isn't beauty alone. There's nothing extraordinary about beauty in Hollywood. There are literally thousands of beautiful girls. For every star there are a hundred extras just as comely.

Intelligence may have something to do with it, but there are loads of intelligent ones who don't succeed, and candor compels one to admit that there are a few not

(Continued on Page 52

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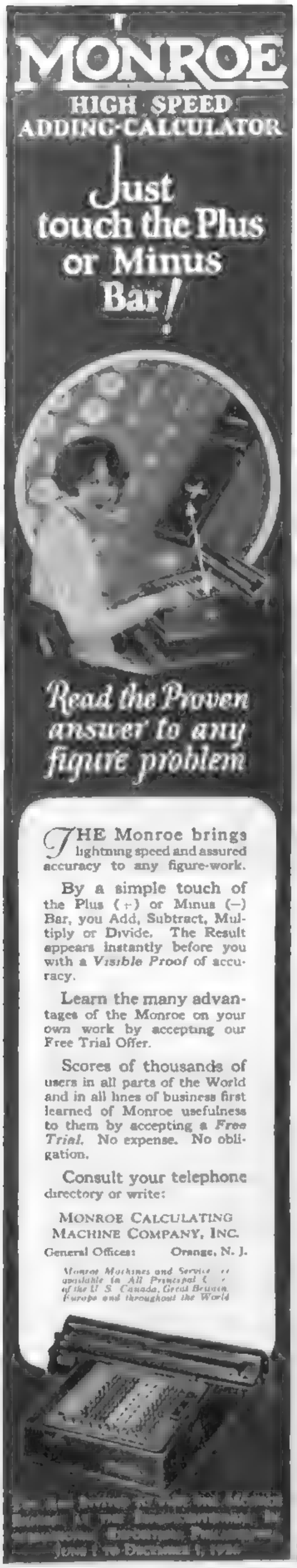
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(Continued from Page 50)

so frightfully overburdened with brains who manage to get along remarkably well.

At length, after talking with several casting directors and a number of girls who have risen from the extra ranks, I arrived at a definite conclusion. There are two elements that figure most prominently in procuring for an extra girl the first chance. The first is the unknown ingredient—that quality that defies analysis and definition, something infinitely more subtle and elusive than charm or personality. The unknown ingredient, X, perhaps is most nearly captured by Elinor Glyn's single word "it."

There is a girl who has just been given a five-year contract by one of the biggest companies to play second leads. Two years ago she was an extra. She isn't very pretty. She isn't especially graceful, nor yet is she remarkably clever. If you saw her on the street you wouldn't look twice. Still, she was picked out of a crowd of three hundred extra girls and given a tiny part, because, when the picture in which she was an extra was viewed in the projection room, some indefinable quality about her caught and held the imagination of an officer of the company. She stood out among three hundred girls, many of whom were a good deal prettier. She got the tiny part, made good in it, and has been gradually promoted until now she has a very gratifying contract.

The other all-important element is luck. A girl may have every qualification for success on the screen; but if chance does not bring her to the attention of somebody in authority, she may languish in mobs forever. Take the case of a certain little seventeen-year-old flapper, with a flair for comedy, who is being groomed to fill the place left vacant by a well-known star. This youngster, a girl from a prominent Eastern family, was visiting in Los Angeles; and like all people who find themselves in or near the movie colony, she wanted to see how the wheels go round. So she presented herself one warm spring morning at a casting office and asked for a job as an extra. Not more than five minutes after she arrived, a very powerful director happened to stroll through the casting office on his way to work. He took one look at the unsuspecting flapper and dashed into the casting director's sanctum.

"Who's that kid?" he demanded.

"What kid?" asked the casting director. "There are millions."

"That one right there," pointing her out through a secret window.

"I don't know, but we'll have her in."

Reading Your Way to Success

No sooner said than done. Within an hour the flapper was given a screen test and within a week she had a three-year contract. Now undeniably she had the unknown ingredient, and beauty as well; but if that particular director had walked through the office five minutes sooner or five minutes later he would not have seen her, and she might be back in Boston now, taking her final examinations in high school instead of getting ready to make her first picture.

So many similar stories came to light that I became convinced that the element of luck is at least 50 per cent responsible for the first chance. After that, naturally, everything depends on the girl's talent and willingness to work.

Patience and persistence count for something too. And occasionally one runs across a girl who figures it all out scientifically, and works a system, like men at the race track or gaming table. One clever young thing, signed up recently on a long-term contract for character rôles, told me how she planned her career.

"I came out here," she said, "with enough money to keep me comfortably for a year. My grandmother had died and left me three thousand dollars and I decided to invest it in a movie career. I bought some nice clothes, lived at a decent hotel, and after about three months I got some extra work in a ballroom scene. The director noticed my evening dress and wrap, and after that he always called me when he was putting on a picture with elaborate scenes. So the investment in a good wardrobe began to pay.

"I met lots of girls," she continued, "and finally went to live with one who had been out here several years. She took me around and introduced me to the assistant casting directors, and after that I got pretty steady work. I chose my friends carefully and managed to be seen at the nice places in Hollywood and at the beaches where the stars and directors play around. People soon began to think I was somebody, and before the year was up I was earning quite a decent living and had a wide acquaintance with influential people. A cameraman I knew offered to give me a test, and the result was good enough for him to show it to the director. After that I began to get bits and then minor parts, and beginning this fall I'll do real character parts. I think I had things pretty well doped out, don't you?"

Another thing this girl does is to keep up with current fiction. She reads every new novel she can get hold of, as well as the magazines, so that if her company buys the picture rights to a story she will know whether there is a part which she could possibly do. If so, she dashes in to see the casting director and sells herself for the part.

"Lots of the girls do this," one casting director told me. "You'd be surprised how well read some of them are, in current fiction at any rate. Usually we post a list of the new stories we've bought and from the time that list goes up I'm besieged by girls who tell me how good they'd be in some rôle or other. They don't always get the part, but at least it keeps them well posted on modern literature."

Getting On in Screen World

It is rather interesting to note that the community of Hollywood, through its chamber of commerce, is doing everything in its power and spending vast sums of money in a more or less futile attempt to stem the tide of extras which pours in annually. The companies, though they do not deliberately encourage boys and girls to migrate, and always admonish them to bring enough money to keep them comfortably for at least six months, do not feel, on the other hand, that they can definitely discourage these eager aspirants. They don't dare tell them not to come, for it is out of the ranks of the extras that so many of the greatest stars have come—sometimes slowly, working their way up from the bottom, sometimes overnight, by some freak of fortune. And although statistics present the distressing fact that only one girl in five thousand has the slightest chance of reaching stardom, nobody knows who will be that one and at what moment she will appear.

If she had been easily discouraged Gloria Swanson would not be a reigning queen of the movies, nor a lady of title today. It is less than ten years since Gloria was an extra girl on the old Essanay lot in Chicago. Her rise, though a rapid one, was made by gradual stages. Rudolph Valentino went through heartbreaking struggles and endured more than one setback before he made a place for himself in the film firmament. Alice Terry, who came into prominence at the same time, had been an extra. Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Alice Joyce were all extras once. The peerless comedian, Harold Lloyd, did his bit in mob scenes before he got a chance to show how funny he could be. Nita Naldi and Aileen Pringle, who between them have what approximates a corner on the current vamp market, were both extra girls not so long ago. So was Eleanor Boardman, who as nearly as anyone in filmdom epitomizes the kind of girl you'd like your son to marry; and so was Patsy Ruth Miller. Then there is Norma Shearer, unknown two years ago, and today acclaimed by critics as one of the most promising young women in pictures. An extra when she began, Miss Shearer soon attracted attention, and only recently the company employing her voluntarily broke the contract they held and wrote a new one, giving her stardom and a salary about five times the one the original contract called for.

Small wonder then that thousands of girls, reading accounts of these fairy-tale happenings, accounts in which the emphasis is always placed on the ultimate triumph, leaving the upward struggle rather vague and shadowy, pour into Hollywood to the point of overflowing. Indeed, extras have become what sociologists call a serious problem, serious enough to merit a survey on the part of the Russell Sage Foundation as well as one by the Labor Commission of the State of California. The Association of Motion Picture Producers, in coöperation with the above-mentioned organizations, is working on a plan which will go a long way toward solving the problem.

A New Era for Extras

That plan, originated by Fred W. Beetson, secretary of the association, is for the founding of a central casting office for extras, to be operated by the association without profit. At the present time there are about half a dozen agencies in Hollywood through which extras are employed, and these get 8 or 10 per cent commission for their services. In the year 1924 there were some two hundred thousand placements of extras; and as at least half this number of jobs came through agencies, it can easily be figured that a goodly sum of money earned by extras is diverted into other channels.

There is a growing tendency on the part of the studios to call their extra talent direct, and this will be encouraged by the central casting office. But every extra in Hollywood will be registered at the office, and the studios, needing crowds too large to be called direct, will get them through the official source. Plans for this clearing house have just been perfected, and the service will be entirely free.

"We are very eager to get this casting office started," Mr. Beetson told me. "It will make a great difference not only to the extras but to the film companies as well. It will wipe out all the numerous fake employment offices, so-called schools for acting and similar fraudulent organizations. In the past ten years eighty-five agencies have come and gone in Hollywood, and though they were not all illegitimate, the very fact that they have gone out of business shows that they were neither necessary nor desirable.

"Another important thing: By having this central bureau we will in time be able to change the extra personnel from the heterogeneous mob it is now to a well-defined group; to eliminate the casuals, who are always the most difficult element of any industry. There are approximately twenty thousand registered extras in the business today, and easily another twenty thousand casuals. What we want, and what the central casting office will help us to get, is fewer and better extras. The companies can't get along without the extras and the extras can't get along without the companies, so the sooner we get together the better it will be for all of us."

It is impossible, with the conditions now prevailing, to prevent a certain amount of dissatisfaction among a mass of employes as large and as loosely knit as the extras of Hollywood. But it is planned by Mr. Beetson not only to provide employment for the extras but to improve the conditions of that employment; to have committees which include not only studio executives and casting directors but some of the extras as well, to pass on problems as they come up. There will be a special department, headed by a sympathetic woman, to help the girls who come to Hollywood alone. Altogether, it is hoped that the establishment of this central casting office will mark the beginning of a new era for extras, in which their working conditions will be among the finest of any industry in the world.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Chinese New Year in Business

A HIGHLY successful chain operator recently related to me this significant experience:

"One of the most important decisions I ever made was that I would adopt the Chinese New Year. After living with it for several years, my attitude is that if the Chinese have any other commercial custom up their flowing sleeves as well worth adoption as their New Year, I'm prejudiced in its favor. I think my experience with this Oriental institution will be of particular interest and value to those business men who operate, on a credit basis, several retail enterprises in different localities. This form of retailing is becoming increasingly common.

"My experience in string or chain retailing began almost a decade ago. Today I have more than fifty retail enterprises scattered over several states of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast—all in the long-time-credit country.

"Almost overnight—so it seems to me—I changed from driving a one-horse rig to handling a coach and eight. When I found my business rapidly expanding I felt secure as to buying and selling. But when I looked at the amounts of money I had to borrow and the total of interest paid to the banks, I felt that probably I had a lot to learn as to financial management.

"Remember, I was operating in the region and the time of long credits. Most of my customers were farmers and men in comparatively small towns. Most of my farmer customers had to be carried for a year, anyhow, and when crop conditions were unfavorable, for two years.

"One day, after I had paid a very snug sum in interest, I called at one of my more remote branches. The manager was having an argument with a customer on the correctness of his account. When I learned that it had been dragging along for three or four years, I had a hunch that I was due to learn something about disputed accounts. Right there I began to dig. First I learned that virtually all disputed accounts were those that had been unsettled for a year or more. But the big surprise came when I dug into the accounts of several wealthy retired farmers and other town dwellers familiar with the lengths to which long-time farmer credits could be stretched. These men put in their time using their wits. When I learned that several of them were lending money, I woke up.

"Actually I was furnishing them money, without interest, to lend at top rates. Of course these men would occasionally call at the yard and make small payments on account, but not settlements in full. I was simply following the traditional practice in my line of trade, and these sharp men were systematically taking advantage of the laxity of that system to supply themselves with capital to operate a private loan business.

"My credit survey was extended to every unit in my chain. To some extent, at least, I found the same situation everywhere. All along the line we were holding the bag for sharp-witted men who were using our capital, without interest, in their business. The fact that every other retailer in our territory was doing the same thing afforded me little consolation.

"Then and there I determined to adopt the Chinese New Year and to require a settlement of every account on our books, either in cash or negotiable notes, at the end of the year. Notes which the bank would not discount went into the loss account.

"Now let me describe one surprise element which this plan brought to the surface. In several units this simultaneous annual settlement of all customer accounts smoked out irregularities on the part of local employes. The unsettled accounts had furnished them with convenient hiding places in which to conceal their peculations. But

when every account of every kind was closed at the same time this chance was gone. In this one particular the Chinese New Year principle of complete annual settlement has saved me thousands of dollars.

"In fact, I blame myself for the irregularities of some of the men to this extent: The old system offered them too strong a temptation; hiding peculations was too easy to be resisted by the weaker ones when they became hard pushed in some personal pinch. 'Contributory negligence' is about the right name for any loose system which tempts men to go wrong under pressure by giving them too easy an opportunity to go wrong.

"It is one thing to decide to reform a long-established business practice and quite another thing to make it work through the hands of business agents scattered over a wide territory. They all insisted that it couldn't be done and that I would ruin our trade in the attempt to make it work. Some of the bankers were also of that opinion.

"To the local manager of every link in our chain I wrote an identical letter, to be shown to all his customers. In it I shouldered, personally, the entire blame of demanding settlement of all accounts. Then I emphasized the fact that no actual hardship would be entailed on any customer by this plan, which merely shifted his indebtedness to the local bank. We lost some customers whom we were better off to lose: the others remained. Those who deliberately had been doing business on our capital had new respect for us. The plan revealed the fact that the average man takes a note at the bank much more seriously than an unpaid account with a merchant.

"This cut down our percentage of bad-debt losses amazingly and practically eliminated disputed accounts and the bad blood stirred up by them. The net of the experience has been the saving of many thousands of dollars a year to my companies. For example, it has brought in about $15,000 a year in interest payments from customers—all velvet. Again, it has saved the payment of a large amount of interest on our part; it has stopped large losses in the form of bad debts to us and irregularities on the part of managers and agents."

—FORREST CRISSEY.

The Ledger Sheet of Success

WE SAT alongside of each other perched on high stools at the old-time bookkeeper's desk. Uncle John, proprietor and owner of the general store, turned the great leaves of his ledger now sadly, now in anger as we were engaged in the long tiresome task of making out the semiannual bills. He read off the name and the amount while I scratched away diligently with pen and ink filling them in on his faded statement forms

"Jake Wallard—$36.35, since last April," called Uncle John. "See b' th' paper he and his wife's at Niag'ra Falls. That's the second trip he's had since April on my money, drat 'im!"

I entered the amount hastily, for, despite the ever-forthcoming aside, I had difficulty in keeping up with the turning leaves.

"Ben Wall—$26.44, December, 1924. Poor Ben, he's had his share of hard luck. Wife first and then both kids sick, and if that wasn't enough, sprains his ankle on top of it. Always been fine pay. He'll settle the minute he gets an extra dollar."

I laid that statement aside as one not to be pushed. Each classification had its pile.

"Peter Winkle—$58.65, November, 1923. Keeps havin' a new baby before the last one's paid for. Well, good farm hands 're scarce. He'll pay something, maybe not much, soon.

"Joe Worth—paid. I could 'a' told you he was goin' to make good by the way he handled his account from the start right after he was married. Paid prompt, never a day late. On the sixteenth of the month his check has always been here for the last fifteen years, and it wasn't easy for him in those early days.

"Look at Zeb Dane. Always lets his bills drag, never cleans up. If his bill is $52, seems he pays $50 on account and lets the two dollars stand out of pure cussedness. His sheet's never been balanced clear and ruled off since five or six years ago when he paid too much by mistake and had a credit over. Those two boys started even fifteen years ago. Look where Joe is today. I could've told you then which one of them'd succeed. Zeb has always been fishin' behind the net and won't ever get anywhere."

Uncle John pushed his iron-rimmed spectacles up on his forehead and digressed.

"Yes, and the woman makes a big difference too. When Bill Jones was a widower he was terrible pay. He gets married a second time and now the groceries is hardly delivered before the money comes back.

(Continued on Page 58)

The rewards of overservice mean more than money.

Overservice

IF the circus paid in ticket-money instead of tickets, few small boys would expend the strength and effort required to water the elephants.

There are rewards that mean more than money.

Business is keenest in its competition to overserve—for the pure satisfaction of being able to deliver a bigger dollar's worth.

Being able to build extra miles into Mansfield Tires without having to charge for them, gives the Mansfield Factory Organization the keenest satisfaction.

The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country are justly proud of their ability to effect a huge saving in the distribution of Mansfields, to enable the factory to build in those extra miles of service.

And because the local Tire Man can deliver a bigger dollar's worth in Mansfield Tires, he ends each busy day with a satisfaction akin to that of the small boy with an over-earned circus ticket.

Nothing so energizes the whole Mansfield Organization—manufacturing—distributing—retailing—as does the constant stream of reports received of Mansfield Tires that have delivered service in miles which, measured in dollars, means record low-cost tire service to the user.

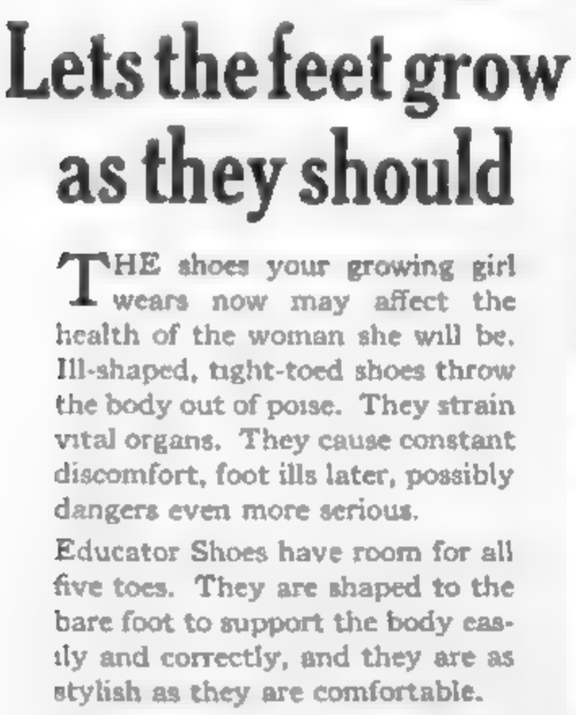
THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve



Educator Style Oxford for Misses and Growing Girls

Lets the feet grow as they should

THE shoes your growing girl wears now may affect the health of the woman she will be. Ill-shaped, tight-toed shoes throw the body out of poise. They strain vital organs. They cause constant discomfort, foot ills later, possibly dangers even more serious.

Educator Shoes have room for all five toes. They are shaped to the bare foot to support the body easily and correctly, and they are as stylish as they are comfortable.

The Misses' and Growing Girls' Educator, shown above, is made in two smart styles: Blonde calf with Russia calf trim, and parchment elk with contrasting lizard trim. See it at your Educator dealer's; also the many other new Educator models for girls and boys of all ages. None genuine without this stamp:

EDUCATOR SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN
WOMEN
CHILDREN

If your dealer does not carry Educators, order from

RICE & HUTCHINS

Address: 14 High Street, Boston, U. S. A
Also send for booklet.

(Continued from Page 54)

She's a good manager, and she'll have their little home free and clear in no time. I could name others that are way ahead of the pay roll and writing the household expense column in bright red ink every month. I ain't goin' to hold the bag for new coats and automobiles forever. I got to walk, and pay for somebody else's gas and tires? No, sir!

"Tell you, son, the man that pays prompt is the man that gets along. Look through my ledgers there. Poor boys of a few years ago have become our leading citizens, and you'll see that they paid their bills every month sure-fire when I know money was awfully hard for 'em to get. I would o' carried 'em, but they paid up prompt even when it hurt. I can't name a single man that's poor pay who ever amounted to anything. Take the Wavers—all of them are punk pay. I wouldn't grant ten-cents credit to a Waver if he gave me his wife's note for it. There never was a Waver that was any good. Then again if a fellow came in and said he was a Weller, he could have the store, 'cause any Weller is good. Good pay seems to run in families and vice versa, like bad blood runs in streaks. Today everybody wants everything and nobody denies himself anything. I'd like to know how anybody's goin' to make a success out of life if he ain't willin' to give something up now and then, pay his livin' bills and save a little money. And I'd like to know how young fellers're goin' to learn savin' if their folks don't teach it to them, and they don't see it around home. I always notice that good pay runs in a family, and most everybody in a good-pay family gets along and the bad-pay families are usually a pretty shiftless lot. Guess your pa didn't bring you up that way."

I can never thank pa enough for it either. He was an impossible man to beg pennies from. My first income was one cent per diem for brushing my teeth every day—total seven cents a week. But the penalty clause was cruel. For each day missed, I paid pa back in actual cash two cents, so if I went off camping and forgot my toothbrush I owed pa money within four days. This was later supplemented by a reward of ten cents for every E—for excellent—on my monthly school-report card. I sometimes knocked down fifty to sixty cents a month with good hard mental labor, but luckily there was no penalty clause about the department column, for an E never seemed to drop into one of those squares. Of course I used to make extras on odd errands, playing up to my aunts, or delivering handbills, but my next real fixed income was an allowance, when I started in high school, of the magnificent amount of thirty-five cents a week payable in advance on Mondays.

Later, I went away to prep school at Andover. Pa used to send me a check for twenty-five dollars. It wasn't a definite monthly allowance, it was just a check. When it was gone, another would take its place. I had free rein except that I kept regular books on each check, accounting for every penny, even postage stamps. It sometimes took me several hours to balance up and send the account down to pa. This hurt when I needed the time to get my lessons, but I think I kept these records at my own instigation; pa never said a word, he just sent new checks. Considering books, food, dues, and so on, I don't see how these lasted as long as I made them.

Then at college I gave up keeping accounts, but we maintained the same system of unlimited expenditure, only the checks were larger. There was never a question of any expense. Pa felt I knew the value of money by this time, and I had gradually developed habits of thrift, so he never butted in, and left me in entire control of finances just as before. I guess he was right. Anyway, the mere knowledge that he trusted my sense of money values further tended to make me careful in avoiding foolish expenditures.

In the last years I might have spent $4000 or $5000 a year and pa would never have mentioned it. I could have had my own car at college, but I thought it all out, knowing that my decision would be final, and decided it wasn't worth it, so I stuck to my bicycle.

When it came to go to Oxford, pa had absolute confidence in my judgment in money affairs and off I went again, no strings to the purse. Call it what we will, the practice in weighing relative values from boyhood is an invaluable training in the control of desires and finances.

After all, thrift is merely care in spending, and saving is going without things we may want very much. I have always consoled myself with Uncle John's homely philosophy, "Him what pays prompt gets along," nor can I ever thank pa enough for instilling a thrifty sense of value in my hot young brain, for in many men it seems to have been the very foundation of fortune, and I hope it will prove so to me. Value—I wonder if we're forgetting values.

What is it that makes myself, for instance, price a tawdry ten-cent article in a store, walk away without buying, only to turn around and pay much more than I really should for a well-done landscape in oil? Usually the cheap is expensive at any price, yet I try never to forget Uncle John's great yellow ledger leaves and their lesson. I never buy even an oil-painting, no matter how much I want it, unless I can "pay for it prompt," in accordance with Uncle John's advice.

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

Melee Madigan's Waterloo

LARRY MADIGAN was red-headed and smart. He was, moreover, one of the most likable boys in the senior class at high school; and when he graduated creditably and accepted without demur his father's proposal that he come into his jewelry establishment and learn the business from the bench up, Lawrence Madigan, Sr., was a proud and happy parent.

Larry fell to with a will. At first he found the long hours irksome; but he took things as he found them, and before the autumn rolled round the elder Madigan was firmly convinced that Fate had cut out that boy of his for a great manufacturing jeweler.

Of course Larry was not absolutely perfect. No boy at his age is. For one thing, he was a little too ready to criticize established trade methods; but this, perhaps, was only proof that he was on the alert. He was a little impatient, too, because his father so often showed a disposition to play it safe rather than take a flutter when circumstances offered a prospect of an extra profit. Of course he never said so, even to himself, but at the bottom of his loyal heart there was a vague feeling that his father, though by no means a back number, was just a little old-fashioned and was too easily contented to scrape along with a business about half the size of the one he could swing if he really tried.

There was no denying that the boy was learning fast; and late in 1920 the elder Madigan thought Larry had a sufficiently good grasp of the business to be trusted to run it alone for a few months. The truth was that Lawrence Madigan had always had a yearning ambition to visit the Taj Mahal. In early life he had been too poor; in middle age too busy; but now, turned sixty, with a round million in the business and other funds soundly invested, he thought he and Mrs. Madigan were entitled to humor themselves.

Thus it came about that young Mr. Madigan was left to use his own judgment during what became one of the most chaotic and spectacular periods the diamond market has ever witnessed. The chances are he would have made out very well had it not been for his plunging in melees.

As the younger Madigan's story may come to the eyes of persons not identified with the jewelry trade, it is right to say that "melee" rimes with "jelly," and signifies a tiny cut diamond. The larger ones have fifty-six facets and are said to be full-cut. The smaller grades have but eight. Melees may run anywhere from ten to two hundred and fifty to the carat. Now as a carat is but a little more than three troy grains it may be seen that a melee is an exceedingly small stone. Small in size, indeed, but not small in importance, for they are a staple of the trade and are used in connection with larger stones in rings, pins, bracelets and what not. In short, what nails are to a carpenter, what bricks are to a bricklayer, melees are to manufacturers of fine jewelry. Without them they cannot carry on.

There was a time, not so many years back, when we bought melees with little more thought than we bought solder. They used to run from fifty to sixty dollars a carat, without any violent fluctuations of price. We always knew what we should get and what we should have to pay. Then the war came and the whole diamond trade was turned upside down. The country teemed with the profiteers of the boom years. Men in the black shirts of machinists or riveters who had never owned a silver watch, were buying platinum jewelry and paying for it out of bulging bank rolls. All the world that was not fighting clamored for diamonds, diamonds at any price. Quotations soared like those of war brides, and melees led the flight.

Small wonder that young Mr. Madigan, with his factory needs uppermost in his mind, looked to the future and resolved that his wants should not remain unfilled. Older jewelers than he lost their heads. Men who should have known better ordered three or four times what they could possibly use and hoped that what they actually got might see them through. Then the speculators outside the established trade took a hand, in the expectation of scalping a profit from manufacturers who had been caught short. The market rose and rose. Prices which had looked prohibitive one month seemed cheap the next. One hundred dollars a carat, one fifty, two hundred, and so on up toward two fifty.

Larry may have lost his head, but not his nerve. Always he bought and bought on a rising market that would never fall. He was sure that if he got more than he needed he could turn them over at a handsome profit. That, indeed, was just what he was planning to do.

Father Madigan saw the Taj and all the drowsy East he cared to see in about two months less time than he thought it would take, and his surprise home-coming occurred just as the melee market had made its flying start down the toboggan. He had left home a rich man. He returned to find himself in rather moderate circumstances. Like the old campaigner he was, he made the best get-away he could from an untenable position. Orders for stones not yet cut he was at liberty to cancel, and this he did at urgent cable rates. What he had to take he took and turned over with all the speed he could on a falling market at liberal price concessions. His credit was good and the banks helped him out. With many in the trade it was a case of devil take the hindmost; but the Madigans fared rather better than many others in the same boat. The expert accountant who was called in figured that the old man had enough of his business left to go on with, but that Master Larry, who had been drawing against his modest interest in the firm, owed the house about $17.65.

Melees kept falling until they broke well under ninety dollars, but the Madigans were pretty well out long before that figure was reached. They have since advanced to nearly double that price, but Master Larry does not order them if he can get his father to do it.

Somehow he just hates to utter the word to his stenographer. It is bad enough to be called Melee Madigan by the younger set at the Jewelers' Club without using the odious word himself.

Larry has learned a lot in the past four or five years, and his father vows that he will be a great jeweler yet.

—CHESTER FIELD, JR.

There are times when only a Marmon will do

Two hundred miles from nowhere . . . nothing but sagebrush and alkali . . . scorching heat . . . a day's drive to the nearest service station. There is where you really appreciate a Marmon . . . adequate cooling capacity for any climate . . . lubrication system the most advanced ever known on any automobile . . . plenty of reserve strength . . . absolute security for its passengers in any emergency . . . Most decidedly, there are times when only a Marmon will do!

"It's a Great Automobile"

Play the
SILVER KING

THOSE fellows whose game is more like hunting and trapping than it is like golf, above all others, ought to use a Silver King. The psychology of the thing is potent. It's a big help to have the best!

Most golfers find that they get 15 to 25 yards farther when they play this best of all good golf balls!

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors

The Waterfowl's Valhalla

By VAN CAMPEN HEILNER

WHEN the Mormon pioneers reached the end of their long trek across plains and desert and finally came to rest in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they found game abundant. In fact the great abundance of it was one of the contributing factors to the success of the struggling isolated colony. Vast herds of buffalo roamed the plains, wild fowl thronged the heavens. With the coming of the railroad and the onward march of civilization it was inevitable that the buffalo should disappear, but the wild fowl have remained.

Great Salt Lake itself proves no attraction to the feathered creatures of the wild. Its great salinity, its slow-moving hissing waters, like a gigantic pickle barrel, support no life except a small form of shrimp. But flowing into it at various points are fresh-water rivers, and in the vicinity of their mouths are great marshes, the homes of countless millions of waterfowl. The greatest of these is the Bear River Marsh.

Great Salt Lake is roughly in the shape of a Y. This Y is formed by Promontory Point cutting down into the lake from the north. At the extreme northern end of the more easterly fork of the Y, the Bear River enters the lake, and spreading out in all directions like a many-fingered hand, forms a vast fresh-water marsh comprising some 300 square miles of territory. Ducks and geese beyond the count of man are raised on these marshes each year, and during October and November their numbers are so swelled by incoming migrants that the whole sky, water and marsh of the surrounding country are solid duck. It is a spectacle to make a lover of the great outdoors gasp.

At the opening of the shooting season an observer on the marsh would be apt to think that the millennium in waterfowl had been reached, so great are the numbers of ducks gathered on the open water in the direction of the lake. But these are only natives; the northern birds are not yet in. Let him visit the marsh again toward the end of October. Night and day the winged hosts from the lands stretching to the Arctic Circle have been pouring in. As if drawn by a magnet, from every point of the compass they have been converging on the Bear River Marsh, until its waters are packed to the edge with a vast quacking, honking legion that literally darkens the sun when the birds rise. From here they disperse to all sections of the country. Dr. Alexander Wetmore, who spent three years at Bear River studying the duck sickness, banded some 900 ducks and got returns from thirteen different states and provinces, showing what a great clearing house for the wild fowl the marshes are.

A word about the duck sickness which from time to time has taken such terrible toll upon the waterfowl. In recent years extensive irrigation on the upper reaches of the Bear has greatly depleted its flow of water, so that during the summer months after the spring floods have receded great areas of alkali flats are left exposed. At times strong winds from the north or south pile up the water and drive it across these flats, together with all manner of insects and seeds relished by the wild fowl. The ducks flock onto these flats to devour this food, partake of the alkali which has become mixed with the water and become immediately poisoned.

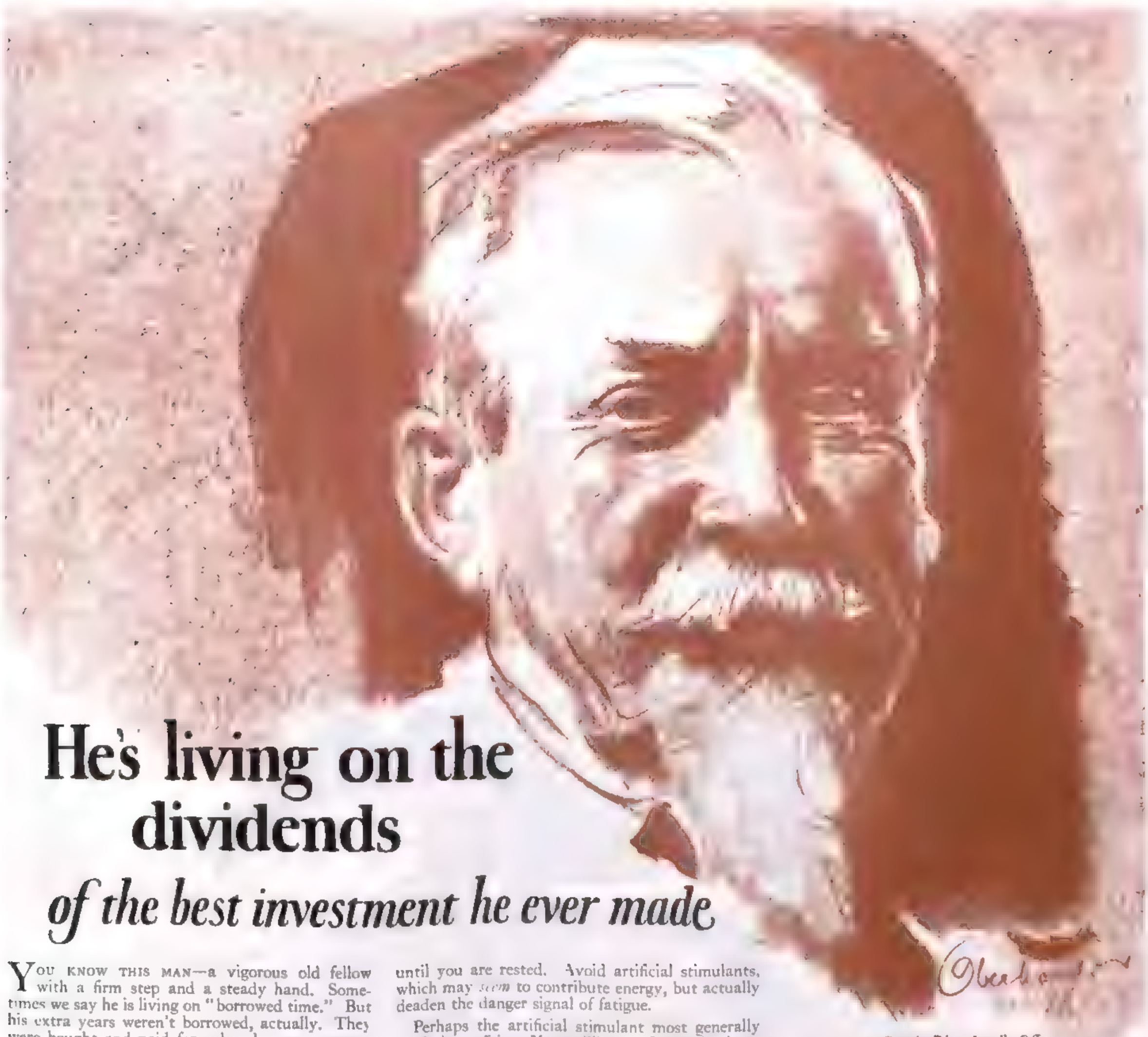
This poisoning, or sickness, acts in the form of a paralysis, affecting first the wings, then the legs and necks of the birds and finally killing them. Death results in anywhere from six hours to two days. If the birds can be placed in fresh water, recovery is almost certain and within a short period. Up to a year or so ago the ducks died by the hundreds of thousands. In 1921 D. H. Madsen, chief fish and game commissioner of Utah, estimated 2,000,000 ducks perished from the sickness. I visited the marshes that year and it was a terrible sight. As far as the eye could see were dead and dying ducks. Wherever we gunned it was first necessary to pick up and throw in the reeds great numbers of dead ducks in order to prevent the live ones from decoying to them. But great as was the toll on the wild fowl, the number of living ones seemed not to be affected in the least. Though countless thousands died, many times that number poured in to take their places, and it was impossible to state whether there were 100,000 more or less birds than previously. It was estimated that 10,000,000 wild fowl perished through the duck sickness during a few seasons.

Happily, during the past few years, the duck sickness has been combated successfully, so that where millions died before, the dead can now be numbered in the hundreds. The State Fish and Game Commission of Utah stationed wardens on the marshes, who shot at the ducks with high-powered rifles when they swept in upon the alkali flats and drove them off. But it stands to reason that not every locality in such a vast area can be adequately patrolled, and the remedy for all time lies in diking these marshes so that a constant water level can be always maintained. It also happens that during certain years strong winds from the south pile the heavy salt water from Great Salt Lake up into the marshes for several miles, killing off hundreds of acres of valuable marshland where the ducks nest and feed. A great dike would also remedy this evil.

On my last trip to these happy hunting grounds I found the wild fowl there as of

(Continued on Page 63)

Twenty Miles of Ducks—as Far as the Eye Can See! A Common Sight on the Great Bear River Marshes of Utah



He's living on the dividends

of the best investment he ever made

YOU KNOW THIS MAN—a vigorous old fellow with a firm step and a steady hand. Sometimes we say he is living on "borrowed time." But his extra years weren't borrowed, actually. They were bought and paid for, when he was younger. They were paid for on the installment plan.

So payment was easy. All he had to do was remember to keep up the installments, day after day: to follow the rules of health that all of us know, but so many of us fail to observe.

He grew up with other young men who were as strong and hardy as himself. They were born with an equal capital of health, but they did not realize the value of their inheritance. They spent freely from their capital, through irregular habits of living. And while they were still comparatively young, many of them became impoverished—were easy prey to the dangers of life.

But this man spent nothing from his capital. Rather, he added to it, year by year.

The rules for building health are as simple as those for wasting it: Spend always less than you earn. Accumulate a reserve of energy, against the day when it will be needed.

Eat with discretion—exercise regularly—sleep until you are rested. Avoid artificial stimulants, which may *seem* to contribute energy, but actually deaden the danger signal of fatigue.

Perhaps the artificial stimulant most generally used is caffein. Yet millions of people have learned how easy it is to avoid caffein, and still enjoy the appetizing flavor and benefits of a hot drink at mealtime. They have "discovered" Postum—a drink made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. A drink without a trace of any stimulant—one which *contributes* to the body's well-being, instead of tearing down.

Many of these people were first attracted to Postum through the thirty-day test—an easy way of measuring Postum's effect on *themselves*. They used no other hot drink for thirty days—long enough for them to throw off the effects of caffein, and really see results. And four out of five decided that Postum was *their* drink from that time on.

Sometime it will be your turn to live on the dividends of the wise investment you make in health *now*. The thirty-day test of Postum has proved itself to be one means of investing wisely, in the case of many a man. You make it too! Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes you this offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"To start you on the thirty-day test of Postum, I want to give you one week's supply, free. With this, I will send my directions for preparing Postum in the way that has won the applause of hundreds of thousands of men. They think Postum prepared my way is a wonderful drink, and I believe you will, too.

"If you would rather start the test today, you will find Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1926, P. C. Co.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—S. E. P. 9-18-26

I would like to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ (prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ (prepared by boiling)
Check which you prefer

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes with Prune Pieces, Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding hot water, is prepared. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
f. o. b. Detroit.

Bodies *are safer*

—*provided* you insist upon an All Steel Body—not merely the usual frame of wood covered by a metal shell

Eleven years ago Dodge Brothers first introduced the all steel open car body.

Four years ago they once more made automobile history by pioneering with all steel closed cars.

This year they lead the world again with improvements of revolutionary importance in all steel construction.

The usual wood-and-metal body did not meet Dodge Brothers standards of safety and strength.

Steel reinforced by steel—steel walls, ribs, frames and all—electrically welded into a sturdy, silent steel unit—that alone produced a body which won complete approval from Dodge Brothers engineers.

Greater safety than was ever before thought possible in an automobile body was Dodge Brothers goal, and they have achieved it.

Other advantages only secondary to safety have followed as a matter of course.

Greater Vision—slim steel corner posts replacing bulky wooden pillars.

Greater Beauty—a charm of line to which only steel can be fashioned.

Greater Durability—a welded steel unit, instead of wood, glued and screwed together.

Finer Finish—no weaving joints to crack the lacquer.

Greater Lightness—recall the modern battleship where strength and lightness are perfectly combined in all steel construction.

Greater Economy—quick, accurate machine work replacing slow and variable handwork in wood.

We believe that before long all motor car bodies will be made of steel. Demand the greater protection and other outstanding superiorities of all steel construction. *Dodge Brothers Motor Car provides them.*

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DU PONT DUCO

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(Continued from Page 58)

old. I stepped out of the tent into the cold pink of the morning light, to see the ducks like drifting smoke pouring out of the country to the north, making for the safety of the lake. It was the first day of the shooting season. To the north, south, east and west of us came the steady rump-rump of exploding guns. The fever had seized me, too, and slipping a shell into my twenty gauge, I fired as a flock of gadwall whispered by, high over the tent. It was a long shot, but one fell out and came hurtling down to strike with a terrific thud on the mud flat before the camp. That was all. I was satisfied. After eight months of living in past memories, I had smelt burned powder and found my aim true. I put on the coffee and sliced the bacon.

Our blind that day was on the shores of the South Bay. On all sides but south of us, stretched the marsh, a never-ending vista of waterways and rustling tules. To the south, miles away, could be dimly seen the smoke of the train on the Lucin Cut-off, crossing the great lake westward to the Pacific coast. Between the cut-off and us sat the ducks, marshaled hosts whose names were myriad. Vast acres, rank on rank they sat, so close there seemed no room for more. A constant low confused quacking reached our ears, a constant flapping of wings greeted our eyes, wherever we looked: Ducks were continually arising from the dark masses and winging up over the marshes, in two's, three's and larger bunches. Other flocks were coming down from the north, the west and east, and sailing out to join their fellows. They knew they were safe on the lake, and the shooting on the marsh was driving them down in ever-increasing numbers.

We were directly in the line of a big pintail flight coming out of the west—from the direction of the mountains over on Promontory. They came in from behind us, flock after flock. As they sighted the lake and the great masses of fowl which extended on it for miles, they would set their wings and zip down with the speed of bullets, gradually getting lower and lower until they became one with their feathered kindred. There was not much shooting at these; they were too high. But occasionally a single or a small bunch would come skimming over, close to the tules, see our decoys and round up with an abruptness that was startling. Then the guns would bark in quick staccato and the ducks would spring away, sometimes winning clear, at other times leaving some of their number behind, whose crumpled feathered forms oft brought a pang of regret to their destroyers.

Decoys, as they are used in Utah, are not decoys as they are known in the East. Your Salt Lake gunner makes his own decoys on the spot—out of mud! A spade is his only requisite. For the great country of flats and marshes is covered with but a few inches of water, and a turned-up spadeful of mud stands up in the shallows like any deceitful benedict. The ducks cannot seem to tell the difference and decoy as readily as they would to a fleet of several hundred wooden stools on the Susquehanna flats or the reaches of Currituck. As fast as he kills his ducks, the gunner sticks them up in the water on twigs and his flock is increased. I have had mallards, one of the wariest birds that fly, time and again decoy to a half dozen black lumps of mud.

Then there are the mud queens. The mud queens are like nothing else that roams the earth or ever did. They are a weird and wonderful creation. With the soul of a flivver, the body of a skiff and the fins of a Mississippi steamboat, they range the overflows and miles of mud flats with a sureness and speed that is a marvel to behold. In plainer terms, a mud queen is a long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat, pointed at both ends, with paddle wheels and a flivver engine. In deep water it can make from six to seven miles an hour. But let it once reach the mud—mud with an inch or two of water on it—and like a frightened jackrabbit it leaps forward, attaining a speed of twenty miles an hour. The mud queen was invented by a hunter named Cook to surmount the difficulties of traversing the endless miles of flats in that great territory. It has brought everlasting renown to its creator.

I have seen the mud queens pass through the millions of ducks on the South Bay without disturbing them in the slightest. They would part, like the waters of the Red Sea, to let one through, and immediately close in again behind it, the track of a queen being marked from afar by the clouds of rising fowl. It has often occurred to me that mud queens might be of use in other parts of the world for other purposes than duck hunting.

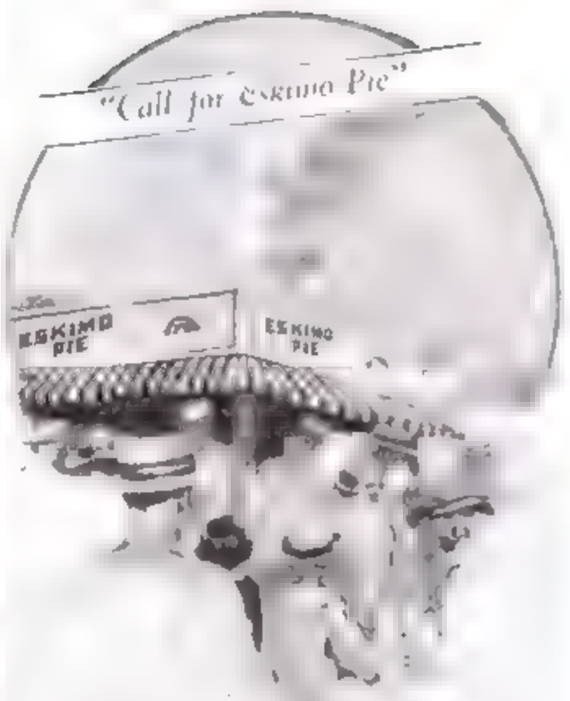
In the early mornings or late evenings the air would often be filled with eerie honkings and we would gaze skyward to see long stately lines of Canada geese passing over—thousands of geese nest at Bear River—or perhaps it would be flocks of snow geese or Hutchins' geese, and very often flocks of snow-white swans. A never-ending panorama of waterfowl was passing constantly before us.

As to shore birds; like snowflakes in winter, they populated the mud flats. Avocets, with their long backward-curving bills, screamed shrilly and ruffled up their feathers like fighting cocks when one approached too near; phalaropes in clouds nodded briskly along the reedy edges; dowitchers and jacksnipe swarmed through the overflows. Occasionally a teal would be discovered flying with them, its efforts to keep up with their darting twisting flight being nothing short of ludicrous. On all sides was a bird life that for numbers and concentration of species would probably be hard to duplicate anywhere else within our borders. Practically all the ducks and geese known to sportsmen visit this wonderful wild-fowl haven, and it is a sight to thrill anyone who loves nature, be he hunter or not.

It is a well-known fact that sportsmen are the greatest friends our wild game have. Their motives may be partly selfish, but it is true, nevertheless. They have always been the first with material and financial aid whenever a species was threatened with extermination, or assistance of any sort was needed. Your sportsman is not the destroyer of game, as many would lead us to suppose, but a great and true conservationist.

Fortunately for the wild-fowl life of the Bear River Marsh, the State Fish and Game Commission of Utah has been able to lease nearly all the marsh, and what land belonged to the Government was withdrawn from entry, so that the sportsmen and nature lover is assured of a game refuge and shooting ground for all time, equaled by none in the world. But the setting aside of the area will not alone protect it. There are many things that must be done. The serious shortage of water at certain seasons due to extensive irrigation must be remedied; the alkali flats must be kept from drying and bringing the dreaded duck sickness; the inroads of brine from Great Salt Lake must be kept in check.

All these things can probably be accomplished by the erection of a great dike which will regulate the water levels and keep out the heavy salt water from the south. The time is not far distant when this will become a reality, but only with the help and cooperation of all lovers of the feathered children of the wild.



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TRICKERY IN HIGH PLACES

(Continued from Page 45)

The whole operation took not more than a second. I turned from him, bowed to the audience and quickly made my way from the hall. No one had suspected anything. Dennis was waiting for me at the designated spot. I handed the envelope to him.

"A thousand thanks, Thurston," he whispered. "This envelope contains valuable information which the Government wants; but for reasons I can't explain now the authorities do not wish to arrest that man." With that he was gone, and for obvious reasons I left the club as soon as possible. Three days later I met Dennis. He then told me that the envelope contained plans for blowing up one of our ships.

It is the little glimpses I gain into the character of eminent persons which have given a particular zest to my professional contact with them. I have always thought that the best time to take the measure of a man is when his guard is down and he has laid aside the reserve of his public life. It is astonishing how this intimate view will sometimes reveal a character which is utterly different from that which the public has come to know. The bonds of restraint wither before an onslaught of hearty laughter; a man's real self comes to the surface.

Last winter, while playing at the Shubert-Belasco Theater in Washington, we arranged to give a special performance for President Coolidge. A stage thirty feet square was built in sections and set up in the East Room of the White House. A corps of assistants and myself worked from ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon getting the place in readiness. I had decided when the invitation came to appear at the White House that the performance should not be a makeshift affair. But when the huge twenty-foot truck containing the equipment drove up to the grounds I became fearful that the sight of all this material might stagger those in charge of the presidential mansion. So while the boys carried the paraphernalia inside I got hold of Mr. Hoover, who has had charge of the White House for twenty-four years, and engaged him in earnest conversation to distract his attention from what was actually taking place.

For the execution of several of the tricks it was necessary to take some member of the President's circle into our confidence. Mr. Hoover, a delightful, genial gentleman, was the one I chose. I explained that I was anxious to do something spectacular for Mr. Coolidge and asked if the President carried a watch. Mr. Hoover told me he had just been presented with a beautiful watch by the Massachusetts Legislature and promised to get as good a description of it as he could. From the description he furnished I procured a copy the next day, and on cursory inspection it was far from being a poor imitation. The chief difference lay in the fact that the works of the imitation watch were in a deplorable condition of wreckage.

At 3:30 o'clock on the afternoon of the performance, a few minutes before the time Mr. Coolidge and his eighteen guests were due to put in an appearance, Mr. Hoover motioned me to one side and said he had been thinking over the matter of the watch trick and believed it would be better to omit that stunt from the program.

"I don't think it is quite proper to ask the President of the United States for his watch," Mr. Hoover reflected. And then he added, as an afterthought, "Mr. Thurston, you must not be surprised if the President does not laugh or applaud."

"Why," I inquired, "isn't he human?"

"Human?" repeated Mr. Hoover. "He's the most human man we've had in the White House in twenty-four years. But he simply doesn't do those things. When he came here we didn't understand him, but now we all love him. And as for this performance today, you may be sure he will appreciate it and enjoy it as much, if not more, than anyone present."

The guests were the first to arrive and were ushered to their seats by two colored

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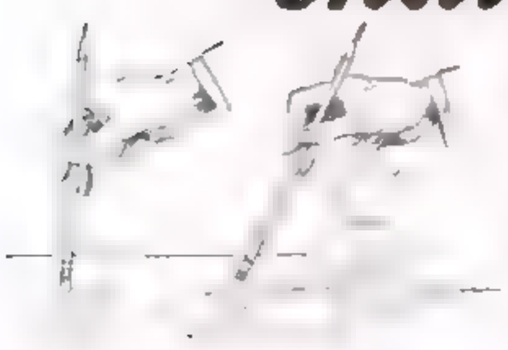

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butlers. When Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge entered, the entire party arose and remained standing until they were seated in the special chairs just in front of the stage. Back of the curtains the members of the company and I were vying with each other to get the first view of the President. I called them together for the final word and told them that we would open the show with pigeon catching, instead of the act originally arranged. Then I nodded to Fred Dorn, my musical director, and the music started.

The curtain was drawn. I entered. George, my colored assistant, handed me the net. I waved it in the air and caught a live pigeon; then another and another—each time placing them in baskets held by the girls. Every now and then I covertly glanced toward President Coolidge to see what the effect was on him. At first he had been sitting with his chin resting on his right hand. Now he was straight back in the chair, and I thought I detected a look of interest, such as I had often noticed in the faces of mystified boys on my stage. It was deeply gratifying to observe this; not that I was eager to register a personal hit with the President, but because my first impression of him had confirmed the things Mr. Hoover had said. Human? I should say most human.

I jumped from the stage and swung the net directly over the President's head and caught the fourth bird. When Mrs. Coolidge took it from the net and placed it in the basket the President laughed and applauded.

The performance had been in progress for about an hour when I stepped in front of the President and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now attempt a very special experiment that I presented before the Czar of Russia twenty years ago.

"Will some gentleman kindly lend me his watch?"

Instantly six of the men guests offered their watches. I looked the President in the eye and said, "I have said this is a very special trick. I should like to use a very special watch."

"I understand, Mr. Thurston," the President said, handing me his watch.

"Now let it be plainly seen," I resumed, "that I do not touch the watch."

Watching the Wrong Watch

I called for Jay Klink, one of my cleverest assistants, who has been with me for twelve years. Jay brought a silk bag, attached to a handle, and into this the President dropped his watch. I directed Jay to let one of the ladies take the watch from the bag and look at it. Mrs. Stearns, who sat three seats from the President, complied with the request.

"You are sure you have the President's watch?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Stearns answered without hesitation, and she dangled it before Mr. Coolidge's eyes. He nodded approvingly, and I congratulated myself on having obtained such a fine duplicate. Mrs. Stearns laid the watch on a square piece of iron which I had placed on the table.

In my right hand I held a heavy hammer, which I poised menacingly over the watch.

"It will be necessary to mark the watch slightly for identification," I confided to the audience. "I shall be careful not to injure it."

Then I asked Mrs. Coolidge if she would kindly have a loaf of bread or any other object large enough to contain the watch brought from the kitchen. The order was given. I raised the hammer and counted:

"One."

A tall man who had been standing to one side and whom I had previously judged to be a secret-service agent walked over to the table, took a good look at the watch and then glanced sharply at the President, who had resumed resting his chin on his right hand. If it was his wish to have the President intercede he was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Coolidge ignored the interruption. But I did not.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this is a very delicate experiment and I trust you will not do anything to unnerve me," was my mild protest. Again I raised the hammer and counted:

"Two."

There was not a sound in the room; not a soul stirred. It dawned on me that the suspense of this audience was the most profound I had ever experienced in the many years I have been performing. I asked Mrs. Coolidge about the bread.

"It is some distance to the pantry, Mr. Thurston," she replied. "The butler will be here presently."

The secret-service man took another step forward as I raised the hammer for the third time. There was no mistaking the fact that he scented a catastrophe.

"Should there by any chance be an accident I must hold you responsible," I warned him.

Then, taking a firm grip, I droned the last number of the count: "Three."

My right arm swung back to bring the hammer down on the watch with crushing effect. But at the apex of the swing my wrist was seized in a viselike grip. It was Jay Klink who had interfered. His face was white and drawn, his voice trembled as he said in subdued tone but loud enough for everyone to hear:

"You've got the wrong watch!"

A Very Narrow Escape

Quick as a flash, I realized what had happened. Jay had made a mistake. He had forgotten a simple part of the trick which would have changed the President's watch for the duplicate, and Mrs. Stearns had taken the President's watch out of the bag instead of the duplicate! No wonder Mr. Coolidge had nodded in approval when she had dangled it before his eyes; no wonder the secret-service man had displayed such concern after his inspection of it. The watch I had been about to send to its doom was President Coolidge's own watch. Good Lord, what a providential escape! But it was an escape, and now my business was to slip out of the predicament created by Jay's frenzied warning. The audience had heard that.

"Jay says he heard one of the audience say I had the wrong watch," I told them. Then I lifted the table and placed it within the President's reach.

"Is that not your watch, Mr. President?" I asked in an injured tone. At this moment Jay slipped the duplicate watch into my right hand.

Mr. Coolidge lifted the watch from the table and inspected it carefully. There could be no mistake about it being his own property, and he nodded an affirmative answer to my question. I handed him a piece of tissue paper and requested him to wrap his watch in it. While helping him to do this, I substituted the imitation for the real watch, and as he laid the duplicate on the table I secretly passed his own to

Continued on Page 66.

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(Continued from Page 64)

Jay, who carried it backstage and placed it in the loaf of bread, which had been prepared beforehand. No one suspected that I had made this change; the audience was more certain than ever that it was President Coolidge's watch which lay on the iron slab.

"Now that there can be no question about this being the President's watch I shall proceed," I informed them. At my count of two the butler appeared with the loaf of bread and placed it on a table directly in front of Mrs. Coolidge.

"Three."

The Proof in the Pudding

The hammer descended with a whang. The casing of the watch fell apart, the works flew in all directions. Somebody uttered a barely audible cry of alarm, and I could sense that others were holding their breath, so tense had the performance become by reason of the unexpected happenings which had marked it. I shot a glance at the President. He hadn't moved a muscle; his chin still rested in his hand; his keen blue eyes looked into mine, as much as to say, "I don't believe it!" He was the calmest person in the room. I gazed dejectedly at the scattered fragments of the watch, then turned to the secret-service man.

"I told you not to interfere. The fault is yours," I protested.

Gathering the broken pieces slowly together, I placed them in a piece of paper while the audience looked on in silence.

I turned to Mrs. Coolidge and said, "I shall do my best to rectify this miserable catastrophe." Then I "vanished" the paper and its contents and, handing Mrs. Coolidge a knife, asked her to cut the loaf of bread.

"Please be careful, Mrs. Coolidge," I directed.

The President took her arm and said, "Yes, dear, be careful."

It was his first spoken assurance that the watch would be returned safely. Mrs. Coolidge opened the loaf, the President received his watch, Jay got a life job, I still have my reputation and the Government continued to function.

And I will merely add that Jay Klink had discovered his own error when he was about to put the watch in the loaf of bread backstage which the butler was waiting to receive. It was the imitation watch he found himself with; he knew I had the President's watch in my possession and would smash it to bits unless he acted quickly.

My visit to the White House had given me a chance to see the leader of our nation at close range. His human qualities, his calm wholesomeness and his imperturbability left me with a strong impression of the breadth of his character. As we bade each other good-by I said, "Mr. President, I once had the opportunity of saying to Colonel Roosevelt that he was setting the standard of manhood for America; may I say to you that you are setting the standard of discretion for the world." He seemed much pleased.

Does your recollection go back to the time when Colonel Roosevelt was President of our country, and the Roosevelt kids were the talk of the nation, what with their youthful pranks and their dynamic personalities which spoke so eloquently of the heritage they had received from their father? One particular member of that family circle, I shall always remember when I reflect on the wholesome deviltry that is stored away in the mind of the typical American boy. For Quentin Roosevelt was nothing if not a regular product of our civilization, a spontaneous, happy youngster, with a twinkle in his eye and a laugh in his heart—and wholly oblivious of the dignity of his station in life.

Raw Eggs Out of the Air

One Saturday afternoon in Washington, Quentin came to the stage in answer to my call for volunteers, and I used him for the egg trick, in which I produce dozens upon dozens of raw eggs from a borrowed hat. I hand the eggs, one by one, to a little girl standing beside me, and she in turn passes them to a boy, whose duty it is to hold them in his arms. Of course, by the time he has ten or twelve eggs in his arms they begin dropping to the floor, but I continue passing them to the girl and she continues passing them to the boy until the mysterious supply is exhausted, and the floor is converted into a potential omelet. The chief effect of the trick is to bring a laugh to the audience and confusion to the boy. The different ways boys act have always been a source of interest and amusement to me. Some are much concerned at their inability to hold all the eggs and think they have bungled their part of the job; others laugh uproariously and spill more eggs in their convulsive hilarity. Quentin Roosevelt was of the latter type; his giggling never stopped.

When I stepped upon the stage for the evening performance I was surprised to find Quentin again in the audience. This time he was seated with his family in the stage box; and as we exchanged glances I thought I perceived a knowing look on his countenance which seemed to tell me in so many words that he was up to some sort of mischief. At my call for a boy and girl to take part in the egg trick he fairly bounded to the stage, and was standing at my side before I had concluded the introduction. I glanced toward the presidential box; Quentin's family was beaming on us. There was no doubt something was brewing. I waited for the impact.

Bagging a Magician

When the little girl reached the stage I borrowed a hat, took out the first egg and handed it to her. The girl passed it to Quentin. Three more eggs were produced. Then Quentin reached beneath his coat and drew forth a large black bag which he thrust toward me.

"Here, Mr. Thurston, put 'em in that," he said, with a sly glance at his family.

Some years later I had occasion to visit Colonel Roosevelt at his home in Oyster Bay, Long Island. Quentin at that time was fighting in France. His father and I laughed about the egg trick. A few days later Quentin was killed in an airplane battle.

I am going to tell you of a man who is fixed in my mind as the most picturesque person I have known in all my life. An astounding mixture of temperament and stolidity, of bluster and meekness, of impulsiveness and forgiveness; a nature that had the simplicity of a child's and the complexity of a genius'. It is of Harry Kellar I speak; Kellar, the master magician of his day and one of the most beloved entertainers the public has ever known. I worked with Kellar and knew him intimately. Throughout one entire season he introduced me nightly to his audiences, and told them I was to be his successor in the presentation of the illusions embodied in his show, some of which he had invented himself.

Kellar's success can be attributed to his determined, dogged spirit, which reflected itself in his strong personality and his blunt

(Continued on Page 71)

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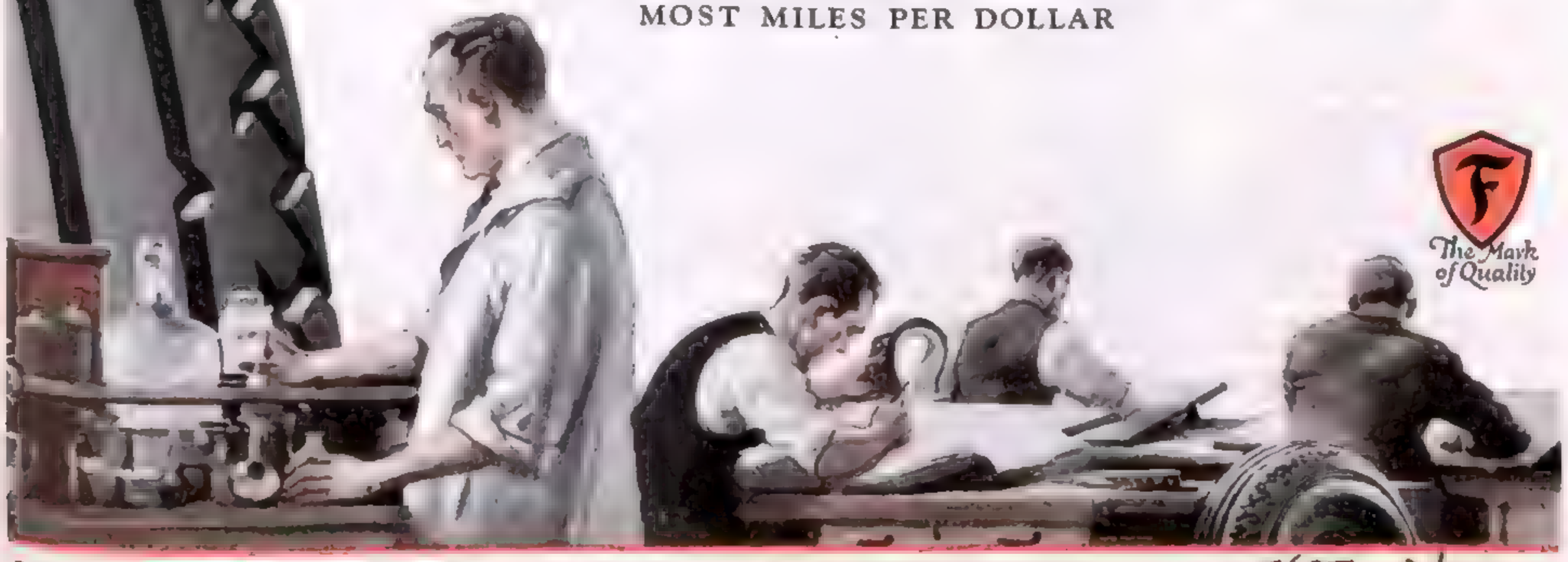
Third . . . Firestone has a large staff of research engineers who not only design the best tire construction, but also develop machinery to produce tires to give maximum strength and durability. (One of the developments of Firestone engineers is the Balloon Tire.)

Fourth . . Firestone has a dealer organization, of whom many have sent their repair men to the training school in Akron to learn the latest and best methods in repair of high pressure, balloons and bus pneumatics, and have installed Firestone's latest repair equipment. Call on the nearest Firestone dealer who is prepared to give you the most up-to-date, thorough and economical service.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR



The Mark of Quality

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Firestone

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENT *plus* TUBES *plus* REPRODUCER *plus* ACCESSORIES

"The Children's Hour"
—Painting by Andrew Loomis

You have a right to know

BEFORE you buy a radio, be sure to *demand* a direct answer to every one of these questions:—

1 "Is the product right?"

Note: Stewart-Warner Radio, employing the time-tried 5-tube tuned radio frequency circuit [licensed under U. S. Navy patents] assures you the very best in *reliable performance* every day in the year.

2 "Is the manufacturer reliable?"

Note: Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio is the product of an institution with a twenty-year background of experience as makers of precision instruments. The unquestioned reputation and financial strength of this big, responsible organization, are behind every Stewart-Warner Radio product!

3 "Is the complete radio made by one manufacturer?"

Note: All Stewart-Warner Radio Units—Instruments, Reproducer, Tubes and Accessories—are made by us, and, in addition, are *matched* to function together in perfect unison. The Stewart-Warner is the only *Matched-Unit* Radio on the market.

4 "Can I get good service when I want it?"

Note: The Stewart-Warner Dealer in your locality was chosen, as a dealer, because of his ability to give *prompt* and *expert service* to Stewart-Warner owners *at all times.*

5 "Will this set be obsolete in a year or two."

Note: There are no yearly models of Stewart-Warner Radio. Your Stewart-Warner set, bought today, will give splendid performance and complete satisfaction, "not for just a year, but always."

All of these things *you have a right to know.*

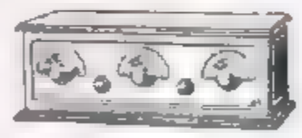
Remember that the entertainment and enjoyment of your entire family hinge upon the proper selection of your radio.

Every day more and more shrewd buyers are exercising their "right to know"—a fact reflected in the remarkable increase in the sales of Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio.

Our Blue Ribbon Representative in your locality will gladly demonstrate in your own home, the Matched-Unit Model you prefer. Let him bring you complete radio satisfaction today.

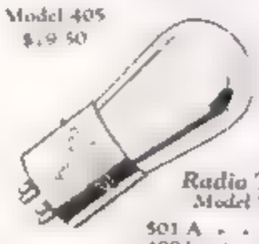
STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Model 400
Price on request
$250.00

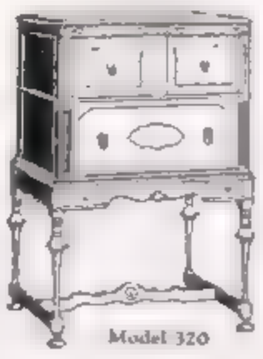


Model 300

Model 405
$149.50



Radio Tube
Model S-W
501 A $2.00
499 [for dry cells] $2.25



Model 320

Cabinet Models

Model 300	$65
Model 330 [dry cell set]	$65
Model 325 [As shown in illustration]	$80
Model 340 [dry cell set]	$80
Model 305	$95

Console Models

Model 310	$175
Model 335 [dry cell set]	$175
Model 315	$285
Model 320	$450

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Stewart-Warner

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 66)

and decisive manner. He came from that stock which is known as Pennsylvania Dutch; and I am sure he would have become a leader in any vocation he might have chosen, since the one he adopted was the one to which he was least suited physically. Manual dexterity is synonymous with the art of magic; nimbleness of the fingers is the mechanical phase which must be mastered before anything else is attempted. Kellar's fingers were short and thick and his movements awkward. And transcending all other handicaps was an impediment of speech which would be to average mortals a permanent bar to the adoption of a profession which requires a constant flow of patter. Patter is the verbal illusion of the magician. It is all-important.

Kellar had more handicaps to overcome than any magician I ever knew. But he had one great natural asset—a masterful will. If the mountain would not come to Mohammed then Mohammed would go to the mountain. The delicate sleight-of-hand tricks were impossible to Kellar's fingers, so he invented mechanical appliances to perform them for him. He practiced speaking, stage deportment and voice modulation until he became an exceptionally pleasing speaker and a graceful figure on the stage. He was in no sense a gambler; he took no chances which might lead to the exposure of his effects. Magic was a serious business with him. Safety was his model.

New Tricks to an Old Pug

I have never known a kindlier or bigger-hearted man than he. On the night that he died I was the guest of the Magician's Club, in St. Louis. None of us there knew that he was even seriously ill, much less that his soul had passed on to another sphere.

It is a strange coincidence that even as his life was ebbing we, his friends, had halted the festivities to stand for a moment in silent meditation as a mark of esteem to this splendid man and his achievements.

When I learned next morning of his death it came as a severe blow to me, a loss that could not be replaced. The remembrance of our struggles side by side, our mutual joys and disappointments, led me to write a few words in memory of this true friend, but I fear they are quite feeble in expressing my admiration for him.

I once tried to teach sleight-of-hand to John L. Sullivan, who liked magic and often came to see the show. But the powerful hands which had pommeled Jake Kilrain and other famous ring gladiators, now ghosts of the past, lacked the needed dexterity, so we confined our tricks to cards. He was devoted to cards and in his declining days solitaire brought him much solace.

The last time I saw the great John L. was in Nashville, Tennessee, where he was playing in vaudeville. I invited him to lunch after the performance. Mrs. Thurston and Pink Lawrence were with us at the table. Sandwiches were ordered. Mrs. Thurston wanted cheese and Pink and I ordered chicken. John said, "Bring me a chicken."

Pink and I had a glass of beer. John refused. He was firmly on the water wagon then and hated any alcoholic drink as fervently as he had once loved it.

"None of that poison in my system," he said, "and if you fellows take my advice you will cut it out."

The waiter placed the sandwiches on the table. John looked at his chicken sandwich and then called the waiter.

"I said a chicken. Bring me a chicken," he explained. A whole roasted chicken was soon put before him.

"Now, waiter, bring the tabasco sauce," he directed.

He forced the top off the bottle and emptied the entire contents over the chicken. It seemed to me that the fiery dish must sear his throat, but he consumed it all before Pink and I had finished sipping our beer. We who were "poisoning our systems" looked on in wonderment.

Tricks Before Royalty

John's last words to me were, "Good-by, young fellow; remember the latchstrings of the old farm are always hanging out." I never saw him again.

On sea trips the public entertainer is thrown in close contact with the people who are usually separated from him by the footlights. Once I was a fellow passenger of the Duke of Connaught and his beautiful daughter, Princess Pat, and we spent many delightful hours together, sitting on rugs in the bow of the ship and performing card tricks as the vessel carried us from Port Said to Italy. And eating apples. Princess Pat was especially fond of apples, and she never failed to have her little supply of them. They were charming persons, democratic to a degree and entirely free from the formalities which are supposed to surround members of the royal family.

My first appearance before royalty was in 1900 at the Palace Theater in London, where I played a six months' engagement. I had perfected a method of card manipulation which was entirely new, not only in America but also in England, and the novelty of the act attracted the Prince of Wales, who afterward became King Edward VII. The Prince was a sleight-of-hand performer of no mean ability. Curiously enough nobody informed me of his presence in the royal box, and I was not aware of it until after the show, when Charles Morton, the manager of the theater, brought him to my dressing room. I had often wondered about this man, concerning whom so much had been written and told; he was as much the figure of his day as the present heir to the British throne, his grandson, is of this.

A Prince of Magicians

"Congratulations, Thurston; your tricks are stunning," was his greeting, accompanied by a friendly tap on the shoulder. It was not the kind of meeting I would have pictured between myself and the man who would become the head of a great empire. I was amazed at his affability, his wholesome manner and the intelligent way in which he discussed the profession of magic. The scope of princely training began to dawn on me. If he was familiar with such an unusual calling as magic, certainly he must possess a great fund of general knowledge to enable him to do with those engaged in other professions and trades what he was doing with me at that moment—discussing my pet theme in an easy and knowing manner.

Prince Edward had the knack of making you forget entirely that he was one of the foremost royal personages of the world, much the same as the present Prince mingles with untitled folks in a democratic manner. In my dressing room that night he squatted himself on a trunk, and in a few minutes I found myself teaching him how to hold a card and at the same time show his hand empty, front and back. He mastered the sleight with surprising dexterity, and as he was leaving he asked if

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Fishing, camping, golf, sailing, motor boating, fresh waters to swim in, boat races to thrill you with the speed and fun of them. Dancing, too, in the cool, untired evenings to orchestras of skill.

The hotels do everything for your service at prices that will surprise you by their reasonableness. And so attractive are lobbies and porches and grounds that you hardly like to leave them even to visit such remarkable places as Fiddler's Elbow and the Devil's Oven. Unless, of course, you're a natural born wanderer, and prefer the delightful boat cruises.

The Thousand Islands are in the St. Lawrence River—right on the border line of Canada! And even if you're on a speedy motor trip with Montreal as your destination, you'll find it one of the shortest routes to ferry directly through the Thousand Islands.

Just a wonderful vacation! We'll do our share toward arranging it by sending you all necessary information. Fill out coupon below.

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Thousand Islands Guests Association, Dept. 155
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Tell me more about the Thousand Islands and their opportunities for pleasure and rest. Send me today your illustrated booklets.

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"Why so?"

"Well, I don't know if it is any better, but somehow I like it."

In the office where this bit of conversation was overheard, the purchase of an adding machine was under consideration.

Apparently, the choice of machine was being decided on the basis of some one's likes and dislikes.

Do "likes and dislikes" govern the selection of equipment in your office?

Or do you insist on comparison by the only logical standard of values—that of production.

The conclusion arrived at by a production test cannot be questioned. It will show you which machine is best for your work.

By "production test" is meant the actual figuring of a cross-section of the work of your office, including Payroll, Invoices, Inventory, Costs, Percentage, Sales Distribution, Statistical Statements, Book Additions—any kind of work.

Invite the nearest Comptometer Man to assist you in applying the production test to the Comptometer—and then compare the results with those obtained by any other means. If you can't raise him on your phone, write us.

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If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

he might return at some later date and practice it again. On six different occasions he attended the performance that winter, and every time came back to the dressing room to show me how he was progressing and to see if there was anything else in the line of magic he might learn.

Aside from the enjoyment he finds in meeting notable persons, it is an asset to the entertainer to appear before royalty, since it puts the seal of regal approval on his performance and he benefits from the publicity. Three years after the London engagement, I was playing in Copenhagen when the Czar of Russia, King George of Greece and King Edward of England were visiting King Christian of Denmark. If I could appear before four rulers at one sitting it would be a ten-strike. But my efforts to arrange a performance were unavailing, and I was keenly disappointed that such an exceptional opportunity should be missed.

It has been my observation that the rulers of empires are not nearly so fearful of their personal safety as are those who guard them. It is often a relief to them to be treated like plain, everyday human beings, free from all the pomp and ceremony of court life. I recall a performance I gave years ago for the President of France at his mansion in Paris. In addition to the president and his family and some thirty or forty of their countrymen, the audience consisted of fifty or more men attired in Oriental costume, whom I judged to be dignitaries from the royal circles of Morocco. The president's secretary suggested that I do the trick of taking a live duck from the coat collar of a man, using one of the foreigners as my subject. I selected the most regal-looking member of the party and not only proceeded to extract the live duck from his person, but some stockings and baby clothes as well. He was highly amused by it all, and a few days later I discovered him and his entire entourage occupying seats at the theater where I was playing. Miss Cleo de Merode, the charming little French actress, who had a wide acquaintance among royalty, was with them at the performance.

It was the Shah of Persia, however, who established himself with me as the prince of good fellows in this respect. I was playing in vaudeville at the Empire Theater in London, when he came to the British capital to attend the coronation of King Edward VII.

When I was informed one evening that he was occupying a box in the center of the first balcony, I determined to give his party special attention. So when I reached that part of my act in which I flip cards out into the audience I sent a number of them sealing in the direction of the Persian ruler.

Five of them in succession sailed into the royal box, landing either on the shah's lap or close to him.

Shying at the Shah

While doing this I was conscious of a great commotion going on all about me. The stage manager was yelling at me from the wings, several persons in the front seats were making frantic gestures, and the director of the theater came running down the center aisle. At the height of the confusion the curtain was rung down, halting the performance. I found myself in the center of an excited, gesticulating group of Englishmen.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"Trouble?" repeated the theater manager. "Do you want to ruin us? Don't you know that's the Shah of Persia up there in that box?"

"Sure, I know it. What of it?"

My obtuseness seemed to be too much for the manager. His exasperation was so intense he could barely explain what it was that had caused his alarm—that one of the soaring cards might strike His Highness and cause serious injury. I admit that these cards are thrown with such force that they do sting if they strike, but I had assumed that the Persian ruler would not sit idly by and permit one to pop him in the eye. Apparently the shah was of the same mind, for while we were still arguing it out he sent word requesting that I do the entire act over again, including the card shying.

A few days later I received an invitation to give a private performance before the shah at the house which the government had assigned to him and his party for the coronation ceremonies. It was a picturesque assemblage which greeted me when I appeared in response to this invitation; about forty or fifty men attired in their native costumes of dazzling splendor. The room was a blaze of silks, velvets and precious jewels, and the atmosphere was laden with the fragrance of subtle perfumes from the Orient. But I could detect a spirit of gayety even in this exotic setting and it gave me the courage to be a trifle daring.

Ducking His Dignity

I selected the most dignified-looking member of the party, a man well along in years, who might have been the Minister of Foreign Affairs or an official of equal standing in Persia. From his coat collar I extracted a bundle of feminine garments. The laughter of the shah and his guests was hilarious, which added to my conviction that I could take more liberties. I thereupon drew the live duck from the dignified one's collar and dropped it into the shah's lap, apparently by accident. This amused everyone so much that I was forced to repeat the trick with three other members of the party. At the conclusion of the performance the shah gave me a beautiful cigarette holder and case, which I added to the twenty other presents I have received from royalty.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria had the reputation of being one of the most unapproachable monarchs in the world. I was eager to give a performance before him while playing in Budapest, in 1902, but was told that he never received any professional entertainers at the palace. I had all but given up the idea, when I read one morning that the emperor's grandson was about to celebrate his birthday, and this suggested a new plan of action; I would offer to entertain the prince and his young friends at the birthday party. The invitation to appear at the palace came soon afterward.

The performance was given at the palace in Pest, just across the river from Buda. Besides the emperor and a party of ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, about thirty children were on hand to see the sleight-of-hand stunts and larger illusions. Were these children like the boys and girls I had known back in the United States, I wondered. Were they swayed by the same emotions as the ordinary healthy youngster or had the restrictions of court life robbed them of the rightful heritage of youth? I confess I was frankly curious on this score and resolved to do the tricks which invariably appeal to the spontaneous, unburdened temperament of the juvenile.

I resorted to the egg trick, my favorite device for amusing youngsters. A little princess of the realm and the emperor's grandson came forward in response to my call for volunteers. As I produced the eggs from a borrowed hat and passed them to the girl for her to hand in turn to the little prince, the inevitable happened; the egg crashed to the hardwood floor in spite of his valiant efforts to balance the growing pile in his arms. The effect on the audience was what it might have been in a home for foundling children, instead of this royal palace which housed one of the oldest and proudest families of the world. From that portion of the hall where the youngsters were seated came a gleeful roar, as wholesome and free of restraint as the laugh that comes from the American child at the antics of the circus clown. I decided that being the grandson of an emperor wasn't such a distressing thing after all.

The personalities of men of distinctive and forceful character have always left a strong impression with me. As a student at Mount Hermon School, I spent four years under the powerful influence of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. I can see him now as he raised his voice and arms in describing the ascension of Elijah to heaven in his chariot of fire. "Up, up, up, up!" Moody would say, imparting a dramatic effect to the description which made you visualize the scene he was picturing. And for thirty years I have never given a performance of the rising card trick without forming a mental picture of him and saying aloud "Up, up, up, up!" as the card leaves the table and ascends to my right hand.

Of all the personalities registered in my memory there are three which stand out as possessed of a rare ability to pierce the armor of the other man and bring him into a circle of efflorescent warmth and friendship. I am thinking now of President Roosevelt, Baron Rothschild and Edward F. Albee. Of the man who to me was The Great American, I have mentioned the outstanding impression he left with me; I shall say a brief word of another.

While playing in London in 1900 I received an invitation to entertain a party of sixteen persons at the late baron's home, most of his guests being members of royalty. It was not my appearance before this august group which interested me so much, but more the character of the host. I fancy it was his piercing eyes which made him different from any other man I have ever met, except one, Mr. Albee, to whom he bore a striking resemblance in personality. When Baron Rothschild focused his gaze upon you their spell enveloped you from head to foot; you felt the sincerity of this man, the breadth of his intellect, the strength of his will and the presence of a kindliness which reached out quickly and brought you into its fold. You felt that it was right for Baron Rothschild to direct and for you to follow—he a natural leader and you an eager follower. It is the same with Mr. Albee.

Put 'er There, Prince!

Baron Rothschild was skilled in sleight of hand. After the performance in his home we retired to another room and showed each other card tricks. I was amazed at his dexterity in the "pass," the "change," the "one-hand shuffle," and his cleverness in "misdirection" and timing. He was without affectation, and I think it was this fact which brought about an amusing incident at the moment we were exchanging tricks. A tall gentleman, with drooping mustache and monocle, approached and said, "May I intrude? I like tricks." He was a prince with the manner of an Englishman, but of Continental nationality. The baron introduced us. The prince was quite tall. He raised his right hand above his head and lowered two fingers. The posture struck me as a silly one for a grown man, and I confess my American nerve got the better of me. I drew his two dangling fingers down to his waistline; then, taking his hand firmly in mine, said, "Let us shake hands as we do in America. Glad to meet you, prince." With that I gave him a hearty Western handshake. He looked at me for a moment, adjusted his monocle and said, "That's rather nice; you know I like you Americans." He joined our circle. The baron and I did card tricks. The prince was our audience.

I have been fortunate in my contact with celebrities. I have met them in their own homes, where the shackles of official life are thrown off and the true self is revealed. And I would extend the thought which Kipling gave to the world when he wrote that "the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins." It has been my experience that the Colonel and O'Grady themselves bear a close kinship.

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The TEENIE WEENIES and their Secret

A TEENIE WEENIE is never happier than when he is helping someone. The little people, who are so small they could go sliding on a banana skin, simply have to be doing something to make their friends happy.

So that is one of the reasons why they decided to make Peanut Butter. Anyhow, they were not quite satisfied with the different kinds of Peanut Butter they had tasted.

Then, too, they wanted to make something for boys and girls a little better than anything they had ever eaten before.

The General and several of the little people spent many days looking into the various kinds of Peanut Butter on the market. They tasted it, they smelled it and they carried several thimblefuls into the pickle barrel, where the Doctor had his laboratory.

The Doctor examined it and tested it many times: Some of the butter was too dry, some was bitter, some was this and some was that, but none of it was just what the Teenie Weenies wanted.

"I believe we can make a Peanut Butter that every boy and girl will like"—said the General, "I mean the kind they will *like* to like."

"You mean the kind that will make a boy say, 'GEE WHILIKERS, give me some more,' don't you?" asked the Dunce.

"That's the kind," laughed the General.

"Well, let's try it," said the Doctor. "Let's experiment and see what we can do."

The very next day the Teenie Weenies set to work. Their workshop stood beneath the wildflowers, quite screened from curious eyes, and there the little men began their experiments. They worked for many days.

They tried all sorts of peanuts and they did all sorts of things with them. Finally they made a Peanut Butter which everyone thought was fine. It was so good that most of the Teenie Weenies could make a whole meal of it.

The Dunce ate almost half a thimbleful at one meal and the Doctor said that it would have made him dreadfully sick if it hadn't been such good butter.

"Now we've got to build a factory and start in making Peanut Butter," said the General. "We have worked mighty hard discovering how to make this butter, so we must build our factory in some hidden place, for we don't want our secret to get out."

So the little fellows chose the woods as a safe place, and there, among the flowers, they built their tiny factory. No one knows just where it is—no one but the birds, the squirrels and the bees, and they won't tell.

Day after day the little men tramp into the forest with peanuts on their tiny backs, and out of the forest come buckets of the delicious Peanut Butter. No one ever knew just how they went about their work, until one day Mr. Robin unexpectedly ran across the factory hidden in the woods. And what a sight met his eyes!

He saw the little men chop open the shells with their tiny axes; saw them lift out the nuts and remove the inner skins and the little germinating hearts.

The Teenie Weenies explained to Mr. Robin afterward that they had to be very careful about removing these hearts, because if they were left in they would make the Peanut Butter taste bitter.

You can tell how careful they are about this point because Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter is always sweet and delicious.

"My," Mr. Robin said, after he had watched the grinding of the peanuts and filling of the pails, "I never saw such a clean workshop!"

The little men built a strong wagon to carry the heavy buckets of Peanut Butter out of the forest.

It was terribly hilly and rough along the road under the bushes and flowers, so they hired a squirrel to pull the wagon, but the squirrel ate so many peanuts the little men were quite alarmed.

"We've got to stop that squirrel from eating so many peanuts," the Old Soldier told the General. "He can eat them almost as fast as we carry them into the factory."

"Well, put a muzzle on him," answered the General.

The Old Soldier made a neat muzzle for the squirrel and that kept him from eating up the profits.

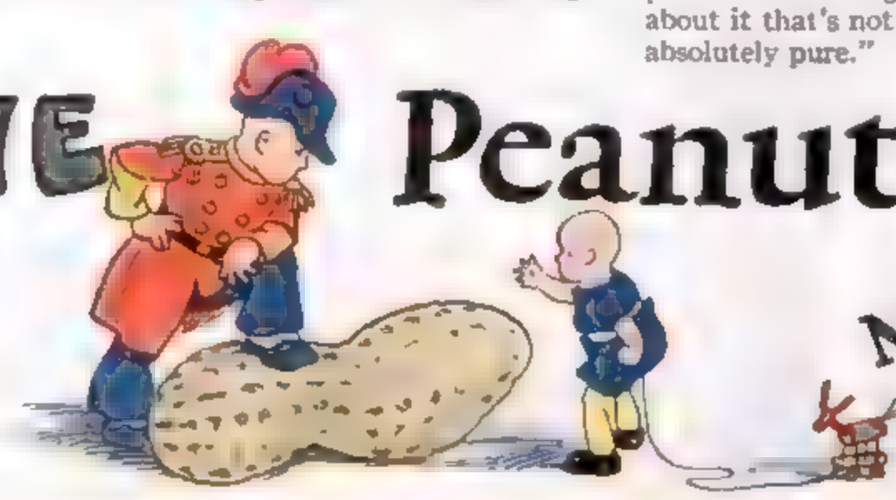
The squirrel was quite angry at being muzzled, but he was given all the nuts that were considered as not being good enough to be made into Peanut Butter, and that soothed his hurt feelings.

"What makes your Peanut Butter so good?" asked a bird who had been given some to eat.

"Oh that's a secret," said the General, smiling, as he sat down on a peanut shell.

"Oh!" exclaimed the bird, who was just a little peeved at not being told. "Well, I'll tell you one thing about it that's not a secret—it is most delicious and absolutely pure."

TEENIE WEENIE Peanut Butter



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General Offices: Chicago, U. S. A.
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MONARCH QUALITY *for 70 years*

THE BLUNDERER

(Continued from Page 31)

the striking of hands upon the conclusion of a compact. So it became to her now a heavy memory, one which shut out all things else—one which she found terrifying, yet sweet too. And when she tried to examine her own heart, she gave over the attempt.

She turned her eyes into the future. Bob must already be worried about their non-return. She guessed he would have insisted that Hackey start out to search for them; perhaps would even himself attempt the climb, bad ankle or no. But she realized with a little grimace that he would be worried purely because of the possibility that some physical mishap had befallen her. The fact that she was with Kurr, that she and Kurr had thus passed a night together in the forest, would cause him no concern. He was, she remembered, never inclined to any jealous feeling, to any questioning. She had sometimes in the past sought to awaken such an emotion in him, but his rejoinder was always the same.

"That doesn't worry me, Cynthia," he used to say. "I know I can count on you."

This thought now caused her some irritation; she made a little petulant grimace. This trust of his might be a sober tribute to her good qualities, but she found it unflattering, almost provocative. Kurr, she guessed, would never be so insensible. She had already satisfied herself that Kurr hated Bob, not so much on his own account as because Bob was her husband. Cynthia was a young woman of sound sense and fundamental loyalty, but even a sensible woman may think what she chooses.

There was, even if Kurr had been a prosaic and uninteresting man, something adventurous and moving in their present situation; it seemed to her to set them apart from the world, remote from all its usages. She wondered, idly, whether Kurr had planned this incident; dismissed the thought with a smile. His own discomfort was too genuine; she realized that the error had been Bunker's alone and she remembered with amusement Bunker's almost pleased acceptance of the fact that he had once more lost his way. Poor blunderer. His mistake was responsible for this night just passed, but whoever was responsible, the night seemed to her to possess a very definite significance. If, the day before, after the kiss which had passed between her and Kurr, they had gone soberly home to the camp, the matter might have ended or it might have proceeded through a diminishing sequence of incidents back to normality again. But this night, alone in the wilderness together—Bunker could be disregarded—this night had, intangibly, set some sort of seal on the episode. Her thoughts ran swiftly. The affair was, she perceived, a major adventure, if it were nothing more; and her pulses quickened to its tempo. She looked at Kurr and thought that if he could see himself, he would wake in consternation; and she smiled a little, gently, at the thought. Then wished she had a mirror for her own reassurance.

It was Bunker who by and by opened his eyes; opened them easily and lightly, met her glance, nodded and touched his brow with a finger in salute. He had been half sheltered from the rain, yet all his outlying parts were wet, and water dripped from his hand as he raised it. He saw that Kurr was still asleep, so he rose very quietly and moved away, returning with birch bark and dry boughs broken from the low bole of a hemlock. The crackle of the fire roused, at last, Kurr. He woke with a startled movement, twisted himself about till he could look at Bunker and then at Cynthia.

"Good morning," she said.

He nodded, chewing at nothing. "Good morning," he responded dourly. Then with a glance at the sky and another at Bunker, he said harshly, "Still raining."

"Setting in to," Bunker agreed.

Kurr got painfully to his feet, and he uttered an exclamation of pain. "I'm stiffened up," he said resentfully.

"So am I," Cynthia reminded him. She was thinking that his darkened chin was not unbecoming; it lent a rough force to his countenance.

He picked up their rain shirts, which had been arranged to protect them in some degree from the downpour.

"Put this on," he suggested. "Move around a bit." And when she had obeyed, he spoke to Bunker. "Where's the water?" he asked.

"I found a little spring down below," Bunker said vaguely.

"I'll go down with you," Kurr suggested; and he added to Cynthia, "We'll bring some back to you."

She nodded as the two men went down the steep way, disappearing somewhere below. When they returned she had somehow achieved a seemliness of appearance which Kurr remarked. "You look as fresh as if you'd slept in bed," he said approvingly.

"I rested well," she agreed.

They had trout again for breakfast; trout and black coffee almost painfully weak. "The last coffee I've got," Bunker explained.

"Be sure the trout is done," Kurr adjured him. "It wasn't fit to eat last night."

"Fire was too hot," Bunker apologized. "Mrs. Daigle had to get warm." He stirred the fish in the pan and when presently he served them, they ate heartily, were not critical. Afterward Bunker restored the cooking dishes to his pack basket. He left out the ax, explained as though thinking to himself, "I'll spot some trees today so we can tell where we go."

A difference of opinion arose between the two men as to which course they should take and Cynthia listened incuriously. Conscious of her own ignorance, she submitted to their guidance, but she saw that Kurr was on a hair edge, his nerves jangling, his temper ready to blaze. She felt sorry for him, and when presently they set out, climbing the ridge down which they had come the night before, she tried to reassure Kurr; bade him have no concern on her account.

"This will be something to smile over later on," she reminded him.

He mustered a suggestion of his old manner. "Something to remember," he agreed "It was wonderful to watch you, sleeping beside me there."

"I watched you this morning," she retorted, with a smile. "Your mouth was sagging sidewise. I would not have known you." She meant to jest, but to her surprise he reddened with swift anger, bit his lip to check some explosive word. She thought, as they climbed steadily, that it was just as well this adventure would soon be ended; just as well for Kurr to get back to his familiar background. "He's more attractive there," she confessed to herself.

It did not till noon occur to her that they might not get back to camp that day. They had, so far as she could see, made no progress at all. Bunker confessed himself at a loss, but Kurr insisted that they follow a valley opening below them. This discussion persisted while they cooked two more of the trout. "They're softening up," Bunker explained. "Might as well cook what we want and throw the rest away."

Cynthia ate little. She thought the trout were already past their highest usefulness. But Kurr wolfed his, and she saw that the man's appetite was tormenting him, remembered that he had been accustomed to eat with a certain gusto not in character. Bunker ate sparingly and slowly; and afterward they pressed on down the valley Kurr had indicated. The rain persisted with a monotonous regularity that was in itself harassing, and Kurr became more and more inclined to a surly silence. Toward mid-afternoon Bunker in the lead, halted, and then made a cast up the steep flank of the ridge on their right hand. After a moment he called down to them:

"Thought so!"

"Thought what?" Kurr barked at him.

"Here's a tree I spotted this morning," Bunker explained. "We've swung right around."

Kurr, with a furious muffled word, sprang up to see for himself; left Cynthia where she was. She was beginning to be very tired; her muscles ached, her feet were sore and blistered and her hands were abraded by contact with a thousand twigs and branches. She heard Kurr accuse Bunker of having misled them, and Bunker defended himself.

"You was the one wanted to come this way," he reminded Kurr. "Down this valley. I wasn't for doing it at all."

Kurr said stridently, "That's a lie! I'll decide where to go after this. You stay behind."

"That's no lie," Bunker said gently; yet there was that in his tone which made Kurr look at him with quick attention.

"Never mind," he said shortly. "I don't want to quarrel with you now. You've been in here before. Get us out of here, Bunker."

"I'll do the best I can," Bunker agreed steadily. "If you leave me alone."

"Go ahead," Kurr reiterated.

"There's nothing to hurt us," Bunker said, looking down toward Cynthia. "No hurry at all. Just a matter of taking your time."

Cynthia called up to them, "Haven't you a compass?" Kurr shook his head, and Bunker said apologetically:

"I did have one, ma'am. A right good one, with a leather strap on it. But it got lost someway and I never got around to getting me another."

She was climbing to join them. Kurr, she saw, was fumbling in his pockets for a cigarette; he found none, and she heard his angry ejaculation.

"I've heard it was wise to try to go in a straight line," she suggested. "We'll get somewhere that way, at least."

"Not much good if you take the wrong line," Bunker reminded her; and Kurr said bitterly:

"It's twenty miles across this hole in any direction. And the lake can't be five miles away."

Bunker said mildly:

"We'll try over this way, though. Ought to strike some country I've seen before." And he began to lead them again, this time at right angles to their former course.

As though in derision, the rain came down more briskly. Their way lay along the slope, so that as they walked, one foot was slightly lower than the other. The middle toe of Cynthia's right foot her shoe had rasped until the skin was tender; she tried now to ease this irking little pain by setting down her foot in awkward fashions, now with the side downhill, now with the heel. But the pain persisted. Once, toward dusk, she had a hysterical desire to stop and cry. But she drove herself bitterly onward, determined not to hamper the two men. Bunker, she saw, kept an eye upon her, and again and again when her distress became almost unendurable, he stopped their progress while she rested.

On one such occasion Kurr made a cast to one side, up to a little knoll, trying to find an outlook from which he could spy out the country.

Bunker took the occasion to speak to Cynthia. "Tired, ma'am?" he asked.

"I can stick it," she said, fighting to smile.

"Mr. Kurr feels mighty bad about this," he remarked wistfully. "I'm sorry too."

"It's no one's fault," she generously protested.

"Oh, it's my fault all right," he confessed. "It's a wonder he don't light into me."

"He doesn't blame you," she replied.

Bunker turned away. She had a curious feeling that he was disappointed with her replies and wondered why. By and by they went on.

They were, when darkness fell, no better off than they had been the night before. Rather worse than better, for then they had been moderately dry; and now by the long rigor of the day their rain shirts had been ripped and ruined, and their own exertions had combined with the rain to wet them thoroughly. Also, there was nothing for them to eat. When darkness fell Bunker lighted a roaring fire, and with his ax ringing he brought great logs that would feed it through the night, large enough to defy the hissing rain. Facing this fire he flung together a loose shelter of boughs which permitted only an intermittent dripping inside. He made it large enough to cover them all; and they sat within it, Cynthia between the two men, for miserable hours, Bunker occasionally moving to replenish the fire. Cynthia found that blisters on her feet had broken; and she bound them protectingly with strips torn from her undergarments; furnished bandages to do Kurr a like service. Kurr became involved in an interminable altercation with Bunker; a succession of recriminations more and more bitter when Bunker sought to defend himself. Cynthia said at last impatiently:

"Please, please! That does no good at all."

Bunker looked at her with an attentive eye, and Kurr said harshly:

"You expect me to thank this fellow for getting us into this?"

She laughed at him a little. "You said this morning you'd be glad to remember it by and by."

"We've got to get out before I can begin to enjoy it," he retorted, "and I don't see how we're going to do that." She thought, dismayingly, that there was a suggestion of panic in his tones; if he was alarmed there might be cause. She felt faint consternation on her own account, till Bunker said in his tone of mild assurance:

"That's all right. I've been lost before and always got out by and by."

Kurr was the first to go to sleep that night, or at least he was the first to lie down, stretching himself on the loose boughs Bunker had thrown into the shelter. To Cynthia, sleep did not come so easily as the night before. She was hungry, not uncomfortably so, but still hungry. And from foot to head she was sore and harried by fatigue and by rough contact with the wilderness. She lay at last between the two men, between Kurr who twitched and twisted nervously, and Bunker who seemed to sleep as inertly as a dog. The rain sputtered on the fire at their feet, brushed across the boughs above their heads, and now and then a single drop, or at times a little stream of water, descended upon them where they lay soddenly. The night was warm, the rain was warm, the fire was warm; yet Cynthia was chilled and cold and aching. She woke once to find herself pressed against Bunker's broad back, where she had drawn for warmth as she slept; and she lay very still, reluctant to move. And she thought of Bob and, since this is instinctive in women, she found herself blaming him for her present plight. If he had done this or that, been thus and so, she would not have come to the lake at all, would not have climbed to the pond with Kurr, would not have kissed Kurr —— Also, Bob should have found her before now. She did not consider how this could have been done; was content to find satisfaction in holding Bob to blame.

In the morning Kurr and Bunker quarreled again when Bunker produced from the pack basket a can of beans.

"Sometimes the trout don't bite in Fish Pond," he explained. "So I brought it along for lunch that day and I've been keeping it since."

Kurr accused him of having the basket full of food which he was hiding from them, and Bunker with a suggestion of scorn in his eyes emptied the basket on the sodden ground. Then he opened the can with two

(Continued on Page 79)

STEWART-WARNER

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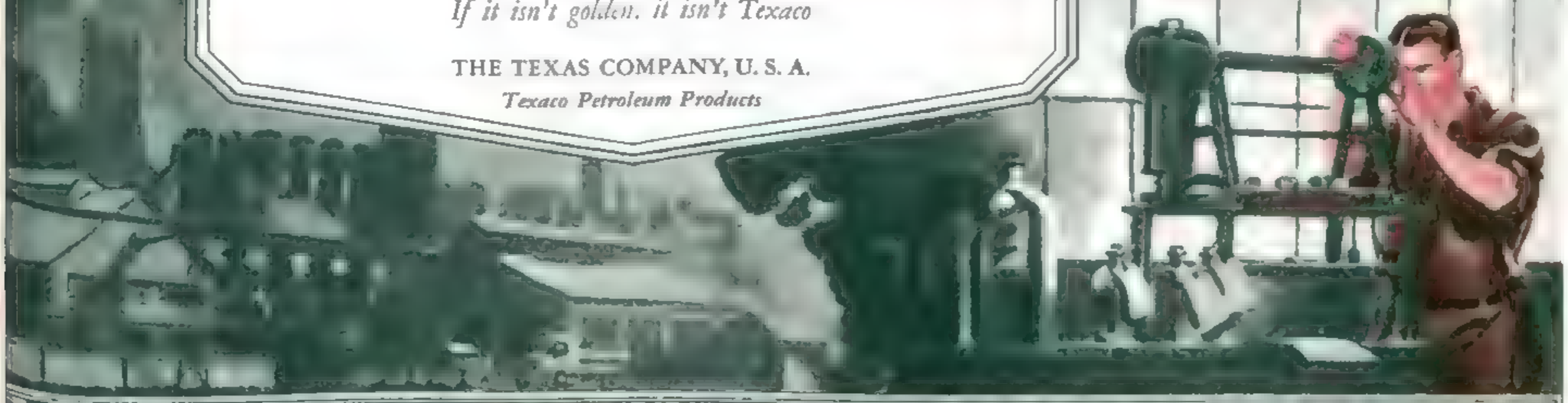

ACO

GASOLINE

Blue-print sketch of Goodyear-equipped chip conveyor in the Brunswick, (Ga.) plant of the Hercules Powder Company, with inset photograph of the plant

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Five Years vs. Two Years—and the G. T. M.

Now the record speaks for itself. But back there in October of 1920, while the present achievement was far from a solid fact, the heads at the Brunswick (Georgia) plant of the Hercules Powder Company, were not entirely convinced when the G. T. M. —Goodyear Technical Man—mentioned "a rubber belt."

That was natural, because the carrying of the pine chips from the mill room to the extractors had always presented a most difficult problem. Could this belt of rubber and duck stand up under the punishment of chips containing rosin, turpentine oils and dust?

But the G. T. M. was logical. He had calculated every dimension, and in company with the plant officials had carefully noted the practical service conditions. Moreover, he stuck to his point, that the belt which is specified to its job will always return the most in efficient, trouble-free, economical service. They accepted his recommendation.

The Goodyear Conveyor Belt he recommended—305 feet of 24-inch, 5-ply, 28-oz. duck, 1/8-inch cover on the carrying side and 1/16-inch on the pulley side—stayed on the job from October 10, 1920, to December 26, 1925. Five years of uninterrupted conveyor belt service, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. And the best competitive belt before it had lasted only two years!

"From personal experience," writes Mr. A. S. Kloss, Superintendent of the Brunswick plant, "we have found the particular belt mentioned above to give most satisfactory service in that especial phase of our operation."

Goodyear Belts today are regular equipment in that Hercules plant. Every conveyor belt but one there now is of Goodyear manufacture. The G. T. M., too, has continued and developed his studies of the belting requirements, concentrating on the particular type and construction of belt that will do the most efficient and trouble-free job.

Whatever your belting experience or problem, it may be that the G. T. M. can analyze your plant or drive to your profit. The G. T. M. is an expert on belting, with a practical knowledge of many industries.

Any Goodyear product he may recommend, Transmission and Conveyor Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing, you may rely on to give you greater service at lower cost. For information about the work of the G. T. M., the Goodyear Analysis Plan, or Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 74)

crosscuts of the ax, and warmed the beans in the fry pan. Kurr served Cynthia with a fair third of them, but she saw that he left less than a decent share for Bunker. Her lip curled a little and she thought of giving Bunker part of her portion. But her own hunger defeated this impulse.

That day was like the day before, save only that toward noon they came out upon a lofty ledge from which, through the misting rain, Bunker professed to be able to recognize some landmarks and to set a course accordingly.

"This'll bring us to the lake; this course, if we can stick to it," he told them. But when Kurr asked how far it was he could only shake his head.

"Three-four miles," he replied. "But we'll maybe have to work around. There's a swamp down below."

They came, in fact, to this swamp; a tangle of down cedar interlaced with growing trees. Bunker proposed skirting this obstacle, but Kurr insisted on an attempt to penetrate it and they began to work their way in, the guide methodically spotting trees as they progressed. In the end the place became impassable and they had to fight their way out once more, emerging to substantial footing in the late afternoon, with night already near at hand.

To make the matter worse, Bunker decided that he had been wrong in his landmarks.

"We'd ought to have gone more to the right," he confessed. "That wan't Red Top I saw. I figured it was, but I see now I was wrong."

Cynthia was sick with hope deferred and Kurr broke into a hysterical tirade, blind and irrevocable. Bunker ignored him, plodding on his way, but by and by, as they topped a little rise of ground, an incident occurred which served to detonate Kurr's smoldering rage. They surprised a hen partridge with her brood, and while the chicks hid, the mother bird scuttled through the underbrush, whining pitifully. Cynthia cried:

"Oh, come away, come away. We're frightening her."

"We can kill her," Kurr whispered. "Get a stick, Bunker."

As he spoke, the bird gave him the chance he had desired. She turned and—ludicrously yet gallantly—she charged at them. Kurr and Bunker were standing side by side, and she swept toward them at a strutting trot, tail spread, ruffs and crest erect, hissing from wide beak. Thus came within a hand's reach of their feet. And as she did so Kurr made a stride and a stamp as though he would have trodden her down.

But Bunker, at the same moment, struck with the butt of his ax. "I aimed to hit her," he protested afterward. But what he did was to strike Kurr smartly across the shin bone, so that the man howled stridently with pain, and turned and flung at Bunker wildly. Bunker, with a defensive gesture, thrust him back and away, and Kurr tripped over his own heels and sat nursing his hurt leg; and his tight lips dripped profanely. Cynthia drew back, watching and listening with her finger pressed against her mouth, herself trembling at last with a rage as great as his. Only Bunker remained calm; he was helplessly apologetic, but otherwise undisturbed.

"I aimed to hit the bird, ma'am," he protested to Cynthia. "I didn't go to hit Mr. Kurr."

Kurr swore he could move no more that night; so they stayed there, beside another roaring fire, beneath another rude and ineffective shelter. Just after dark the wind quickened and Bunker said alertly:

"Hey, that'll mean clearing tomorrow, I figure. A thunder shower tonight, maybe."

He was proved, for all his other inadequacies, a good weather prophet. They were for three hours that night, as it seemed to them, the center of a vortex of fire and a cannonade of thunder. Cynthia, reasonably free from any fear of such manifestations, found the spectacle indescribably moving; but to Kurr it was torment. He was, it appeared, nervously susceptible to thunder showers, and while the storm was at its worst the man literally cowered, face buried in his arms.

When they lay down for what sleep they could summon, Cynthia, as though by inadvertence, contrived to put Bunker between her and Kurr. Kurr protested, with half-hearted urgencies, and then with a sullen petulance. But she persisted silently.

She woke in the morning to find Kurr still asleep, but Bunker was gone. She got to her feet without waking Kurr, and moved outside the shelter into—sunlight. The day indeed was clear, the sun already high. Its warmth poured down upon her, bathed her caressingly.

After a little, while she was busy with her hair, she saw Bunker coming toward her through the wood, and she smiled at the guide in a friendly way. He greeted her quietly.

"Mr. Kurr's still asleep," she said.

"He feels mighty bad about this," Bunker suggested. She made no comment; and he pursued, "I was mighty clumsy, hitting him with that ax."

"He would have killed that partridge," she reminded him. Her tone was bitter and the guide looked at her thoughtfully for a minute, then seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind.

"I been up on the hill," he said. "I know where we are now. We can be back at the lake in an hour."

VII

THE wilderness, to those whom it infolds, has a certain insulating character; the world is so completely shut out that it ceases to exist. The man who wanders half a dozen rods away from the beaten path into a thick and tangled wood, finds himself as remote both physically and spiritually from the ordinary considerations of casual life as though his normal world had ceased to be. From this it arises that nothing so contributes to peace of mind as to throw oneself into the routine business of moving from place to place, cooking one's meals, and making one's bed at night with only such paraphernalia as may be transported or improvised from the materials at hand in the forest. Thus during the days just gone, Cynthia had found that the outer world lost its reality; that even Bob became an impersonal and remote individual; and that her thoughts and her emotions centered first in the matter of her own comfort, and only secondarily in the psychological dilemma arising out of the incipient relation between her and Kurr.

She had left Fish Pond, three days before, in a world aglow, not so much captivated by Kurr as by the fact of his devotion, not so much moved to a reciprocal feeling toward him as charmed and absorbed in the fact that he evinced a certain passion for herself. But in the intervening three days, whatever garments of romance Kurr had worn had become threadbare. The man's clothing had become draggled and disordered and torn; the growing beard across his chin had given him a curiously tattered look; and likewise his personality, so persuasive in its perfection, had suffered under the friction of the experience they had endured together. Cynthia, fully as miserable as he, had nevertheless kept a certain composure, endured without complaining, and spared her companions the necessity of sharing her sufferings. But any pang Kurr may have felt, he had inflicted upon Bunker and upon her; and his temper, frayed thin, had become steadily worse. Against his normal background, laboriously constructed and preserved, Kurr presented a picture well nigh perfect—the portrait of a cultivated man. But without his background, deprived of the adventitious aids to which he was accustomed, he had been unable to play the part to which he was used. Another man might have lived these three days with so steady a mien as to acquire new charm from the experience. Bunker had in fact done so; Cynthia found him more and more appealing, discovered in him—for all his apparent blundering—a surprising competence. But her feeling for Kurr had progressed steadily, at first without her being conscious of the change, until it had reached the point of acute distaste.

Bunker's announcement this morning, rendering so imminent the moment when they would be returned into their usual ways, came to Cynthia with a certain shocking force, startling her back into memory. She began for the first time fully to perceive how great Bob's consternation must have been. Hitherto she had realized this without feeling it; her mind had comprehended while her emotions remained unmoved. But now she felt; suffered with him the agonies of fear he must in these days have endured. And she fell into the grip of an impatience as ruthless, though not as frank, as that which Kurr displayed when Bunker told him they were within an hour's walk of the lake.

There was nothing to delay them; they had no supplies, no breakfast to cook. The sun was warm enough so that their clothes were already drying. They set out almost at once along the way. Bunker took the direction of their course, led them down and up and down; and Kurr pressed after him so swiftly that Bunker was urged forward by the other's movement at his heels, and Cynthia, unable to keep the pace for all her eagerness, fell a little behind.

It was Bunker who first perceived this and stopped to wait for her; but Kurr, as though the approach of civilization began already to modify those ugly qualities he had of late displayed, thereafter evinced an increasing solicitude on her account, kept beside or behind her, and offered now and then his assisting hand when the way was hard. He began, too, to watch her with an attentiveness which she saw and understood; and she kept her eyes blank, while behind the defenses thus upraised she prepared to meet the moment which she saw must come.

Bunker had said they would reach the lake shore within an hour. He was better than his word. They saw the water below them through the trees at the end of half an hour's fast walking, and they scrambled swiftly down and broke through the bushes and found the lake at their feet. Even Cynthia recognized their surroundings. A mile or so away across the open water lay Kurr's island. The cove from which they had set out for Fish Pond was to their right, deeply indenting the shore. If they were to return in the canoe they had left there, they must still struggle through the forest for a weary time. But Bunker pointed out that there was no necessity for this.

"You get out on that point of rocks there," he suggested. "I'll go bring up the canoe. Or they might see you from the island before I get back here at all."

Kurr had addressed to Bunker this morning scarce a word; he said now, in the cool and icy tone he was used to use toward his servants:

"Do so. And make haste, Bunker."

So the guide drew off along the shore, hidden among the trees which grew so close as to overhang the water itself. Kurr led Cynthia a little way along and they scrambled out upon the rocks so that the forest no longer concealed them.

"I'll try to make them see us from the island," he told her, and stood erect, waving his arms, cupping his hands for a long halloo across the quiet lake.

"Bunker won't be long," she suggested.

"I am impatient," he confessed, and he met her eyes. "I shall not soon forgive myself for this—for what I have made you endure."

"I haven't greatly minded, now that it's over."

He hesitated. "I have been—frantic with concern and regret," he told her, almost apologetically. "I've not been myself. Not at all."

She made no polite disclaimer and he watched her attentively. But Cynthia looked past him toward the island and abruptly she said, "There. Someone is coming."

His eye was not so quick as hers, but after a moment he saw a paddle flash, rhythmically rising and falling beside a canoe which was itself invisible against the green background of the island. Then the canoe swung out into open water, heading directly toward them, a narrow silhouette with only the rising and falling paddle to mark it as a thing of life and movement. Kurr turned back with a little smile of satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "that is Toombs. The others must be looking for us."

"Not there?" she asked.

"I suppose they're in the mountains somewhere."

She thought of Bob's wrenched ankle, wondered whether he had been able to walk, knew how he must have been galled by inaction.

Kurr sat down near her, and his fingers were moving restlessly. He watched the approaching canoe; said at last with a glance toward her: "Cynthia, we will remember this, you and I."

"Yes," she agreed, "I imagine so." Her tone was blank.

"I wish it had been—less arduous," he confessed. "I wish I could have forgotten my responsibility, remembered only that I was with you."

"But, of course, you could not," she reminded him.

"I trusted Bunker," he said; and she thought almost indifferently that he might have done better to accept the whole blame.

"If a man trusts servants, I suppose he should take care to have—servants worth trusting," she replied. And her tone was so level that he said for the moment nothing more. Toombs was almost within hailing distance now. He swung presently along the flank of the rock where they waited and Kurr helped Cynthia into the low seat in the canoe. Toombs looked at one of them and at the other.

"All right, are ye?" he asked.

"Quite," Kurr assured him. "Bunker lost his way. We've had no food, nor shelter. But I believe we're all right."

"Whur's Bunker?" the cook inquired.

"Gone along the shore for the canoe," Kurr replied. "Don't wait for him."

"We left it there case you got back to it," Toombs agreed, and as he swung toward the island again, he asked:

"Hungry, are ye?"

Kurr nodded. "Go ahead," he directed.

For a moment there was silence while the canoe got under way, surging and ceasing, surging and ceasing, under the cook's deep strokes. Then Toombs said indolently:

"We been in a stew."

Kurr made no comment, but Cynthia asked, "Is Mr. Daigle all right?"

"He's out with Fred," Toombs explained. "They figured to get back to the cove at noon, see if you'd come."

"His ankle ——" Cynthia suggested, and Toombs chuckled.

"Got all over that," he told her. "Yes, ma'am, he took on some. We looked for you till late, first night; and next morning nothing would do but him and Fred sh'd start out. Fred telephoned to Fitts and he brought in some men too. They been scouring around in there. Six or eight of them. Whur you been?"

"I think we've been going round in a circle, much of the time," Cynthia replied.

"Bunker'd ought to know that country in there," Toombs commented. "He's been in more'n once before."

Cynthia's eyes were for a moment thoughtful. "He says he's been lost before," she remarked.

"Well, he gits turned around pretty easy," Toombs agreed, "but he always gets out sooner later. Fred tried to talk Mr. Daigle into staying on the island. Said there wan't anything to hurt you; said you'd turn up by 'nd by."

Cynthia smiled understandingly, but they were by this time pulling in to the float at the island, so she said no more. When they landed, Toombs pulled the canoe out of the water.

(Continued on Page 81)

How to make husbands "fit-to-live-with" · · *before breakfast*

A wise wife's recipe for happiness in the morning

"Occasionally," said one wise woman, "every man gets up in the morning a little out of sorts. Gloomy about business or something. Even *my* husband does. Sometimes.

"That's one time when you should humor a man. For it's so easy. All I have to do is to have pancakes or waffles and Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast. Sounds simple, but it certainly does bring a man around.

"I'm most particular about having Log Cabin Syrup. For to me it's the real secret of delicious pancakes and waffles. So many syrups fail—because they're merely sweet. Men, my husband says, want that real maple flavor—and they like the unusual way it penetrates to every part of the pancakes and waffles."

* * * *

That *permeating* maple flavor is the secret of Log Cabin Syrup. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today. It has a melting maple flavor unlike any other syrup. A *permeating* maple flavor.

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For breakfast tomorrow have pancakes or waffles with Log Cabin Syrup. If you do not find that it has a *permeating* maple flavor—*more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted*—then return the unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund you full price, including postage.

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THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.—*the center of North America*

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 79)

"I can have breakfast pretty quick," he said. "You better set down and eat."

"You might go get Bunker," Cynthia suggested.

Kurr interposed. "He can take care of himself," he said. "His canoe's there. We'll want breakfast right away, Toombs. As soon as we've—gone to our rooms. Make haste with it."

"Guess you're hungry," Toombs remarked, with a faint chuckle, and Kurr said in his level tone:

"Naturally."

Cynthia had already turned up toward the main camp. She was almost running, anxious to get to her room before Kurr came after her; but she need not have made such haste. The man's concern at the moment was on his own account. He turned aside toward his wing of the camp and she made her way to her quarters, full now of lassitude and weariness, unutterably sleepy, welcoming the quiet seclusion and comfort with a yearning delight. In their rooms she saw Bob's garments in disorder, saw everywhere the evidences of the perturbation he had felt, and she smiled a little tenderly. She even set these things of his to rights before beginning with a pleasant indolence the ritual of ridding herself of the traces of what she had endured.

Yet though she was long at this, lingering delightfully in her bath, brushing her hair with drowsy strokes, sitting at times for moments on end without movement at all, when she did come downstairs it was to find that Kurr had not yet appeared. Toombs served her without waiting for Kurr. She found, surprisingly enough, that she was not particularly hungry; ate sparingly, drank the good coffee, and had risen and gone to the veranda before she heard Kurr come downstairs.

He sought her there. "Have I delayed you?" he asked, and she turned and saw him, immaculate as he had used to be, shaven, brushed, manicured, a pattern of a man. Only his eyes betrayed his weariness, his loss of sleep.

"I didn't wait," she said lazily, relaxed in one of the great chairs.

His eyes showed his disappointment. "Won't you come and sit with me?" he urged, but she shook her head.

"It's pleasant to be still here," she told him. And she added idly.

"Bunker's just coming."

He saw the guide's canoe approaching the float and for a moment his face darkened and he hesitated as though of a mind to descend to the water's edge. He said slowly:

"I shall have a word to say to him."

"Oh, don't be harsh to Bunker," she urged mildly.

"That can wait," he agreed. "I must eat alone then?"

"I'm afraid so," she told him and she met his eyes, and his turned away. He went into the house, and Cynthia saw Bunker land and with a glance toward where she sat, and a lifted hand, disappear in the direction of the cabin where he and Toombs and Hackey lived. Cynthia thought of beckoning to him, of warning him to keep out of Kurr's sight for a little while, but she did not do so. She was willing to play the rôle of spectator; felt with a pleasant tingling of interest that this small drama was not yet completed. Bob and Kurr were yet to come together, and Bunker and Kurr. And Bob and Bunker too. Bob should be grateful to the blundering guide, Cynthia thought; she wondered if he would be.

Kurr came out by and by; came out quietly from the great room behind her and stood for a moment at her shoulder. She did not turn her head nor take other notice of his presence there. The morning was very still; she could hear, from the kitchen somewhere at the back of the house, the sounds of dishes rattling, caught the murmur of voices and knew that Bunker and Toombs were there. She forgot Kurr for an instant in her faint curiosity as to what Bunker might be telling Toombs: remembered how the guide had so inopportunely discovered them at that moment on the raft at Fish Pond. And she shivered faintly at that memory. Not because Bunker had discovered them.

In this mood, forgetting Kurr, she found herself confronted again with that challenge to which on the raft she had—responded. He was stooping over her; his hand pressed hers where it lay on the arm of the chair; his face, grave and strong, came between her eyes and the lake. For an instant she did not move, then as the space between their faces lessened she turned her head away. Yet did his lips touch her cheek, so that she put her hand against his arm and firmly thrust him aside.

"No," she said decisively.

"Cynthia," he whispered.

"Sit down," she bade him. "Say what you wish to say."

After a moment he obeyed, sitting near her, leaning toward her. "You know what I wish to say," he reminded her.

Her eyes did not meet his, yet there was nothing of evasion in the fact that they turned away, looked across the lake. "I—let you kiss me on the raft," she said straightforwardly. "It was the moment, nothing more."

"A moment can be eternal," he said eagerly. "You will see."

"That particular eternity is ended," she told him.

"No," he insisted. "That is not the way of eternities. To end."

"Bob is coming across the lake," she said, and he swung quickly to look, and saw the canoe.

She had discovered it with no sense of surprise; it was as though she had known it would be there.

He looked for a moment, then spoke quickly. "We must be kind to him," he told her. "As kind as we can. But you and I come first, Cynthia."

She shook her head. There was something faintly regretful in her tone. "That may have been possible, once," she confessed. "But—I know you too well now, Mr. Kurr."

"No, no," he insisted urgently. "Forgive me. You are wrong."

It amused her to provoke him. "If it had not been for Bunker," she said dreamily. And when he flung quickly to his feet, face black, she smiled a little to herself. It was pleasant to be so sure of Bob. She rose; and Kurr asked harshly:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to meet my husband," she replied.

So when Cynthia came down the path to the float, Kurr was behind her, laggingly; and as they reached the water's edge Bunker appeared at the kitchen door; and he too moved toward the water. The man had changed his rough garments, he had washed his face, and shaved, and brushed his hair. He was almost painfully clean; and he moved as though, conscious of this state, he was also discomfited by it. But Cynthia did not see him. She came to the float and lifted her arm in a long gesture of greeting to Bob; and he flung his paddle high, and he shouted across the water:

"All right, Cynt?"

"All right, Bob," she called, her tone ringing. And his paddle dug. Kurr, at her elbow, lighted a cigarette with a nervous hand. He did not remark the approach of Bunker, just behind them now.

The canoe, Hackey in the stern, slid along the float and Bob leaped stumblingly to the landing and found Cynthia waiting for his arms, and he held her tuggingly, his hands moving across her body, touching her here and there as though to be sure she were sound and well. Kurr, watching them, smiled a little, mirthlessly; and he flicked away his ash. Daigle was unkempt and weary, his garments disordered, a dirty bandage wound raggedly about his ankle, his hat gone, his hair awry and his eyes were red with sleeplessness. Kurr, fastidious as a cat, looked at him with distaste. Daigle's hands had soiled Cynthia's gown; and Kurr felt a resentful surge, as though by the touch she had been profaned.

Bob held Cynthia a little away, so that he might see her eyes. "Quite all right, Cynt?" he repeated. "Sure?"

"Sure, Bob," she told him. And she saw him look toward Kurr; and she added quickly, "All right in every way."

Daigle said accusingly to his host, "What did you do?"

"We were lost," Kurr replied, his lips touching the words gingerly. The effect was as though he bared his teeth.

"You should have avoided that," Daigle told him.

Kurr made a faint grimace.

"I trusted a fool," he said; and turned and saw, for the first time, Bunker standing there. But Bunker was looking at Daigle; he moved toward the artist.

"Mighty sorry, sir," he said. "I wouldn't have had it happen. But there's no harm done."

Daigle hesitated, his eyes caught Cynthia's. She nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "No harm. Maybe good"

"It's all right, old man," Daigle told Bunker, his head lifting. "Don't let it bother you."

But Kurr, burning and bitter, came to Bunker's elbow. "You," he said softly. "You miserable fool. I supposed you were gone. Get off the island."

Bunker hesitated, flushing a little. "All right," he said, "but you owe me money."

Kurr laughed. "You will not be paid."

Daigle made a quick protest. "I'll see that he is."

Kurr flung at him. "I pay my own hired men. Or they go unpaid," he said harshly.

Cynthia watched, curious and attentive. There was that between the two men which at this moment had each of them strung to fighting point. Her eye drifted; she saw Hackey standing a little at one side, watching too. His eyes were inscrutable.

"You forget—a good many of your obligations," Daigle said to Kurr in a low voice.

"You will be paid. Do not be concerned," Kurr retorted.

"I wonder if there are any duties you remember," Daigle murmured, half to himself.

Kurr laughed. "Puzzle it out for yourself, my friend," he replied.

Daigle seemed to be thinking aloud. "I believe you are—two or three kinds of a swine," he said softly. And after a moment, while the silence seemed to ring, Kurr boiled into movement. As though a violence long restrained and held immobile had on a sudden burst all bonds, he sprang toward Daigle, and struck out at him.

The issue might have been dramatic. It was, instead, destructively ridiculous. Daigle, for all the fact that he was unsteady on his foot and sick with long weariness, stooped a little and took the blow across his shoulder. His shoulder by the same token impacted against Kurr's side, breathtakingly. And Kurr's own impetus seemed to carry him into the air, so that Daigle found himself lifting the man in his arms. He staggered a little backward, and for a moment he presented the ludicrous spectacle of one who bears a burden he cannot set down. Kurr was helpless enough, yet quite obviously Daigle could not hold him in his arms forever. The question was, what should he do with the man?

The artist in oils proved, surprisingly, to be in other matters an artist too. He hesitated only for an instant, then with a single step he reached the border of the float and flung Kurr from him. That fastidious man, always so immaculate, whose very movements were accustomed to a certain routine full of grace, sprawled in the air, clutching at nothing, revolving clumsily; he descended into the water in such wise that at the moment of impact, his horror-stricken face was presented to those upon the wharf. His spreading legs and sweeping arms splashed like paddle wheels; he sank, and emerged sputteringly.

Bunker had the poor grace to laugh. Even Hackey smiled. But Daigle and Cynthia paid at the moment no further heed. They turned and with Cynthia supporting

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her husband on his weaker side, they moved up toward the main camp. Cynthia did not even look back to see Kurr scramble drippingly to dry land again.

VIII

THEY did not see Kurr after that at all. Toward noon Fitts and two others who had been impressed into the search for the lost ones emerged from the forest across the lake and Hackey ferried them to the island. The two stout horses of which Fitts liked to boast were stabled at the landing by the outlet, so that he was able to transport Daigle's dunnage and Cynthia's. Bunker walked out with them, down the steep trail. For most of the way, Bunker and Fitts went ahead, Cynthia and Daigle moving easily along behind. They came by and by to the border of the intervale and they crossed to the little beach beside the river, by that gray birch where Fitts and Hackey and Bunker had waited, ten days or so before.

Bunker took the luggage across in one of the boats which lay there, and Cynthia went with him. Daigle stayed for a word with Fitts. He had had time to talk with Cynthia; she had no reticences from him in this hour, and he was full of a chuckling exhilaration and content. But—he wished to ask Fitts a question or two; for it seemed to him there was a puzzling matter here.

What Fitts had to tell him, however, seemed unconvincing either way. Bunker, it appeared, was as much of a blunderer as he seemed to be. Also he had a curious facility for losing himself in the woods. He was one of those men whose sense of direction, usually reliable enough, sometimes deserts them.

"And when that happens any man'll get lost," Fitts declared.

"I'm not blaming him," Daigle assured Fitts in this way and that, trying to be sure the other was straightforward in his replies.

"In fact," he confessed at last, "it would rather amuse me to think he did lose them on purpose. Mrs. Daigle found the adventure most entertaining. And you'll understand that I don't regret Mr. Kurr's discomfiture."

"I dunno," Fitts persisted. "Bunker might have done it a-purpose. But if he won't tell you, you can't tell. That's sure. You asked him, have you?"

"Not yet," Daigle confessed.

"Don't look like he'd do it," Fitts urged. "He makes mistakes enough without meaning to. And guiding's his way of making a living, you know."

When Bunker presently returned to ferry Daigle himself across, the artist did put his question to the blunderer. But Bunker appeared to find the suggestion astonishing and absurd.

"What would I lose them on purpose for?" he protested. "That would be a fool thing to do. What would I do it for?"

Daigle could not answer this question, and in the end the matter rested there. He and Cynthia took their homeward way.

But the artist was of a mind to be sure he left no debt unpaid. So nowadays when Bunker takes a sportsman fishing, if he admires the man's tackle, it is always with a reservation.

"First-rate rod," he will agree. "But I got a better one at home. Don't use it much, for fear of breaking it. But I kind of like to handle it just the same."

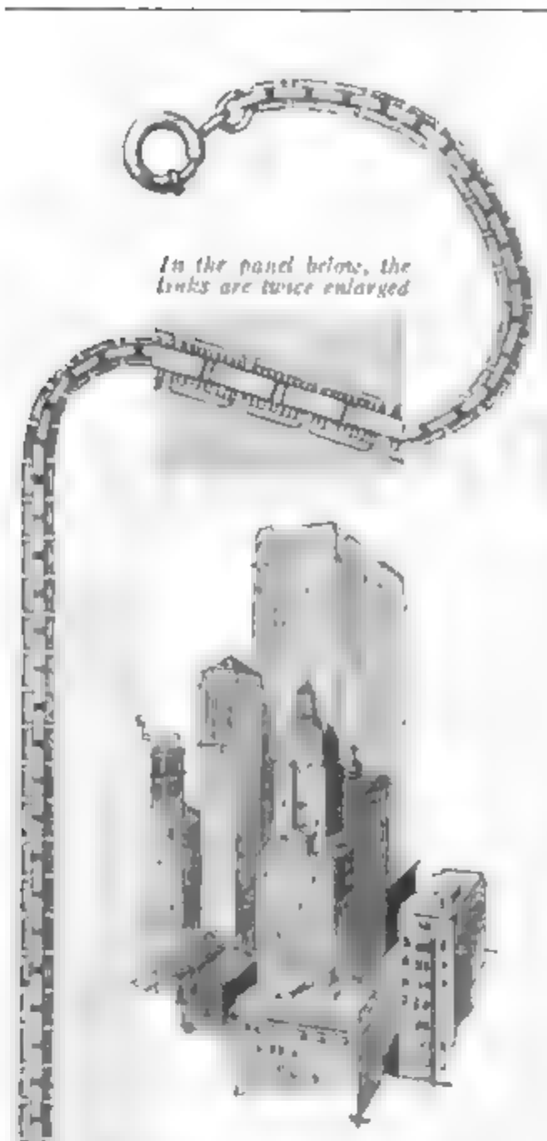
And if his charge asks a question Bunker is always eager to explain. "Made to order," he will say. "Five and a quarter ounces, and bamboo just the color of rich cream. Never a burn on her anywhere."

He usually tells, too, how he came by this treasure. "Man I guided once—man named Daigle—sent it up to me," he will say. And sometimes adds:

"Nice, common sort of man he was. He painted pictures good as a photograph. Had a right nice wife too."

His countenance is at such times quite open and innocent of any guile. Whatever the truth of the matter may have been, this is as much as he has ever told.

(THE END)



Where does your watch chain work?

WHERE you work, your watch chain goes. It may be in an office. Behind a counter. On a motor-truck. In a laboratory or shop. Up in an engine cab. At school.

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No. 27555 Green and White $8.75

The jeweler says [watch] it's a Simmons

FIRE! FIRE! A CRY OF FIRE!

(Continued from Page 42)

dressed up in his best close and smoaked and swore about the factory and old Hirvy Kent his boss. well about 5 oh clock old Hirvy Kent come down to Bills to ask him if he was sick and why he hadent come to wirk and when Bill found out that sumbody had fooled him and he had lost $1. dollar and $.75 cents i wish you cood have herd him. he was wirse than the day befoar.

i gess Bill will wish he was ded befoar we get throug with him. I shall not have to drink the glass of soft sope.

Saturday, April 10, 186— today was Saterday and me and Pewt and Beany wirked all the afternoon in my barn maiking a advertizement for old Bill. this is it:

Bill Greenleaf finder out of things whitch aint so.

evryone whitch wants to know ennything rong had better employ me, the best of satisfaction given. the present the past and the future found out, particularly what has hapened in the future. i can gess rong 9 times out of 10. taik a chanct.

BILL GREENLEEF.

Sunday, April 11, 186— well we paisted that advertizement on a board and hung it over Bill's front gait so the peeple going to chirch wood see it. they did and laffed and laffed. when old Bill come out to see what they was laffing about he was so mad that he dansed up and down and stutered. he was so mad that he coodent sware, the first time in his life. he took the sine down and banged it into a hundred peaces and then he stamped it to bits. then his voice come back and i never herd anything like it.

i shall not have to drink that glass of soft sope. me and Pewt and Beany have jest begun on old Bill.

Saterday, April 17, 186— it is now almost a weak since i have rote ennything in my diary. it isent because i have been sick this time for i have never been better in my life. it isent becaus i have been in jale or the House of Corection or reform school becaus i havent done ennything that they cood send me there for. of coarse sumthing has happened. gess what. peraps if sumthing hadent happened me and Beany and Pewt mite have been in one of them places and peraps in all of them places becaus father always sed it wood never do to send all 3 of us to the same place at the same time and the only safe way wood be to send me to the reform school and Beany to the House of Corection and Pewt to jale and that wood keep us away from eech other and the keepers cood breeth eezy 3 times as often as if he had three of us there.

well our house cougt fire and neerly burnt down. it was the bigest fire the town has had for years. you see next to our house whitch father and Aunt Sarah bougt of old Gim Odlin, father firnishing the mortgage and Aunt Sarah the money and whitch we have jest moved into at grate xpense is Lucy Boardmans house and a big yard and nex to our house is a big wooden bilding. in the side towards Lucys house is the post office. up stairs doctor Gerrish has a office and there is another office there. in the side nex to our house is a dry goods store and a bustle factory. mister E. R. Litch maiks bustles whitch is wire things whitch women put on behine them to maik them biger where they aint big enuf whitch is seldom the case i am afrade. he also maiks nets for womens hair and rats for women whitch aint got hair enuf and corsits whitch is tite things to go round wimmen to make them little where they is too big whitch is always the case with fat wimmen and pull backs whitch keeps their dresses from fliing up in front. he also maiks congriss slippers for wimmen and lots of things. then up stairs he has all kinds of dresses and skirts and petticots and cotton batting and evrything a woman wares or a child wares. he has a splendid trade so my father says and the store is always full of wimmen and girls. at mail times the steps and platform is crouded with stewdcats and town peeple and girls and evryone.

well last Monday nite at about 2 oh clock in the morning i was dreeming there was a fire and i cood hear the fire bells ringing and sumhow my legs woodent wirk and i coodent go to the fire and i was triing hard when i felt sumone grab me by the arm and yank me out of bed and father was shaking me and hollering wake up and dress as quick as you can Litches store and the post office is on fire and we have got to get out. gosh you bet i gumped. i got my britches on rong side to and got my boots on the rong feet but stamped them on.

i cood hear mother and Aunt Sarah rushing round dressing Annie and Frankie and the baby and i cood hear father hollering where in hel are my boots Joey, Joey is mother you know, and Cele was telling Keene not to taik her waist and Georgie was asking who had taiken her hat and sum of the children begun to cry and men were banging on our front door and telling us we were burning up and father yelled back dammit all i know it and then mother sed George, George is father you know, you go down and tell them not to let ennyone in until they get the children out and he did and they tride to pile in and he kep them out and in a few minites Aunt Sarah come out with Cele and Keene and Georgie and Annie and Frankie and the baby one after the other and all scart to deth and putting for Aunt Clarks house, old J. Alberts mothers.

then peeple begun to pile in and carry out things, carpets and burros and looking glasses and evrything. father was rushing round saving paper dolls and peeple threw things out of the window. if it hadent been for mother they woodent have left ennything unsmashed. but mother was as cool as cood be. she put all the silver and things in a bag and she stoped a lot of men whitch was throwing things out of the windows.

father carried a big kettle of apple sauce way down to the high school yard and set it down. evrybody was running up with pales of water and hollering where in hel is them enjines and the hook and ladder, and throwing the water over evrybody and evrything and grabing ladders from peeples houses and running up on them and throwing water on that part of the house whitch wasent afire and then hollering where in hel is them enjines and peeple whose ladders had been took come after them swaring and yanking them down with men on them and rushing off with the ladders and putting them up on their own houses and sumtimes 2 or 3 men wood get hold of the same ladder and pull and yank and sware.

well the reeson why the enjines was so late was because Fountain no. 1 and Union number 2 was in the Spring Street enjine house and the Fountain fellers always try to beat the Union fellers so they got 2 new hack horses to hich into the end of the drag rope where they had put on a duble whifeltree. well they started on the gallup with the horses in the lead and the men hanging onto the rope and only tuching the ground about onct in 10 feet.

it wood have been all rite but the feller whitch was driving the horses stubed his toe and tumbled down and lost the raines and the horses went up Spring street and across Front street and down Elm street with the firemen yelling whoa whoa and holding back all they cood with their legs

(Continued on Page 84)

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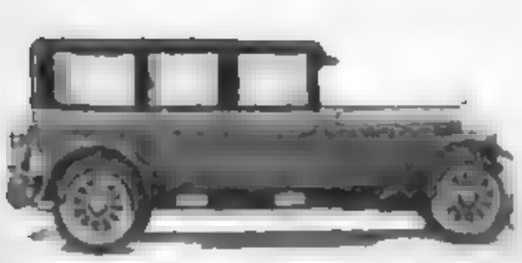

Model "Eighty" 7-Passenger Sedan $2105
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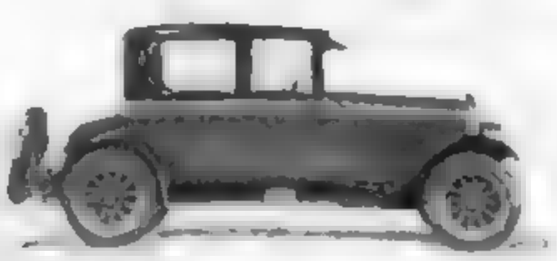
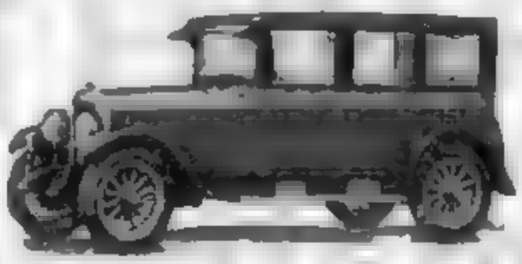
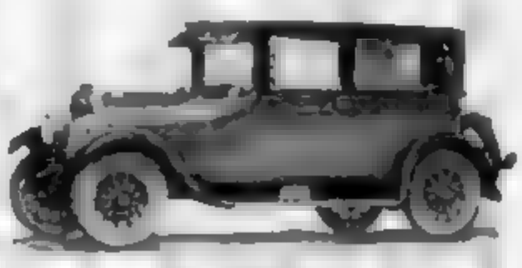


Model "Eighty" Coupe $2045
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Model "Sixty" Sedan $1525
f. o. b. Flint, Mich



Model "Sixty" Brougham $1525
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THE SEALRIGHT WAY of serving ice cream in delicious, appetizing round slices has caused many a hostess—and guest—to exclaim, "Ice Cream is so much nicer served in this modern, attractive way, than in the old haphazard, messy way. And it's so much easier, too"! The reasons are simple:

Ice Cream keeps in a firm, delicious condition longer in a Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container because each Sealright Container is practically air-tight in construction. This keeps the cold in and the warm air out. Double bottom and rigid walls make Sealrights absolutely leak-proof. Sealrights also assure full measure, always. The ice cream serves easily, in dainty round slices. *(See illustration).*

Hold container under cold water an instant

Remove top, press bottom evenly with thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit

Sealright Service has been adopted by most progressive merchants. In buying ice cream for home use, insist that it be packed in a Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container, as there is no other paper container "Just as good." The name "Sealright" is stamped on bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. If your dealer does not use Sealrights, send us his name and we will see that he is supplied.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc. *Dept. A5* Fulton, N. Y.

Eat More Ice Cream!

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 82)

streched out and their boots plowing throug the mud. so befoar they cood stop them the horses had run to little river brige and they unhiched them and dragged the enjine themselfs.

when they got to the fire the Union no. 3 was there but Lucy Boardmans shed was afire and the post office bilding was afire from the cellar to the roof and that side of our house was smoaking but not afire and as the reservoir was between Lucy Boardmans shed and the Post office bilding it was so hot that nobody cood get neer enuf to use the reservoir, so they had to run the Fountain to the river and pump to Piscataqua no. 3 while Union No. 2 drew water from wells and as soon as they wood pump one well dry they wood run the enjine to another.

Gim Ellison the blacksmith had a well behine his shop that had a big trout that had been in it for 20 years i gess. sumtimes if a feller looked down the well long enuf so his eys got usted to the dark he cood see him. and most evry time a feller threw a hanfull of wirms doen the trout wood dart round and splash and grab them. well they put the suxion hose down Gims well and first thing they gnew the streem stoped and the hose woodent suck and they pulled it up to see what the matter was and they found the trout head first in the hose. Gim was auful mad about it and sed he woodent have lost that trout for $100. dollers. he is going to sew the town for it.

well that give the fire another start while they was taiking out the trout and gawing about it. then Union number 2 had a axident and for a while they thougt Mike Smith whitch is called Stubby he is so short was a goner. Stubby was on the brake of Union number 2 and evry time the brake come up it took Stubby rite off his feet. bimeby they got going so fast that they threw Stubby up in the air so far that he come down in the tub of the injine and they most squashed him flat befoar they cood stop pumping and get him out.

another feller got caugt under his chin by the brake of Piscataqua number 3 when it come up and he made a back summerset and neerly had his head gnocked off and he looks over his left shoulder all the time. doctor Perry thinks he can screw his head back in place after awhile.

a lot of things hapened. as soon as the enjines got two big streems on the Post office and Lucy Boardmans shed they put out the fire in the shed and then they run the engine into her yard and when they tride to put the suxion pipe into the reservoir 4 men Gim Carlile, Jerry Carter, Gil Kelley and Billy Fellows broke throug the cover and went in all over and had to be pulled out with ropes. they sed Gil Kelly whitch went in first and the others on top of him was under water about 5 minites, and by the time they got him out and the suxion hose down our house was all on fire and Aunt Sarahs side where there aint enny morgige and William Perry Molton whitch is a verry religius man and deecon of the first congrigational chirch was rushing round and saying things that i woodent dass to wright down because he had put a lot of insurance on the house and it looked as if evrything wood be birnt down to the ground.

Missis Sofia Peezley the woman whitch had a fit at the picknick when i throwed a eal near her whitch i had caugt last summer, stepped over the piscataqua no. 3 hose jest as it burst and it prety neerly blew her into the air and wet her sopping. she looked jest like a statue in a fountain with the water squirting up round her and she hopping round on one leg and waiving her arms round frantic and with her mouth opeining and shutting and not a yip coming out of it. well when she got out and caugt her breth she squalled jest like when mother is rocking the baby and rocks on the cats tale, and she called the firemen evrything and sed they done it a purpose and she wood have the law on them.

then all of a sudden one of doctor Gerrishes guns whitch was in his office went off with a feerful bang and then come 2 moar feerful bangs and the last i saw of old Sofia Peezley she was holding up her skerts and putting for home 2-40 like Flora Temple the troting horse or Dexter and the firemen were cheering her and laffing. then the roof fell in and the streems begun to have sum effec. jest as soon as a man on the brake wood get tuckered out another wood taik his place and they jest drowned out the fire after awhile.

it was six oh clock and light before they got it all out. the Squamscott hotel gave the firemen sanwiches and cofee and i got sum becaus it was my fathers house whitch was on fire. they was sum other things they gave the firemen whitch i gess i had better not say mutch about.

well our side of the house wasent hirt at all but a lot of the firniture was broke and the carpits ripped up and the legs of mothers piano had been chopped off. mother was in another part of the house when that was did. if she had been there it woodent have been did. all you had to do was to unscrew the legs. mother cried when she saw that becaus it was her piano when she was a little girl.

that was one of the sad things, that and to hear the things them firemen said when they was dragged out of the reservoir and took over to the hotel to dry. father sed they had to wet them inside and dry them outside. then old Rhoda Shattuck whitch was also at the picknick when i sassed her last summer and whitch is always round when she isent wanted waulked under a ladder whitch is most always bad luck and jest then sum feller had throwed a lether bucket of water on the house and then threw the bucket down to have sum feller fill it and hit old Rhody rite on the head and she set down flat on the ground in a puddle of water and then got up and begun to walk round in circles and talked to herself kind of muttery until sum one led her away.

it was 3 days befoar she come to herself and even now when she walks out she walks sort of weewory. Doctor Perry sed she wasent hirt a bit but kind of gnocked moar senseless than usual.

well as soon as the fire was out father let me go down to Ed Toles to breckfast. then i helped him get the things back in the house. our side of the house wasent birned a bit or wet but lots of the firniture was smashed. lots of peeple helped mother and aunt Sarah and father and the house was full of peeple naleing down carpits and putting up beds.

evrybody wanted us to come to their houses but father and mother and aunt Sarah stayed in the house and Annie and Frankie and the baby. they let me stay at Ed Toles 3 nites and at Beanys 1 nite. i was going to stay 3 nites there but Mr. Watson Beanys father sed he wood rather have the devil in the house than me and Beany together.

it was a verry xciting time. i have never had so mutch fun in my life. if you had saw old Sofia Peezley in the fountin you wood have died. and little Mike in the tub squashed flat, and old Rhoda Shattuck walking round in circles and muttering and maiking faces. oh gosh.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

Drawing by Henry Raleigh
© 1926, The House of Kuppenheimer

He searched a lifetime to find a "Man-About-Town"

—yet he had only to look in the mirror

YOU remember O. Henry's story of the rich young idler with the burning curiosity to see a *man-about-town*.

He searched the cafes, clubs and boulevards for decades without result.

Then one morning, the newspapers carried his picture, *referring to him* as a "well-known man-about-town!"

* * * *

This nonchalant freedom from self-consciousness is one of the charms of the so-called *well-dressed man*.

He sets the fashions without knowing it. He is IT . . . without pretending to be.

He never indulges in garish style-extremes nor strives for effects by bizarre dress-affectations. Not for him are trousers cut like a midshipman's jeans, or coats abbreviated like the lumberman's pea-jacket. It is the quiet rightness of his clothes that gives them distinction and "*savoir faire*."

Chances are, if you asked him where he gets his style-guidance, he'd point to a certain famous "K" stitched in his inside coat pocket.

For like a good lawyer, he doesn't rely on his own opinions alone; he knows where to go for the best style-authority.

That characteristic "K," woven on the label in his coat, has proven itself to him, again and again, the insigne of the best tailoring. Sewn in Kuppenheimer clothes he has found it a never-failing barometer of the best in style, interpreted with good taste.

Looking for the "K" mark is a very easy and sure answer to most clothes problems.

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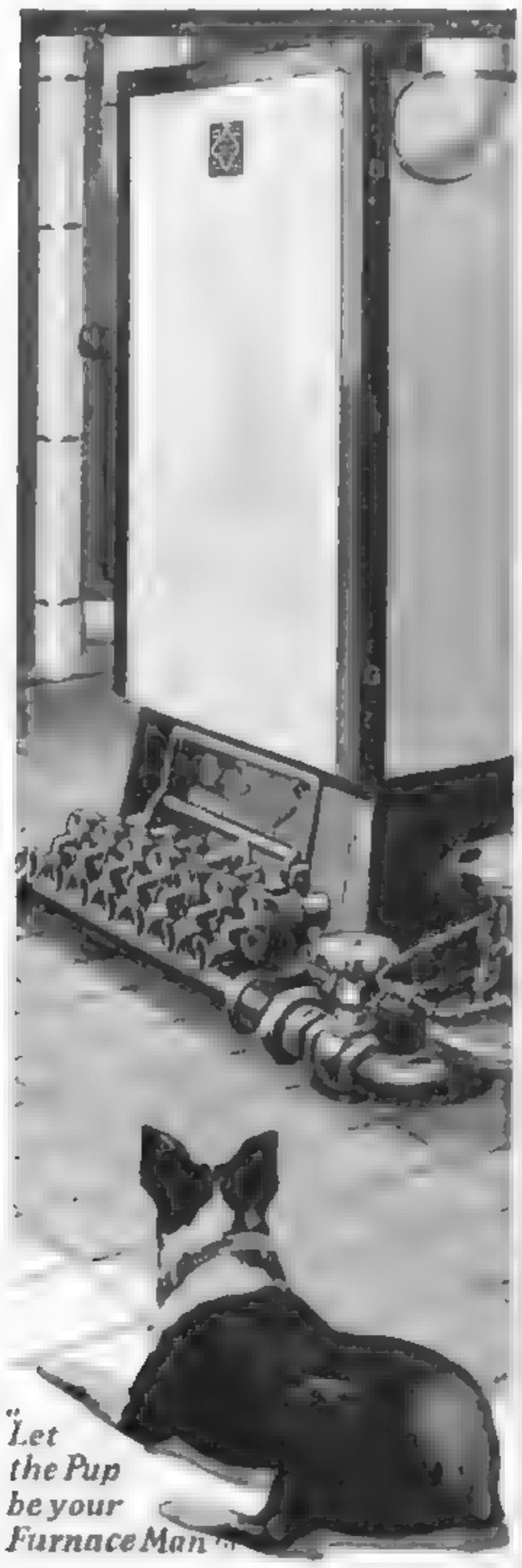

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TIPS

(Continued from Page 33)

the pale waiter's deft palm. It was, of course, a weakness, a thing to be ashamed of; but it had to be done. And then, having broken the rule with the leading waiter, we couldn't very decently withhold all pecuniary acknowledgments from the juvenile waiter and the heavy who served the mineral water—nor even from the head waiter, nabob though he was.

There can be no doubt, by the way, that American hotel service, generally speaking, evolved in a tipless state; because, except in a comparatively few pretentious establishments that ape Europe, one able-bodied person manages to serve you an entire dinner single-handed. But even in the humblest European dining room, or as far down as my researches went, it takes always two, usually three, and often four waiters to get a salad, a piece of cheese and a bottle of mineral water on the table before you. By a well-known biological law, the more tips, the more palms to receive them.

Tipping the Tipping Scale

In the dining room, then, our tacit pledge to the manager was sunk without trace. The chambermaid appealed to us because she was such a cheerful, smiling soul; and the chamber man because he seemed weighted down with the duties of his position, in which he honorably included an earnest but wholly unsuccessful effort to understand a few simple words of English. Then there was the obliging hall porter, the sleek, nice-looking elevator boy, and the other elevator boy who wasn't so nice looking but no doubt equally deserving—and perhaps the sole support of a consumptive mother and two small sisters.

At the end of the week we had disbursed in tips about the same amount as at an American hotel that charged no 10 per cent for service. We left that hotel by motor directly after an early breakfast—in the usual bustle and confusion of seeing that the bags were all at hand, leaving a mail-forwarding address, paying the bill and shedding some autumn leaves in the shape of small bills to the chief porter, the rough-work porter, the porter who handed the bags up and the porter who put them on top of the car. The other porters we callously left to their fate—although did not Milton say, "They also serve who only stand and wait"? At the last moment the landlord, hitherto invisible that morning, rushed out to shake us cordially by the hand and wish us a pleasant journey. Our hearts were warm toward that sympathetic, helpful man who had done his best to save us from our own folly in the matter of tips.

Late that afternoon, in another hotel, I discovered a stray sheet of paper in my coat pocket—or rather two, each about the size of a sheet of legal-cap writing paper. At a loss, I unfolded them and saw that they were the hotel bill which I had paid that morning and absently stuffed into the nearest pocket. Having nothing else in particular to do, I glanced over the many items and then idly performed a simple operation in arithmetic—thereby discovering that the charge for service was not 10 per cent; it was 15 per cent.

Naturally I was pained, and went over the operation again lest I had been misled by the other percentages added to the bill for plain taxes and luxury taxes. But there was no doubt about it. Our sympathetic manager had charged us 15 per cent for services. Yet I don't think he was dishonest really. I think he simply wished to spare us the shock as long as possible. I even believe that he hoped and expected we would be spared the shock forever.

He said he had been managing hotels for thirty years—most of that time in a town much visited by Americans. Probably he knew from experience that about seven Americans out of ten never bother to check up the manifold items in a European hotel bill, add up the columns of foreign currency or calculate percentages. They simply pay the total item and forget it. Why should he make them downcast by telling them they were to be charged 15 per cent for service when the chances were about seven out of ten that they would never find it out if left to themselves?

I don't wish to think that first manager really dishonest, because in every other Italian hotel the percentage charged for service was just what the manager had said it would be. This percentage varied with the latitude. For example, in Naples and Rome, which may be regarded as comparatively southern and backward communities, it was only 10 per cent. In Florence and Venice it was 12 per cent; but in the bustling, industrialized, up-to-date north, west of Venice, it was always 15 per cent.

Of course I am writing of last summer and autumn. By the time this appears in print, with another influx of winter tourists in Italy, it will most likely be 15 per cent everywhere—or maybe 20. According to the native theory of the matter, the percentage was at first only 10 per cent; then we demoralizing Americans appeared and insisted on paying tips, in addition; so the more enterprising communities promptly drew a logical conclusion: If they like to pay why not make it 15 per cent?

It isn't only the hotels. The sidewalk café that serves you an afternoon cup of tea or coffee and a cake conscientiously adds a per cent for service to the few lire that the nourishment comes to. One morning, as the Italian sleeping car drew into the station, I was fishing in my pocket for a suitable tip to bestow upon the combination conductor and porter—with that agreeable sense of benevolence which one naturally derives from bestowing a gratuity. But before I found change, the combination conductor and porter handed me two yellow slips that proved to be printed forms, filled out in pencil. They set forth the date, the number of the train, the number of our compartment, our embarking point, our destination, and the fact that I owed him, as 10 per cent for his services, five lire and a half for each one of the two berths in the compartment.

We Mythical Millionaires

I collected several such slips in the course of further night travel in Italy, but I never could find out on what basis the 10 per cent was calculated, nor why the combination conductor and porter sometimes presented a formal bill for his services and sometimes took his chances on a tip. However, the yellow sleeping-car bill indicates the extent to which the percentage-for-service idea has spread. Finally I shouldn't have been much surprised if a railroad-station porter had roughly calculated the value of our hand luggage and made out a formal bill for 10 per cent for carrying it to the train.

Probably the percentage-for-service idea is a good enough one if everybody sticks to it. It is my impression that Italian hotels really wish guests to stick to it; for nearly every one of them, after the first, displayed large signs, usually in four languages, to the effect that tips were forbidden. We had our experience in the first hotel. Afterward, nearly always, we had conspicuous signs in the elevators and halls, warning us in Italian, French, English and German that tips had been abolished. We had, every now and then, the earnest word of some indurated American sojourner in Italy who urged us not to give tips, thereby starting the trouble all over again. Other hotel managers advised us not to give tips. We heard the voice of United Italy—with the important exception of hotel servants—crying, "Don't give tips!"

But we suffered from a tip prepossession. There was a stubborn, if silly, notion that not to tip a servant who has served satisfactorily is mean. Everybody knew the Italians were generally poor. There must be some consumptive wives and small children in every city. Only by slow and painful stages did we reach the point of staying a week or ten days at a hotel and, save for some special service, giving nobody anything except a pleasant expression and a wave of the hand at departing.

It is only fair to add that we got just as good service in our latter, hard-boiled, tipless state as we had in our early mellow condition. There was no just cause to complain of service in either stage. The only difference was that in the last phase we got a good many sorrowful glances that seemed to remind us of tubercular camps and orphan asylums. And we often received the same explanation of those brooding looks, to wit: "They know you are Americans. They don't expect tips from Italians, but they think all Americans who come to Europe are millionaires."

Nightmare of Marble Halls

A good many Americans who are far from millionaires help to propagate that wholesale idea of American affluence; for, taking it in the mass, our notions of travel are quite different from Europe's. At home we travel first-class if we travel at all, since there is no other class. In every European country the number of first-class passengers, relatively to total traffic, is small to the point of insignificance. A long-distance trunk-line train in the United States will probably carry at least as many Pullman cars as day coaches, the latter, of course, all first-class. A long-distance European train will very likely contain one sleeping car, six or eight first-class compartments, a dozen or so second-class compartments and a string of third-class coaches reaching down the track out of sight. The third-class compartments are furnished only with plain hard wooden benches. A glance into their crowded interiors as you walk down the platform will convince you that these travelers are not millionaires.

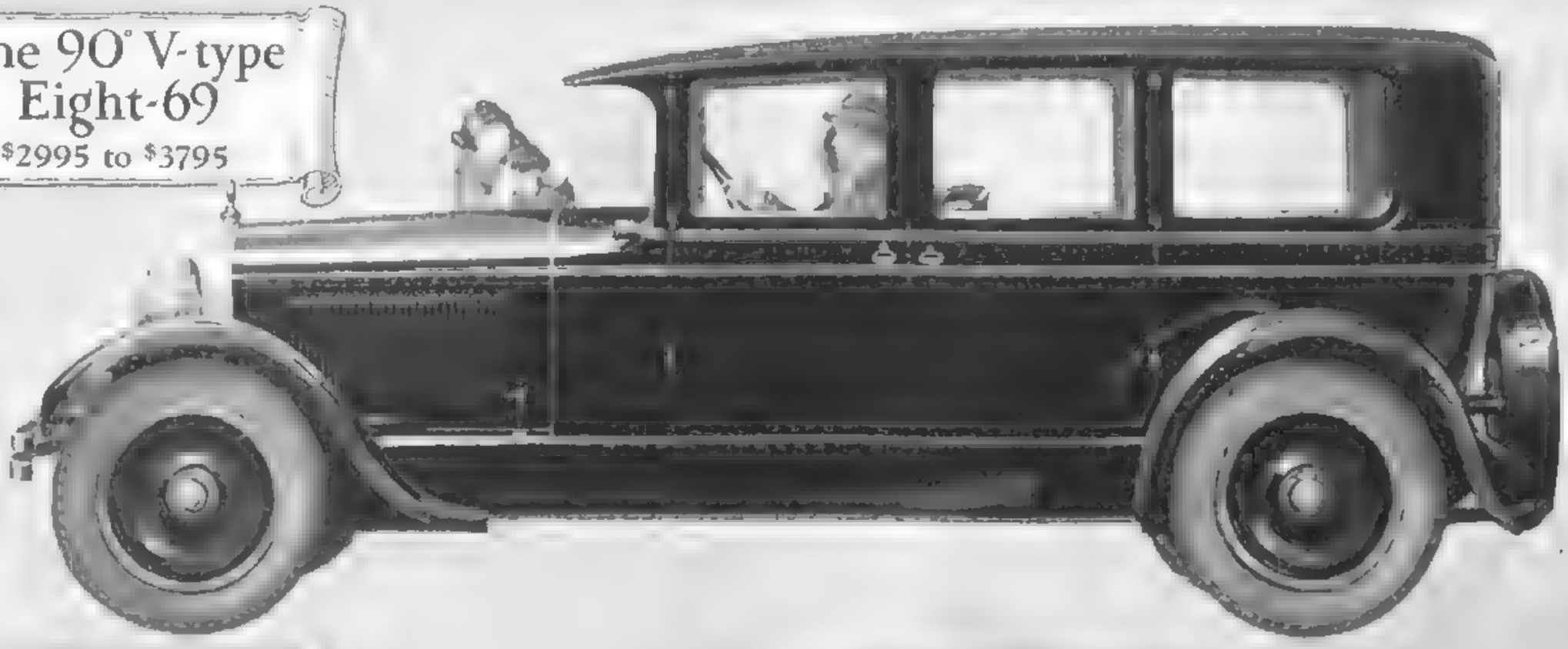
If it is around bedtime when the train is standing in the station, a man trundles a pushcart along the platform under the car windows. The cart contains some imitation woolen blankets and very small, very hard pillows. A sign on top of it announces that the objects may be rented for the night at one franc or one lira each. At several night inspections I noted that the lessees of these articles of luxury were nearly all in the first and second class compartments. Third class took hardly any, although the hard wooden benches must have made them a temptation.

A mere quarter of an hour of loitering in any important European railway station will show by easy ocular evidence that the great bulk of travelers are not much troubled by income tax. But when a long-distance train rolls into the terminal at Chicago pretty nearly everybody who alights from it might be taken for a financier or for the wife of a doctor in easy circumstances. It would be quite natural for a European observer to suppose that most of them were millionaires.

For a good many Americans, blowing oneself is part of the pleasure of travel. I used to know an American couple, of sound and disposing minds, whose little foibles on the side of rigid economy at home were the subject of neighborhood pleasantries. But annually they took a trip to New York and stopped for a fortnight at one of the most elaborate and expensive hotels. I never discovered that they did anything else in particular. Their debauch consisted simply in dwelling for two weeks in marble halls, with bellhops and door men at their call. I suppose, for them, it was the realization of a dream, although to others the dream might sound somewhat nightmarish. All the same, this couple could afford to spend the money that way if they wanted to.

(Continued on Page 88)

The 90° V-type Eight-69
$2995 to $3795



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At the soda fountain ask for Welch's—straight or in a tall glass with sparkling water. You will enjoy it every day. Order it from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints, or four ounces. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-24, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant—St. Catharines, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 86)

Probably, if a man has a heresy on his conscience, it is well to confess it at once. So I will confess now that, although once a firm believer, I have of late years been losing all faith in the orthodox dogma of American extravagance. If anyone told me that wild extravagance had been the chief characteristic of the Standard Oil companies for the past fifty years, I should want to know how they managed to get and keep so much money. An incurable spendthrift doesn't usually turn up at the end of the story with more money than anybody else in the world—and pretty nearly as much as everybody else in the world. Surely, if the American people have been engaged for fifty years or longer in a mad effort to dissipate their resources, they have made a dismal failure of the undertaking. How can a people whose leading trait is reckless extravagance grow richer year by year—unless the critic means extravagantly rich? You can easily find extravagant Americans. You can find stingy ones too. But a broader view will show a healthy majority that spend and save sensibly.

It is the extravagant ones that you hear most about. But there is another side to the story. For instance, back in the year after the World's Fair in Chicago—which is so far back that the younger generation will probably need to consult an encyclopedia in order to discover whether the date is A.D. or B.C.—I learned a shameful secret about one of our leading citizens.

The Judge in Gay Paree

We may call him Judge X, since that is not suggestive of his name. He had come to Chicago from New England many years before and engaged modestly, but thriftily, in the practice of law. Whenever $100 accumulated in the office till, he invested it in a town lot, as that was the only form of investment he was acquainted with. In the course of time his lots became so extremely valuable that he was invested with the title of judge out of hand and his views on any subject—whether he happened to know anything about it or not—were dutifully printed by the newspapers as a matter of course.

The judge and his wife had spent the summer in Europe. Returning, he telephoned the newspapers that he had some valuable information to impart to such reporters as would come to his office at ten o'clock that morning. I chanced to be one of the humble instruments of enlightenment who gathered in the rather small and dingy rooms at the appointed hour. The theme of the judge's communication was the admirable thrift of Europe as contrasted with the wild extravagance of the United States. In those simple days the most enterprising newspapers often put stuff of that kind on the second or third page, while a divorce in high life would be dismissed with only a couple of columns instead of the eight or ten that could easily have been filled up if present-day methods had been used.

Not long afterward another well-known Chicagoan returned from Europe, where he had gone partly for pleasure and partly in the interest of an important financial transaction. A band of reporters gathered in his office, each of them shrewdly suspecting that he had news to give out, because he had telephoned to that effect. This office was as spacious and ornamental as Judge X's was circumscribed and shabby. Its occupant, Mr. Y, gave us something to print about the financial transaction, closing with the familiar injunction that his name was not to be mentioned except at the end of the story, when we were to say that we had sought to confirm our report by submitting it to Mr. Y, but he had peremptorily refused to be interviewed or even to see a reporter. This, you must remember, was a long time ago. I am sure no leading citizen would do that now; but in my reportorial days it was a common, not to say threadbare, expedient.

The business of the meeting being disposed of, there followed some random talk, in the course of which Judge X's name was mentioned. Thereupon Mr. Y chuckled and looked very roguish.

"I can tell you something about the judge," he said, in a finger-to-lip sewing-circle manner. "I ran across him in Paris. But you must keep it to yourselves."

As many pairs of young ears as were present pricked up, and every young nose was titillated by a warm scent. Europe! Paris! Profligacy! Old Judge X! Who would have thought it? We waited breathlessly.

With his derisive chuckle, Mr. Y then disclosed the skeleton. In fine, he had found that Judge X and wife were living in Paris in a *pension*—"twenty dollars a week, you understand, for the two of them!"

Certainly a rich American and his wife living in a *pension* in Paris wasn't exactly the same thing as Sodom and Gomorrah; but it was almost as shocking to our sense of propriety. We had the not uncommon notion that in traveling one should blow himself. Economy, or even stinginess, at home might be understood; but when an American, so to speak, stepped out before the world in a train or boat, he ought to uphold his sovereignty. At the moment, under the withering effect of Mr. Y's chuckle, I am sure that any one of us would about as soon have been caught in Sodom and Gomorrah as living in a Paris *pension* at twenty dollars a week for two people—although it is doubtful that any of us, if it came to the pinch, could have managed the twenty dollars for more than three consecutive weeks.

But in late years I have discovered that a good many fellow citizens in what I call very easy circumstances who visit Europe frequently stop in *pensions* at a charge of three to five dollars a day a head. Among women travelers especially, there is an elaborate system of beating the game, on the familiar chain-letter plan, by passing on information as to where desirable quarters can be obtained at a bargain.

An American last summer set out from an Italian *pension* to buy and ship home several thousand dollars' worth of household furniture and ornaments for which he hadn't the least room or use. Buying the stuff pleased him. Living in a *pension* pleased him. Anybody who didn't like either was welcome to a contrary opinion. No doubt the number of traveling Americans of that stripe exceeds the number who spend more than they can afford in order to make a show—which, after all, impresses nobody except some alien hall porters, hotel clerks and elevator boys.

Quantity-Production Touring

If 250,000 Americans visited Europe last summer, 150,000 of them went over in prepaid, prerouted and couponed excursion parties at a cost ranging down to only a few hundred dollars for the round trip. I state the number of such excursionists confidently, not because I know, but because nobody else does. In a free field you may make up the statistics to suit yourself. That is the quantity-production idea applied to travel. If 50,000 people will go over the same ground in the same way they get a wholesale rate. As far as the steamship companies are concerned, this has offset, or is offsetting, the loss of west-bound immigrant traffic. It is better traffic for them because they get the haul both ways.

Steerage, in which duly crated and labeled immigrants used to be shipped, has practically disappeared. The corresponding space is now third cabin, or tourist. This is as clean as any other part of the ship, and quite well ventilated. There is deck space for promenades, cabin space for dancing and cards. The food includes fresh vegetables, meats, milk, eggs and other agreeable nourishments of the human frame. Two persons may have a stateroom to themselves. Such driblets of the old

(Continued on Page 90)

When the rain begins to pour – *depend on Diamonds*

In the city or in the country, you can feel thankful your car is equipped with Diamonds in wet weather.

The Diamond tread grips the pavement on slippery city streets; it helps your brakes do their duty when the traffic sign says "stop." And the same tread helps your car hold the road when it wallows through slick gumbo.

Using Diamonds on unimproved country roads often makes the difference between "getting there" and getting "stuck in the mud" . . . Dependable Diamonds will save you many a temper-testing experience of changing tires in the rain.

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Established 1893

Tested more than 25 million times in 32 years on motor car wheels –

Diamond Tires

Lest your breakfasts get to be a bore..*beware!*

When you take a three-minute egg for granted and forget you're drinking your coffee . . . beware! There's joy going out of your life and your breakfasts. Why eat breakfasts at all if you don't enjoy them? Why not discriminate on toast? Specialize on waffles? Have a serene philosophy that waits to begin with your first drink of golden, delicious coffee?

TABLE electrics are the efficient, modern way to good breakfasts. Toast that's really toasted, invigorating coffee, crisp bacon—every-day breakfast things should be tip-top always—and can be, if electrically prepared. Occasionally, too, you can have waffles, sausages, a flaky omelette, cooked right at the table with no unpleasant heat or bother to serve

Manning-Bowman electrical appliances are designed for table service. They look their own charming part on charming breakfast tables. They cook neatly and pleasantly—with clever little improvements that the careful housewife and hostess appreciates. And Manning-Bowman is recognized everywhere for quality—unquestioned goodness that is always economy. On sale at quality stores everywhere. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn. Write for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," a free booklet on electrical cookery.

M-Mosaic Ware

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Electric Appliances

ILLUSTRATED BELOW—*M-B new tip and-turn reversible Toaster 1220, $8.00. Waffle Iron 1616 with complete tray attached, $15.00. Percolator 311/6 in graceful pot style with fluted design, $15.00*

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immigrant stream as still flow over are separated from the tourists.

Out of the midsummer rush season, you can cross that way in the giant Leviathan for less than $100. Or for about half again as much you can go in a one-cabin boat and have the run of the whole ship. Or you can pay $2500 to get yourself and wife across in a royal suite. But if you calculate the cost as a percentage of the respective incomes, the man in the de-luxe suite may be better able to afford that than the man in third cabin can afford his more modest accommodations.

The prearranged, through-routed, couponed scheme of travel has been the subject of numberless indifferent jokes, usually aimed at Americans, since more of them than of any other people travel that way. It is a comfort, therefore, to note that French, Swiss, Italians, Germans and others with a birthright in the superior culture of Europe now go in for it enthusiastically as far as they are able to. They not only have their own exclusive travel bureaus but most of their banks, insurance companies and undertakers conduct travel bureaus as a side line.

Latin Atmosphere, Third Class

One day I followed a ticket taker down the crowded deck of a steamboat on Lake Lugano. Within the field of my observation only two passengers besides myself had mere boat tickets good for that one ride. Everybody else handed over a coupon out of a book that provided for each step of an extended journey. Many of these travelers were not Americans. I got an irrational satisfaction out of seeing Frenchmen and Italians pay for their dining-car meals with a coupon.

Gastronomic experts disagree as to whether or not European dining cars are worse than American; but at any rate they have the advantage of greater simplicity. Instead of offering you a choice of twenty dishes, as with us, the management sets before you, at a fixed hour and a fixed price, such provender as it deems most suitable for you, and you may eat it or leave it alone, as you please. That, at least, saves you from regretting that you didn't order something else.

Without joining a party and buying a book of coupons, one may travel in Europe very cheaply indeed if one has a good constitution. Third-class railroad fare in Italy, for example, is almost nothing when translated into American currency. Everywhere in Europe third-class coaches seem always to be not only crowded but overflowing, with passengers perched on their suitcases and bundles in the aisle. Often to make one's way through when the car is in motion requires no little dexterity.

One day I trailed an American couple through eleven such coaches in order to reach the dining car, which, for some mysterious reason, had been put as far as possible from the only passengers who were likely to patronize it. At the exit from the last car a jerk of the train banged the lady's head against the door jamb just as I overtook them.

"Say," said the husband, "call this a railroad journey? I'd call it a hurdle race with handicaps!"

Third class is astonishingly cheap, however. Tempted partly by the cheapness and partly by the rare opportunity to absorb local atmosphere at close range, two American girls undertook a third-class journey in Italy last summer. The local atmosphere soon became a little more than they had bargained for; but they got along quite well until one of their fellow passengers undertook to nourish himself with a couple of raw eggs. The motion of the train caused many a slip 'twixt eggshell and lip. They said he was a sight. They did not tarry to admire it, however, but finished the journey in the aisle, fanning themselves. Besides third-class travel, something quite atmospheric might be written about first-class train lavatories, the prevalence of dogs in day coaches and sleeping cars, and native styles in absorbing long, writhing queues of spaghetti, the technic varying according to whether the absorber is clean-shaven or whiskered.

It is a standing complaint among Americans that Latin peoples tend to make up for their superior artistic sensibilities by being quite insensible to our notions of cleanliness. Probably these complaints belong under the head of mere prejudice, for Latin folk are obviously satisfied with their own standards of cleanliness, which may sometimes be carried to a rather fine point.

For example, we were puzzled on two successive afternoons at the same shady out-of-door café in Rome by the waiter bringing us one glass of water with our two cups of coffee, for we knew very well that in Southern Europe water is never offered as a beverage. On the third day the head of a native family at the next table solved the puzzle for us by washing the coffee spoons in the glass of water before they were put in the coffee. As far as I know, the most meticulous American restaurants do not go that far.

The spoons may serve to hang this question on: Why do Americans, in yearly increasing numbers, not to say hordes, go to Europe? The conventional answer will be found on Page One of any travel book—namely, in order to view Europe's priceless art treasures. Well, I claim to be a conscientious tourist. First and last, over a considerable stretch of years, I have dutifully had myself trampled underfoot in the Vatican galleries. I have faithfully got cricks in my neck and turned dizzy as a top trying to look at the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. I have diligently read not only mere guidebooks but works of greater literary pretension, and looked up most of the things that were starred. But although I was in it only a short time ago, I can't, at this moment, for the life of me recall the name of the church where Michelangelo's Moses is. I find myself distressingly vague as to the color of the clothes worn by the lady who wears any clothes in Titian's Sacred and Profane Love. Exactly how does the pose of the Capitoline Venus differ from that of the Medici Venus? Blest if I can remember.

The Things We Remember

These failures, you will perceive, relate only to some very high spots in the single city of Rome. When it comes to multitudinous spots lower down the scale in Italian Renaissance art, I am like the man who tries to remember the road directions that were given him by four different persons in wholly different ways. Moreover, I know by humiliating experience that many of the mental images which I do at present manage to retain with tolerable clearness will blur and fade in details as time goes on until—when I see the original again, or a reproduction—I shall be surprised to find that Raphael's Leo X is wall-eyed on the right side instead of on the left, as I had supposed.

I know also that as long as I remember anything I shall be able to recall quite distinctly the amiable Roman father carefully washing his wife's spoon, his daughter's spoon and his own spoon in a glass of water. Was it for this, then, that I went to Europe? It is a scandalous thought, but I fear there is truth in it. Try it on yourself. How many trivial but ludicrous things do you remember, and how many of the most inspiring things have you half forgotten?

The spoon sticks in my memory because it was funny and odd—that is, different from what I should have expected to see in any American restaurant. It is by no means a peculiarity of Americans, when away from home, to pick out the things that are different and charge them up to the discredit of the natives. Even Charles Dickens' powerful imagination was not quite able to conceive that rational beings who spoke the English language—although, to be sure, after an absurd manner of their

(Continued on Page 92)

Tons of Walworth pipe fittings~installed in Father Knickerbocker's new refrigerator

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S new ice chest—the Bronx Terminal Market—feeds a family of five million people.

Freight trains trundle into it through the back door with shiploads of beef from the Argentine, tons of butter and eggs from the West and carloads of fruit and vegetables from the gardens of the world. Its seventy miles of frost-covered pipes would freeze a block of ice "as big as the Ritz."

Many tons of flanges and flange fittings were needed in making up and connecting these pipes. *Walworth supplied them.* Fittings that are just "plain fittin's"—made any old way to meet a price—have no place on a job like this. The perfect alignment and correct threading of every run of Walworth fittings are checked up to the strict accuracy of the Walworth standard.

All Walworth's manufacturing standards are based on a consideration of the enormous responsibility which any single valve, fitting or tool may have to meet. In this case the risk was a city's food supply. In your case it may be the lives of the employees in an engine room, the unfailing output of a factory or simply the comfort and convenience of your home.

Whatever You Build
You Need Walworth

Your specification of valves and fittings for any piping installation should be definite and unmistakable. Make it "Walworth throughout" and there can be no question in anyone's mind of the quality that you require.

THE BRONX TERMINAL MARKET

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Open June 15th to September 15th

UNCLE Sam has made citizens of the Indians. The old tribal costumes and customs will soon be no more. Now, before it all goes, let your children get acquainted with the noble, unconquerable Blackfeet. Today, as for centuries past, Glacier National Park is their native home.

Come out this summer. There's health for you in this lake-jeweled Rocky Mountain million acres. Hike, climb, ride horseback, fish. Tour about in motor coaches or motor launches. Camp in the open. Or live in ease at the fine hotels or rustic chalets.

Take a Burlington Escorted Tour which includes other Parks as well as Glacier Park. Or choose one of the Great Northern's own fixed cost tours of one to seven days or longer in Glacier Park alone. You can ride right up to the gates of Glacier Park on the luxurious New Oriental Limited or other fine Great Northern trains operating between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest. It is the only National Park in the United States on the main line of a transcontinental railway. Low Summer Fares to Glacier Park, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Today send the coupon for full details.

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Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a day stay in the Park for a party of .... I am particularly interested in

☐ General Tour of Park ☐ Alaskan Tours ☐ Burlington Escorted Tour

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 90)

own—might deliberately choose to be different from English. Since then a million or so less gifted Britons have found the United States funny, or surprising, for not being English. When a strain comes, as in the World War while we stood neutral, it is pathetic to see how impossible it is for many honorable and intelligent Englishmen to comprehend that the United States really chooses, in cold blood, to be quite different from England. At the end of a long life, unusually rich in experience and thought, James Bryce recorded a melancholy doubt that any nation can ever really understand any other nation.

This is not a digression, but only by way of explaining that when I say raw eggs are a not uncommon article of diet among traveling Italians I am not disparaging a great nation, but only mentioning something that is different. Naturally, Americans will note things that are different. Why else go abroad? Certainly not for scenery. There is better scenery at home, and more of it, and more accessible. On that head the Connecticut doctor, one of a party of four that spent a day motoring through the famous forests of Fontainebleau, summed it up:

"Fine!" he exclaimed at length. "Yes, sir, this is fine scenery. Why, by Jove, it's exactly the Berkshire hills!" And so the best of it was—scenery that he could view any day by driving ten minutes from his home.

The Guide and the Guyed

But hardly any Americans do visit Europe in quest of scenery. They go to see something different, and—if it is their first trip—the idea of difference is so strongly implanted that they hire a guide because they wouldn't think of hiring a guide at home. There is no other reason.

"No, I am not going out this evening," said an American lady in Rome. "We engaged a guide for the whole week and he has kept us so busy I'm a rag. I shall have a little dinner in my room and go straight to bed."

But an American who can read simple sentences in the English language, and will expend $1.50 for a guidebook, has exactly as much need for a professional guide in Rome as he would have for one in Kansas City—unless, to be sure, he is bent upon some recondite archæological pursuit or wants to find a poker game.

In the era broadly known as before the war, an American traveler in Amsterdam closed with the enticing offer of a street-corner guide who proposed to conduct him to the famous island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee and back again for only twenty dollars, which would cover all expenses of the day except the trifling item of two luncheons. After this bargain was struck the learned guide led his client half a block to a boat whose destination was marked in large, plain letters; also he showed him that Marken was, just as he had represented it to be, an island entirely surrounded by water and inhabited by people who were unmistakably Dutch. Back in his Amsterdam hotel that afternoon, the traveler had the brilliant afterthought to look it up in his guidebook, where he found that he could have visited Marken as easily as walking across the street at a cost of about fifty cents for the round trip.

There are, of course, honorable and even learned guides; but they do not loiter on the street accosting strangers. And an honorable and learned guide is apt to prove a great bore by conscientiously reciting everything in the guidebook that you can buy at the nearest bookstall, whereas if you buy the book you can skip whatever doesn't seem interesting. For Americans in Western Europe who wish merely to look at the chief sights, the first guide to comfortable travel is—don't bother with a guide.

Nowadays, in traveling the main routes and looking up the chief sights, not knowing a syllable of any foreign tongue is hardly a more serious handicap than ignorance of Latin is in traveling at home. In spite of all their strangeness, Europeans who sell railroad tickets and operate taxicabs almost invariably know how to read. The name of your destination, whether it is a town, a cathedral, a museum, a street or a public square, written down on the back of an envelope, will serve as well as an oration delivered in faultless native accents.

If I write with undue feeling on the subject of guides, it is chargeable to the street-corner pests who swarm in European spots that are much infested by Americans and offer their alleged services with the persistence of hungry mosquitoes. There are degrees of pestiferousness among them, however, those in Paris being much the worst. It would be interesting to know how they got the impression that every unattached male, no matter what the hour of day or night, is yearning to visit a dive or to look at a dirty picture. Why the police do not chase them off the streets will probably remain, for Americans, one of the conundrums of Europe.

In Italy, by my observation, they are mostly mere nuisances and not insults to boot. In one of Venice's narrow and crooked little streets a bright-eyed boy whom we judged to be ten or twelve regarded us for a moment like an attentive robin, then held up an imperative forefinger and delivered the only English sentence he knew: "I show you glass factory; blow glass; come."

He hopped down the street ahead of us, looking back over his shoulder and holding up the forefinger, either to guide or to hypnotize us, until we turned a corner. Fifteen minutes later a bent and bearded patriarch viewed us with dim eyes and mumbled hopefully, "Like to see glass factory? I show you."

Turning to Venice in my Baedeker, which, to be sure, was published before the war, I read this opening sentence: "Once the most brilliant commercial city in the world, now a provincial capital with 148,500 inhabitants of whom one-quarter are practically paupers." Not absolute paupers, however. All of them try to earn a little money by guiding Americans to glass factories, where they get a commission on the sales. In Florence they will risk life and limb, no matter how bad the weather, to guide you to a mosaic factory round the corner, where its presence is announced by a sign in good English.

Doing the Uffizi in Par

A lead pencil and the back of an envelope are a much more dependable means of communicating addresses than any few weeks' course in a foreign tongue, for unfortunately no Europeans, not even the Germans, pronounce their language as the accent marks in the book plainly show they ought to.

An American woman complained rather bitterly that she could not make Paris cab drivers understand a word of the French which she had toilfully acquired for the journey. A gallant and tactful Frenchman replied that he very often found himself in the same predicament because so many cab drivers in Paris come from the south and speak a dialect very different from Parisian French. That so comforted the fair American that next day I heard her repeating the valuable information in perfect seriousness. No doubt she put down in her notebook, for the instruction of the women's club at home, that hardly any cab drivers in Paris can understand proper French. They can all read an address, however.

Probably, however, a guide who is both fleet and sure of foot is necessary for some of the bursts of speed set down for conducted parties that feel bound to cover the greatest possible number of miles in a given time.

"Why are so many elderly American women short of wind?" a Florentine guide inquired pettishly. "I haven't got a party through the Uffizi gallery in par this week.

(Continued on Page 94)

Full of life and full of wear! No wonder Keds are the favorite shoes of champion athletes! No wonder Keds are worn by millions of boys all summer long!

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Boys in Everyday Wear

establish wonderful records with KEDS

HARD fought games on a thousand courts—the gruelling wear of the greatest champions—and the ceaseless friction, day by day, of young and restless feet

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In 1925 alone, the winners of twenty-one national tennis championships—and a long list of other great players—played in Keds.

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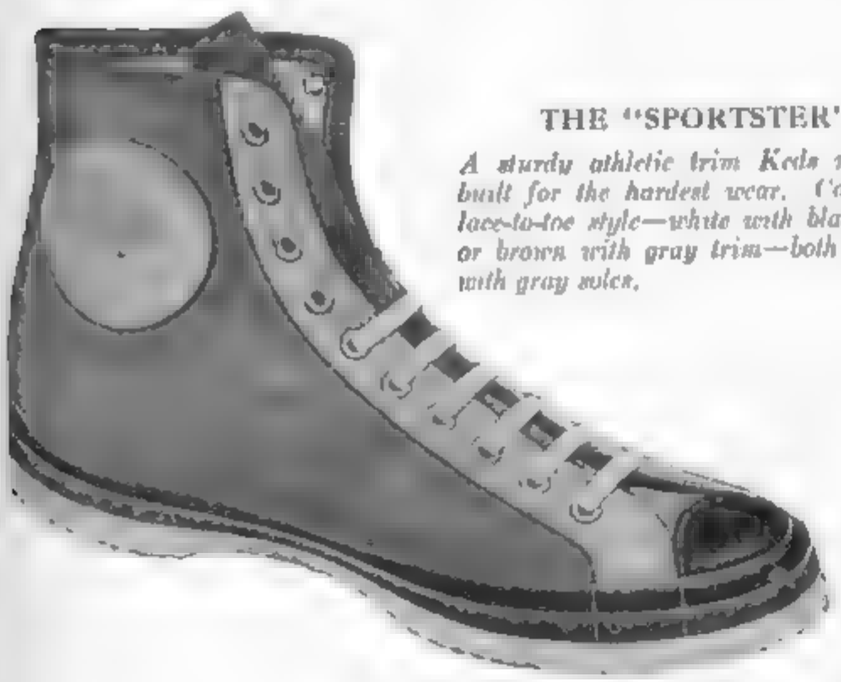
Everywhere throughout the country, millions of boys and girls, men and women find that Keds are just the shoes for all sports wear—at play, in camp, in the gymnasium, sailing or for general everyday wear in the summer time.

Their wonderful wearing quality—their live, springy, sure-gripping soles—their special Feltex innersoles—their light, cool, well-ventilated uppers, and their trim, snug fit—make Keds the best shoes for all sports use.

Keds come in all popular styles and at prices from $1.25 to $4.50. Be sure you get the *real* Keds. Look for the *name* Keds on the shoe.

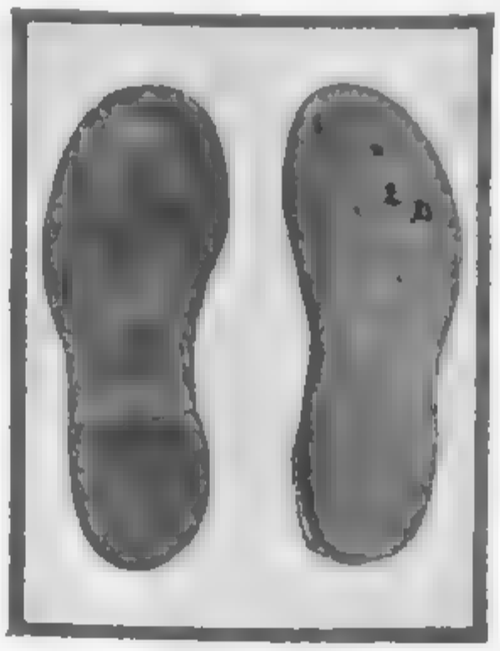


THE "SPORTSTER"

A sturdy athletic trim Keds model—built for the hardest wear. Comes in lace-to-toe style—white with black trim or brown with gray trim—both models with gray soles.

THE "TRIUMPH"

A crepe-sole Keds model. Distinguished for springy lightness, ground-grip and long wear.



Keds Shoe — Ordinary tennis shoe

After three months' wear

Unretouched photograph of two shoes worn by an active 12-year-old boy in an actual test conducted in a New England town. The Keds "Conquest" still has months of wear in it. The ordinary tennis shoe is full of holes. Yet both shoes cost the same price!

Free booklet for boys and girls

Our 1926 Keds Hand-book of Sports contains all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. 1330, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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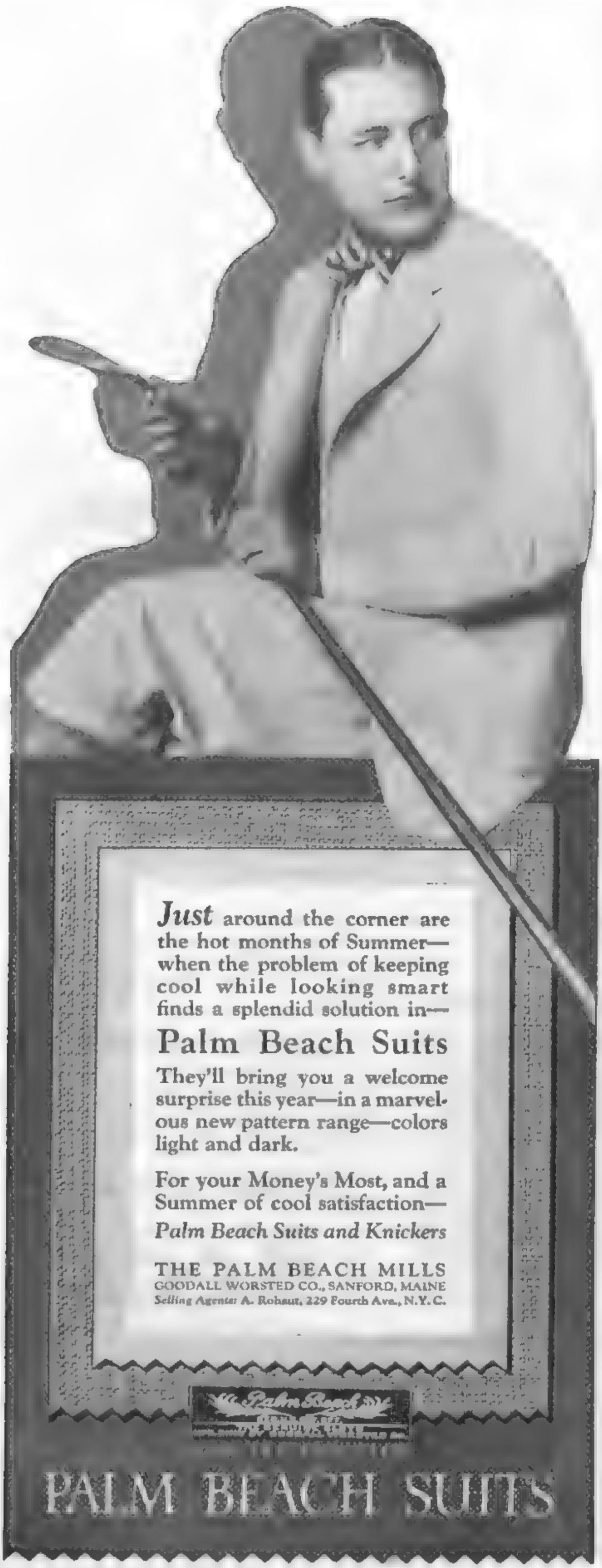
They are *not* Keds unless the *name* Keds is on the shoe


Just around the corner are the hot months of Summer—when the problem of keeping cool while looking smart finds a splendid solution in—
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They'll bring you a welcome surprise this year—in a marvelous new pattern range—colors light and dark.
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PALM BEACH SUITS

(Continued from Page 92)

Today we were three minutes late at the turn, but a couple of my flock were panting so heavily that I had to slow down to a mere dogtrot."

Europeans get great amusement out of the way we sometimes rush through the most important art galleries. They never hurry through. Mostly they just stay away and go to the American movies instead. I have heard a great deal about the cultured French workmen in their caps and blouses who may be seen admiring the pictures in the Louvre. I have often looked for them there, and now and then have been rewarded by finding one or two. But when I observed them a little while I always discovered that they were workmen employed on the premises, going about their allotted menial or mechanical tasks with no more indication of æsthetic emotion than if they had been working in a barn.

Of course Europeans love their art treasures. You cannot doubt that when you read the laments over every transfer of an art treasure from Europe to America. But almost never does the passion rise to the height of prompting some rich European to outbid the rich American, although millionaires are far from being an unknown phenomenon in Europe, even since the war—or, perhaps, especially since the war. Astute European minds were by no means so absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful that they overlooked the vast opportunities for profit which every big war provides.

A Taste for Tourist Money

Rich Americans, you hear, buy famous works of art from mere vulgar ostentation. But when members of the celebrated Medici family had themselves painted as holy persons, or even as angels, in religious pictures they were guided only by that sense of proportion which is an important element in good taste. Likewise the Venetian doges who complacently frescoed their palace walls with portraits of themselves in familiar relationship with beings of the heavenly hierarchy. By and large, in comparison with the cultured nabobs at whose behest the old masters produced their masterpieces, the most ostentatious American millionaire is a trembling violet in a deep woodland dell.

It is flattering to suppose that Europeans generally have superior taste, for nothing could be more obvious than their taste for American money. That we have produced an article which appeals so powerfully to the most cultivated races ought to count for something as an offset to our admitted lack of native old masters. We missed the old masters only by a chronological misfortune. In their day, the only works of art known to the inhabitants of what is now the United States were executed with a hunting knife. But the masters naturally gravitated to those spots, such as Rome, Florence, Venice, where the longest bank rolls were. If an Elysian reporter should ask them now to what spot on earth they would choose to return for the practice of their art, there would no doubt be a strong majority vote in favor of a sojourn in New York—long enough, at least, to do a few portraits at top prices.

Mostly, I believe, Europeans exercise their taste for American tourist money in a fair and sportsmanlike manner. Every now and then, if you hand over a bank note and trust the cab driver, gondolier or news vender to make change according to his own lights, you will find, on counting it up, that his arithmetic was faulty to the extent of a shilling or a couple of lire in his own favor. But if a great many foreigners came yearly to the United States, and generally trusted our cab drivers, gondoliers and news venders to make change according to their own lights, the arithmetic would be quite as defective. I should hesitate to say that short-changing a man who is too lazy to count his change falls wholly outside the bounds of clean amateur sportsmanship.

Every traveler hears harrowing tales of sharp practices in European shops. But for two or three juvenile years I held a firm belief that among Englishmen wife beating was as common as pipe smoking or dropping *h*'s. I think it was my impression that the Prince Consort walloped Her Majesty every now and then, and that a duke thought no more of shying his coronet at his wife's head than of shaving. A very English artisan lived in our town, and did notoriously beat his wife. From that simple fact we deduced a fixed national trait. The notion that all European shopkeepers are swindlers has no better foundation.

Many European shops that are in the line of American travel make a great merit of having one fixed price after the manner of American shops. All of them, I believe, will very honestly try to get that fixed price; but if you positively refuse to pay it, many of them will accept a price that is not so fixed. After all, fixed prices tend to take the sociability out of shopping, and Southern Europeans especially love sociability.

An American male stepped into a Florentine shop, pointed to an article, asked the price, received the article and departed, having expended, besides the money, a minute and a half and five words. From the salesman who handed him the package he received only a slight and chilly bow, while the two other attendants seemed to regard him with disfavor. Next day his wife visited the same shop and for half an hour kept two salesmen busy exhibiting goods. Having made a selection, she chaffered over the price until she got a reduction. All three shop attendants accompanied her to the door, beaming and bowing. She had taken up their time for half an hour, beat them down on the price and finally left less money in their till than her husband had left the day before. But she had satisfied their idea of what shopping should be like. Thereafter she was always heartily welcomed in that shop, while her monosyllabic husband was regarded as an American frost.

The grandest manners I have ever seen anywhere, and incomparably the most of them, are possessed by a certain Italian shopkeeper. But you can no more just walk into his place of business, point to an article, pay for it and walk out than you can saunter up to Buckingham Palace, knock on the door and have a chat with the king. The transaction must be elaborately embroidered with many flourishes, genuflections and locutions. This takes time. But an American in Europe, especially in the south, soon sees that they have more time than anything else. I should say offhand that a Neapolitan has more time in an hour than a Chicagoan has in all day.

The Sale of a Shirt

You inform the saleslady that you wish to see some shirts. She inquires as to what sort of shirts you have in mind, then disappears into a storeroom, whence, in five minutes or so, she emerges with an armful of packages, each neatly done up in brown paper and carefully tied with a string. There are perhaps three or four shirts in each package. To untie all of them, carefully saving the string, and lay them out for your inspection takes time. When you have picked out the ones you want the saleslady gives you a slip to take over to the cashier, who critically inspects it and then opens a large book in which, apparently, she writes down several verses of Dante. After your change is made and your parcel done up, all the other shirts are put back in their brown-paper packages, carefully retied and carried back to the storeroom.

One might be tempted to say, "You could save a lot of time by keeping goods in drawers or pasteboard boxes near the counter." But one remembers that they are not much interested in saving time. At half-past twelve very likely the door will be locked and a sign hung on it: "Closed until three."

At Naples, on the advice of the hotel, we reached the railroad station forty minutes before train time. The train was already at

(Continued on Page 96)

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HAVE you been waiting for better programs, better reception and simpler instruments before putting a Radio in your home?

Then there is no need to wait any longer, for real Radio enjoyment is here. And to realize it, all you have to do is to try the Atwater Kent Model 30 with the O N E Dial Control. It wins friends everywhere because it is so easy to operate, so efficient and unobtrusive.

Besides its genuine Single Dial Control, which makes everything so simple and easy and certain, you get, of course, all the other qualities for which Atwater Kent Radio is famous.

Let an Atwater Kent dealer demonstrate the Model 30 with a sweet-toned Atwater Kent Speaker and prove to your own satisfaction that *now* Radio is what you wanted Radio to be.

Every Sunday Evening—The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WCCO	*Mpls & St Paul*
WEEI	*Boston*	WJR	*Detroit*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WCAP	*Washington*	WWJ	*Detroit*

Radio Speaker Model H

Model 30 with battery cable

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO., *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4703 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For June Brides

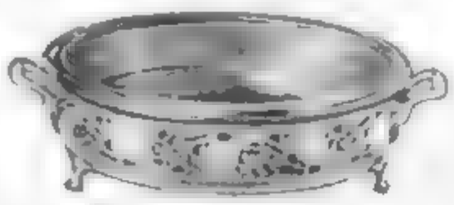
FARBERWARE

Ideal Utility Gifts

For wedding gifts they have charm and beauty, are practical and inexpensive. You will want Farberware yourself because it has real quality.

Casserole

An attractive perforated design. Beautifully nickel plated. Equipped with a nationally known guaranteed cooking glass, with engraved lid.



Pie Plate

A splendid example of modern design. Beautifully nickel plated. Equipped with a nationally known guaranteed baking glass.

Bread Tray

Handsomely perforated and engraved design. Beautifully nickel plated. A useful decoration for the table. One of our finest pieces.

Farberware Utility Gifts are modestly priced ranging from $3 to $10.

The name *Farberware* stamped on every piece. For sale by leading dealers.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.
141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Just what you need for reading, writing, shaving, sewing, dressing, etc. Protects the eyes. Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. Solid brass: $3.95

Bronze, Nickel and White Enamel finish: $4.45. West of the Mississippi, 25c additional.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.
141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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the platform, however, and as nearly as I could judge, half the places in first, second and third class carriages were already occupied. They have no system of reserving seats in day coaches; but at terminals the train will usually be ready about an hour before the time it is scheduled to start. Many passengers will be there before the train is ready. Half an hour before train time everybody except a few stragglers will be on hand to preëmpt a seat. The stragglers will very likely camp in the aisles. This involves much loss of time, but they do not mind that.

To the courteous Florentine who showed me around his villa in the hills I remarked that the olive trees over yonder were the oldest-looking living things I had ever seen. In fact, California has trees that are far older, but the giant redwoods wear an appearance of green and sappy youth in comparison with these gnarled, barkless olives whose riven trunks look like ancient bone. My host did not know how old they were, but undoubtedly very aged. Some of the vines were very old, too, he said, as I could see by the thick roots.

I had noticed that. But California grows much better grapes on her young vines, and better olives too.

A famous coat of arms on one of the gable ends of the house caught my eye. It resembled a platter with five Hamburger steaks symmetrically arranged on it. With a varying number of balls, it appears somewhere or other on three-fourths of the notable buildings in Tuscany. The villa owner smiled and nodded in answer to my glance, saying, "Yes, the Medici built this house—one of their littler places. Of course the land was in vines and olives before their time. One of the peasant houses on it—like the one we just went through—has been occupied by the same family more than 300 years."

I neglected to ask him whether the present occupants were Fascists or Socialists; in short, whether they were bent on upsetting democracy merely or things in general. The wonder is that anything can be so old as Europe, and yet so extensively unsettled and uncertain from hour to hour, and in so much of a stew. You have the Colosseum, the Forum, Dante, Petrarch—a thousand reminders of long duration. Also, you have a doubtful Fascist dictatorship and a big Socialist opposition, under lid for the moment but liable to boil over next year for all anybody really knows. In France just now the currency is slipping ominously, and by way of encouraging it to slip further they are proposing a capital levy and an additional large issue of bank notes. In England about half the electorate seems cheerfully bent on courting the disaster of state socialism. Old, but not knowing where it is going or how; uncertainty the outstanding feature of the situation.

On the way home in November the ocean engaged in a wild effort to climb out of its bed. Having a dependable stomach, I can enjoy the exhilarating spectacle of a good storm at sea. Nevertheless, there was a pleasant relief in stepping down to a firm pier in a firm country—the only firm big country left in the world.

ARMISTICE

(Continued from Page 13)

ghastly horrors, broken homes, broken limbs. Fancy being just a free man again, Hignett, and feeling you can do and act like a human being! I feel just crazy."

"I know. I shall go barmy tomorrow myself if it comes off. One has got so used to it one simply can't believe that there can ever be the old life again. Where and when do you think you'll be going, Brandt? I don't believe you ever told me anything about your people when we met in Paris."

"I've got a wife and three kiddies and an old mother and two sisters, waiting for me in the little burg of Trenton, and I am going to get right back on the first boat I can crowd onto going west. Oh, it's great! It's fine! Golly, there's some good times coming to us yet, Hignett!"

Hignett stood up and laughed and the two young men banged each other on the shoulder in sheer exuberance. They had met by pure chance at a cabaret in Paris, and had formed one of those quick war friendships which in some cases lasted a lifetime.

"I'm just crazy to meet your missus," said Brandt.

"I'm crazy to show her to you," replied Hignett, and he pointed at a photograph in a silver frame. "She'll be home to dinner about eight."

"My, that's fine!" said Brandt, examining the photo. "It makes me feel real homesick. Gosh! She's a beauty! French, isn't she?"

Hignett nodded. "I met her at Amiens. She's one of the best, Brandt. Poor child! It hasn't been much of a married life for her so far. But if the Boche signs tomorrow we'll be able to make all that up."

He was holding the photograph in his hand when there was another tap on the door, and Mason entered. He was carrying two visiting cards on a tray.

He approached Hignett and said, "These two gentlemen wish to see you, sir."

Hignett picked up the cards, examined them and looked a little puzzled. Then he said quickly, "Show them in, Mason." When the butler had withdrawn he murmured, "Ramon de Thiepval! That's a queer thing, Brandt. This was the very chap who introduced me to Pauline. I didn't think he was very friendly with me. I believe he was very keen on Pauline himself. I didn't quite get the whole story from her. I know he had been hanging about a lot. I know she liked him to a certain extent at one time. It's difficult to understand Frenchmen when it comes to their relations with women. You never can quite get the hang of how much they mean. They protest so much, that their affairs lose all sense of proportion."

The events of the next two minutes were so sudden and so astounding that Brandt would be likely to remember them all his days. He saw the butler enter, announce two names and retire. On his heels followed two very intense-looking men, one in the pale-blue uniform of a French artillery officer. He heard Hignett exclaim, "Hullo, De Thiepval!"

The next moment, without a word of warning, he saw the French officer give his friend a sharp rap across the face with an open glove. He exclaimed "Gosh!" and sprang forward as though to come to his assistance. He felt Hignett's hand grip his forearm. He could tell by the latter's tense face and clenched fists that his instincts were the same as his own, but his startled expression seemed to be struggling to focus the amazing situation and in some manner to keep it under control.

He stood very erect and merely muttered, "This is my father's house."

The two Frenchmen were obviously waiting for him to make some further move.

After a momentary hesitation he said quite calmly, "May I ask, De Thiepval, what is the meaning of this—this unexpected attention?"

With a dramatic gesture De Thiepval declaimed: "You are posturing, Captain Hignett. You know quite well you betrayed my trust in your honor. While my duties called me away to serve my fatherland, you ran off with the woman who was affianced to me."

"Pauline was never affianced to you to my knowledge."

"You lie! I loved her. She told me to wait till the war was over, till the world was sane. I trusted her. I trusted you. If the world was insane for me it was insane for you."

"Love, as far as I may judge, is not dependent upon any degree of sanity of an outside world. I am sorry you take it like this, De Thiepval. It was an open field."

"It was not an open field. You crawled in while my back was turned. You are, in your own language, a dirty traitor."

"I must ask you to withdraw that statement."

The other officer then stepped into the breach. "I would draw your attention, Captain Hignett, to the fact that you have been insulted by my friend, Captain De Thiepval."

"I am vividly aware of that, Major Fougeret. And I deplore the fact that your friend should have thought it necessary to behave in this manner here, in my father's house. If he wants any kind of a roughhouse, there are other places ——"

"Goody!" exclaimed Brandt suddenly. "You see what he's after, Hignett? He wants to fight a duel."

This, indeed, had not so far occurred to Hignett. His expression was one almost of angry disgust. The situation seemed to him a little ludicrous, like a scene from an *opéra bouffe*. People don't fight duels these days.

Controlling himself as well as he could, he said, "This is absurd. You have no right to come here and behave in this ridiculous fashion. If this were my house I'd kick you out. But my father upstairs is old and an invalid. If you wish to be rude to me, please do it outside, or anywhere you like to choose."

Fougeret bowed. "I regard this then as an acceptance of my friend's challenge. May I assume that this gentleman here will act for you?"

"Oh, come now," said Brandt, in his heavy paternal voice, "let's cut all this out Tomorrow there's to be peace. Surely there's been enough bloodletting these last four years. Why can't you boys pull yourselves together? I'm sure my friend Hignett wouldn't play any underhand games. He's a gentleman. My view is that there was an open field for the hand of Mrs. Hignett and you didn't just happen to pull it off, captain. Hignett won and that's all there is to it."

"He won while my back was turned—like a traitor."

Fougeret turned toward Hignett and exclaimed, "This is an affair in which my friend's honor is at stake. I shall be glad to know what you propose to do about it."

Hignett was still maintaining his puzzled, rather contemptuous attitude. He spoke testily, "The whole thing is childish. I have no intention of fighting a duel."

The face of De Thiepval turned a shade paler. He said acidly, "After these four years, during which England and France have been allies, it pains me to have to call an English officer a coward."

Hignett was patently uncertain how to act. His face was flushed with anger, which he was at pains to control. At the same time his feelings appeared to be more bewildered by the unexpected outrage than profoundly stirred. Secure in his own sense of rectitude in the matter, conscious of the completeness of his triumph, he could not but harbor a sneaking pity for De Thiepval As he hesitated, De Thiepval suddenly stepped forward and spat upon his uniform The face of Hignett underwent a strange transformation. Bewilderment, hesitation and forbearance vanished. Nothing seemed to be left but the hard, cold anger of the fighting man. He turned to Brandt and said:

"Brandt, I think you understand the situation. I leave it to you to settle the details with Captain De Thiepval's friend. When you have done so, will you kindly ring the bell? The butler will show these gentlemen out."

(Continued on Page 99)

By actual test—it gives you

1 *to* 1½ more miles *per gallon of gasoline*

An amazing demonstration of the ability of a new type gear lubricant to make your car freer running—due to reduced friction

A revolutionary change has come in gear lubrication. It is of vital importance to every motorist. For it enables you to save 40 to 60 gallons of gasoline every 10,000 miles. It will pay you to read this through:

No more fillers or acids

Alemite engineers have perfected an entirely new type of gear lubricant, after three year's research.

This new Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains no foreign substances—no fillers or acids. It is *all lubricant*. Heretofore, this was thought impossible by many engineers. But it is now a fact. And actual friction heat tests show that this new lubricant reduces gear friction to a new low point.

At the same time Alemite Transmission Lubricant keeps your gears free-running as never before. It does away with the drag caused by the old sticky gear compound. In cold weather it keeps gears easy to shift.

A road test

Several standard cars of well-known makes were used to make these tests. A measured amount of gasoline was put in the tank of each. Then the cars were driven till the supply was exhausted. The mileage was recorded.

This test was repeated with four leading makes of gear compounds in the transmission and differentials—under identical conditions. Then the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant was used. A difference was expected. But the amount of difference was amazing.

The car actually delivered 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gas with Alemite Transmission Lubricant than with any other.

In your car

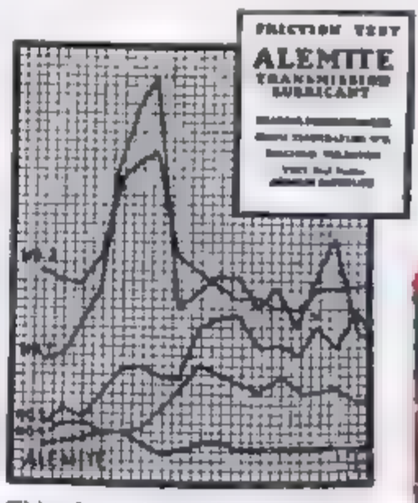
This means you can actually reduce your gasoline bill 40 to 60 gallons every 10,000 miles. Just by using this new type Transmission Lubricant in your gears. You'll also find your car has more pick-up and power.

Remember, Alemite Transmission Lubricant *is not* just another gear compound. It is a new principle. And it is the only gear lubricant of its kind today. So ask for it by name.

Every 2,000 miles

Drive to your service station today. Have your gear cases drained and refilled with this new lubricant. Gear cases should be drained every 2,000 miles and refilled with fresh lubricant. You'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" troubles if you do this—and you'll get more miles to the gallon.

The Bassick Manufacturing Co.
2660 North Crawford Avenue Chicago, Ill.
Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario



This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission lubrication made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

Look for this Dispensing Drum, red and blue.

ALEMITE

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Transmission Lubricant

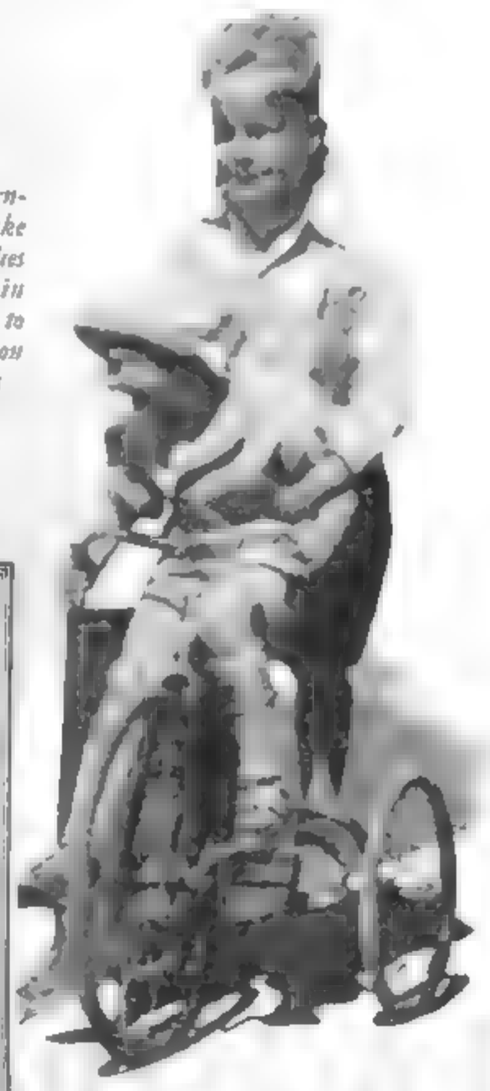
© 1926, T. B. Mfg. Co

Hours of Energy

follow the excellent food balance of this most delicious of hot breakfasts

Yet you cook it in 3 to 5 minutes
Quick Quaker is quicker than plain toast!

For children and grown-ups there's nothing like Quaker Oats . . . it supplies the excellent "balance" in diet which equips them to meet the day's demands on their brains and nerves and muscles.



These two sturdy lads are physically fit to meet life's battles. Quaker Oats children are usually noted for their rugged health, their alertness mentally.

Why Quaker Oats "stands by" you through the morning

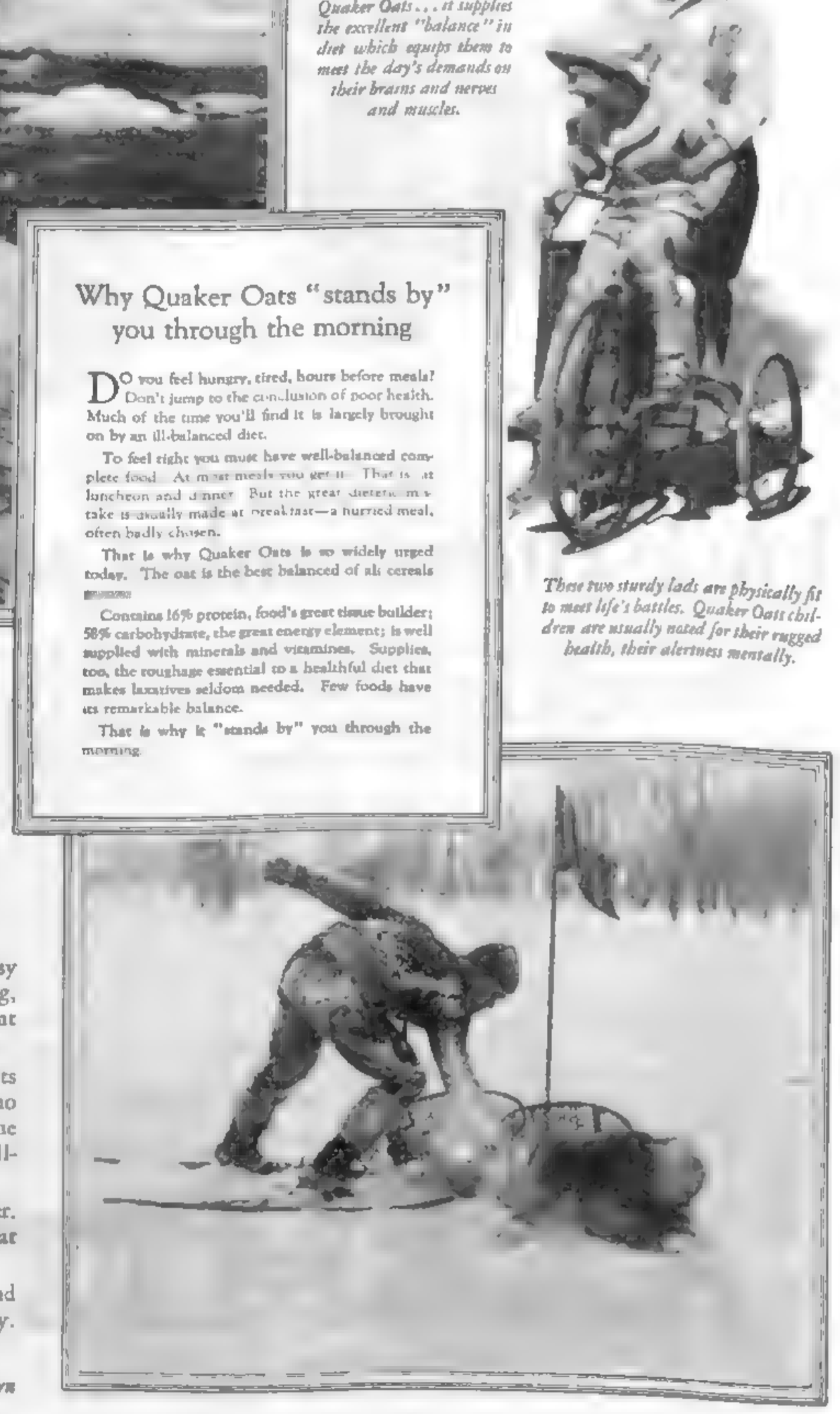
DO you feel hungry, tired, hours before meals? Don't jump to the conclusion of poor health. Much of the time you'll find it is largely brought on by an ill-balanced diet.

To feel right you must have well-balanced complete food. At most meals you get it. That is at luncheon and dinner. But the great dietetic mistake is usually made at breakfast—a hurried meal, often badly chosen.

That is why Quaker Oats is so widely urged today. The oat is the best balanced of all cereals known.

Contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 58% carbohydrate, the great energy element; is well supplied with minerals and vitamines. Supplies, too, the roughage essential to a healthful diet that makes laxatives seldom needed. Few foods have its remarkable balance.

That is why it "stands by" you through the morning.



"QUAKER OATS and milk" has become a national dietetic urge. Savory and delicious, it combines the important body-building elements of protein, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamines in excellent balance. Its roughage makes laxatives seldom needed.

For sheer deliciousness, no other breakfast compares. As an energy food, both for adults and for children, none surpasses.

And now, it is the most easily prepared. A hot breakfast, ready and served in less time than it takes to make the coffee!

That's Quick Quaker with True Quaker Flavor

Quick Quaker is a new kind of Quaker Oats. We perfected it for busy wives and mothers, who, because of limited time for cooking, might serve less nourishing breakfasts than the all-important oats. It cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

It has all that rare Quaker flavor which oats must have to be at their best. The Quaker flavor no other oats in all the world possesses, because of the plump and wonderful grains used and Quaker milling processes.

The grains are cut before flaking and rolled thinner. So they cook faster than ordinary Quaker Oats. That is the only difference.

For the sake of deliciousness, and for health and all-day energy, serve Quick Quaker now every day.

Grocers have two kinds . . .
Quick Quaker, cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, and Quaker Oats, the kind you have always known

(Continued from Page 98)

With that he walked deliberately out of the room, closing the door very quietly.

Brandt was dumfounded. When he had trundled out in a taxi to this dull-looking house at Teddington, he little expected to be suddenly whirled into the midst of a deplorable tragedy. He felt as though he had been chloroformed and awakened to find himself trajected across the centuries or taking part in the sham posturing of a film. With Hignett absent, he felt his powers of protestation to be useless. He listened attentively to the incisive suggestions of Fougeret

One memory jumped vividly to the forefront of his mind. Whilst in Paris he and Hignett had visited a Tir des Pigeons. He had discovered that his friend was a deadly shot with a revolver. He promptly rejected Fougeret's suggestion of sabers or *épées*. For all he knew, Hignett had never handled the darn things. He found himself making arrangements concerning dueling pistols for dawn close to a small village near the Pas de Calais, the affair to take place two days later. He made a note of the details. After the officers had gone, he sought for Hignett, but the butler told him he was upstairs reading to the general. It was half an hour before he came down. Brandt met him on the staircase.

"Gosh, Hignett," he said, "why did you do it?"

"He spat on the King's uniform," replied Hignett quietly. "Listen, I hear my wife. Come on downstairs and I'll introduce you to her."

III

AT ELEVEN o'clock precisely the maroons went off. The King and Queen came out on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. A massed band of the Guards played Land of Hope and Glory, in the courtyard below. The great concourse, which had already assembled, cheered. But their cheers had not the fervor and the frenzy which was to be their character later in the day. Drugged by the misery of four and a half years of war, the people appeared to regard this manifestation as one further episode in the story. They had not yet grasped the full significance of it.

There was nothing about the familiar figures of their King and Queen, or the gray coats of the Guards or the drab characterless November sky, to suggest that this was one of the most momentous days in history. Nevertheless the forecourt of Buckingham Palace remained throughout the day the pivot of the people's activities. From that hour they began to stream in the direction of the palace, as though the news they had received by word of mouth or in the newspapers required some kind of material confirmation. When they had seen the King and Queen, or heard the solemn melodies played by the Guards, they turned to one another and exclaimed, "Thank God! It's all over!"

And they went away with light hearts. By twelve o'clock the crowd was so dense that no traffic could get within half a mile of the palace gates. And what a strange traffic it was! Every conceivable kind of motor and horse vehicle merged to this center, weighted down by indiscriminate humanity. At the stupendous realization, all social barriers snapped. Every vehicle was a public conveyance, restricted only by its cubic capacity.

By midday the countless millions began to roar themselves hoarse in frenzied yells of relief. For it may be said that throughout that day there was one simple emotion which stirred the multitude as though it were a unit—the emotion of intense relief. There existed no spirit of triumph, malice, recrimination; there was, indeed, little interest in the terms of the compact; there was only one thought expressed in the common formula of the day: "Thank God, it's over!"

Having completed his business at the War Office, Hignett was one of the early arrivals outside the palace gates. He, too, was not so far deeply affected by the momentousness of the affair. He was still shaken and exasperated by the events of the previous evening, still dominated by the claims of his personal preoccupations. His anger and disgust were being slowly penetrated by a greater disquiet. The previous evening's *contretemps* appeared so foolish, so unnecessary. The days that he had been living for, the days when he was to devote himself to Pauline and to realize their united dreams of happiness, were abruptly jeopardized at the very last moment. To have survived that awful war and then perhaps to fall to a bullet in a foolish quarrel—or even to kill the other man! And he could not tell his wife. She would not understand. And somehow it did not seem quite fair to her.

A great temptation came over him to approach De Thiepval once more and see if the affair could not be amicably settled. He believed he could have brought himself to do this if only the latter had not spat on the King's uniform and called him a coward!

He wandered down the Mall, watching the crowd. In spite of himself, its exuberant quality began to excite him. He saw officers and privates walking arm in arm, veteran brass hats lying back in their cars surrounded by screaming little munition girls, waving flags. Flags seemed to spring up from everywhere. And the most surprising and un-English attitude was that everyone was talking to everyone else. All class distinctions had vanished; and not only were they talking, they were talking excitedly, and laughing, cheering and singing, and even embracing one another. In the government buildings around Whitehall, girls were tearing up army forms and throwing the remnants out of the windows, as though to emphasize that all was over and that forms were meaningless. No one asked permission for liberty. They just rushed hatless out into the street, for all men were suddenly free, united in a single impulse.

Opposite Trafalgar Square he saw an enormous Australian soldier, minus an arm, standing against a railing, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. And as the people passed they pressed his hand or sympathetically touched his shoulder, and asked no questions as to why he was weeping, for anyone might weep on such a day. There was little between the tears of grief and the tears of joy.

Amidst the dense crowds in Whitehall, it suddenly occurred to Hignett that there was in this excitement no sense of hysteria. It was supremely sane. It was the expression of a people as they ought always to be—intensely happy, unself-conscious, without thoughts of malice or sense of social distinction, a joyous exulting throng of children. And so at that moment would it be all over the world. If only the world could remain as it was on this Armistice Day!

People he knew and people he didn't know—and there seemed little difference—came up and wrung his hand or linked their arms in his. Gradually he found himself losing the sense of personal oppression. His own affairs seemed insignificant in this spirit of universal benevolence. He began to laugh and cheer and sing on his own account.

He had appointed to meet Pauline, Frazier Brandt and two women friends of Pauline's for luncheon at the Barbarotti restaurant on the Embankment, and he arrived there well before his time. It was the national instinct to share the magic of this hour with those one loved. The gay restaurant was already crowded with cheering people, the band was playing and excited couples were dancing between the tables. Newcomers were greeted with shouts of "Hurrah! Hurrah!" as though they were contributing to the entertainment of this wonderful experience.

Frazier Brandt was the first to appear, with two other American officers, whose names Hignett did not catch. Brandt made some light-hearted apology for bringing them. One of them was an exceptionally tall man in uniform, but wearing a

(Continued on Page 101)

FORTUNATE children of today! A generation or two ago, children paid for the thrill of new shoes with many a painful twinge.

But now, children find unmixed joy in the style, beauty and comfort of

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—For Girls

The Brown Foot Shaping Lasts, used only in Buster Brown Shoes, are based on scientific measurements, and assure carefree comfort and correct support for the tender, growing feet.

The scientific fit, fine quality of materials and superior workmanship form a combination that makes Buster Brown Shoes wear and retain their beauty a surprisingly long time.

Sold by the better shoe and department stores everywhere

Brown Shoe Company

ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

Also makers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and for Women

Sixteen great specialty factories—the seventeenth now being built. Present daily capacity 50,000 pairs

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

A New Summer Pattern

"Forty miles before we hit even a service station! We'll be in a nice fix if we have a blowout, with no spare!"
"I'm not worrying about blowouts; we've got Kelly-Springfields on all around. It's the gas I'm thinking about."

(Continued from Page 99)

shiny black topper which he had purloined from somewhere, and which he insisted on wearing all through luncheon. Pauline arrived with an even larger party, some of whom were quite unknown to her. As the restaurant was so crowded, they all had to sit where they could. But their party was quickly absorbed into the larger party. There was in effect only one party; but Hignett, Pauline and Brandt managed to sit at the same table.

They drank champagne, not that they needed stimulant, but because champagne seemed the appropriate symbol of festivity, and their eyes shone as though with the luster of revelation. They toasted one another and life and men and strangers and even ideas. Suddenly two of them would rise and dance or grip the hands of strangers.

At their table sat Doctor Caswell, a well-known osteopath, an elderly man with horn-rimmed spectacles and the manners of a judge.

"Watch them, Hignett," he said between the courses. "The readjustment of the rhythm of life has already begun. It is a notorious fact that after any such great upheaval the primary instinct of every people is to dance. For years now everyone will be dancing mad. When the sweet bells have been jangled, out of tune and harsh, and all the ordered rhythms blown to pieces, the vital energy that survives instantly starts to reëstablish the rhythms. War is a cacophony, but life is rhythm."

The tables were cleared, but the dancing went on. Some went and others came. They wanted to be everywhere at once, to meet old friends and to make new ones, to feel the warm vibration of human life around them, to know that everyone regarded his fellow creature as a friend. Hignett was dancing with his wife, their bodies swaying in perfect unison.

Suddenly he thought, "Rhythm! Rhythm! And in twenty-four hours I may be dead!"

"Darling," she whispered, "let's ask them all out to Teddington tonight—everyone. Let us make what you call a night of it. I am so happy, so happy! I love you, beloved. Oh, I am drunk with happiness! There shall be no more wars. Everyone is good and kind, and a dear. And your old father—ah, he will be so joyed to see us, to see young people dancing in the hall below! He is so sweet. He asked that we should all be home this evening. What do you say, darling?"

Tonight? Well, why not? There was no reason why one shouldn't dance tonight—make a night of it. By all means, ask everyone. Light up the old hall with youth and gayety and let the old man rejoice in the sight.

"Why, yes, Pauline! You are a genius! We will ask them all!"

Brandt and his friends, including the gentleman wearing what he described as "the last symbol of feudalism," together with various odd strangers with whom they had been dancing, readily agreed to accept this casual invitation.

Hignett was seated, talking to Pauline, who was breathlessly discussing the arrangements for the evening, when he was startled by the abrupt approach of two figures toward the table. It was De Thiepval and his friend. De Thiepval's eyes were glowing with a strange light. He appeared to be on the point of tears. Hignett jumped up, but the French officer gave him a ceremonious bow, then turning to Pauline he took her hand and kissed it.

"Madame," he said, and his voice was hoarse with emotion, "you once said to me, 'When the world is sane.' Now—now I understand you."

Then he turned to Hignett and held out both his arms.

"Captain, for-give me. I have—I have seen a people sane. Everything false suddenly falls away from me. Madame was right and I was wrong. I cannot—I cannot—you understand—forgive me for my rudeness ——"

Hignett felt a lump come into his throat. For a moment he could not speak. Then he took the other's hand in a firm grasp, patted his shoulder and said in that shy English manner, "My dear old chap!"

There was something childlike and a little pathetic about De Thiepval as he bravely tried to control his tears.

"I did not know—I did not think—there could ever be such a day, such a spirit. One sees everything clearly."

Frazier Brandt had been watching this reconciliation. He suddenly put his arm around the Frenchman and exclaimed, "De Thiepval, old man, that's fine! Come and have a drink with us, and your friend too. I've forgotten his name. I'm a little drunk, as a matter of fact. Put it there! We're all friends now, eh? No more wars, no more troubles, all good friends, eh? Waiter, another bottle of Pol Roger."

The wine was brought and the toasts started again: "To France! To England! To America!"

"How will they be feeling in Berlin?"

"Relieved, I should think, poor devils!"

"Poor devils!"

Pauline suddenly stood up, her beautiful eyes aglow. She raised her glass to the two Frenchmen.

"My dear Anton, my dear Max, you must both come tonight to Teddington. We make a night of it."

"Teddington! But how ——"

"There are no hows. There is Doctor Caswell's car, and some taxis, or munition vans. One gets there. Then one either gets back or does not get back. There are beds and shakedowns and sofas and some food, and much dancing, and all good will and love and friendship. Anyway, who says he is my friend comes back to Teddington, and if only to prove that the world is sane. Will you come, Anton?"

De Thiepval bowed solemnly. "Whatever the goddess decrees."

At five o'clock they paraded the streets once more to see the fun. A fine rain had begun to fall, but the dancing was becoming more vigorous than ever. At street corners someone would play a mouth organ and immediately a heterogeneous collection of people would link arms, respectable ladies from the suburbs, women of the street, officers, costermongers and policemen, and their feet and their voices would unite in a common expression of rejoicing.

Hignett was walking with Doctor Caswell. "It's simply glorious!" he said. "How long will this last? Is it possible that this spirit will evaporate—that we shall again become suddenly set and taut and suspicious in our tiny little spheres?"

"Yes," answered the doctor, "it will go as quickly as it came. If by this time tomorrow you were to cry out 'Hurrah!' in a public conveyance, people would look at you askance. Alas! Yes, it is tomorrow that people will regard themselves as sane, and they will look back on today as a foolish explosion of feeling. They will begin to analyse the terms of the compact, and to consider how the new arrangements are likely to affect their personal welfare. They will draw apart and become, as you say, set and taut and suspicious. You may already observe signs of disintegration."

They were in Piccadilly, and had become separated from the rest of the party. They looked into a club of which Hignett was a member. Fierce old gentlemen, deep in liquor, were declaiming that the Armistice had come too soon, that we should have got to Berlin, and were arguing as to how Germany was to be made to pay and suffer. Some were leaning over the balcony throwing pennies into the crowd. A wild haggard-looking woman stalked below, shook her fist and screamed up at the balcony:

"You devils! You bloodsuckers! Give me back my son! Give me back my son!"

They went back into the streets and sought places where people were still young and dancing. There was a certain amount of drunkenness, but the rain was driving people indoors.

"This is an amazing experience to me," said Hignett. "It seems marvelous that

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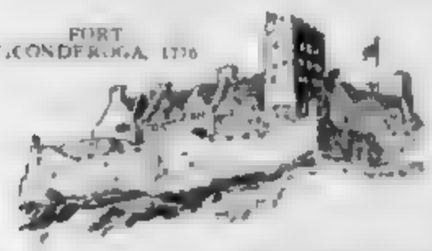

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such a spirit could have flared into existence, if only for a few hours. And the joy of it is that if it could happen once, it could happen again. It is like a day of revelation. If there is such a thing as a universal mind that is only freed by the spirit of good will, why should we have wars which everyone individually abhors? Where does the idea of war originate?"

"In our past. Have you not seen something of this universal spirit when a war is declared? This universal mind is slowly fashioned by the moral energies of the individual. Today we have seen the expression of it at its best. Future generations may reap the benefit of it, as in this instance we reap the benefit of the moral energies of past thinkers. Who knows but that the time may come when there will be a universal conscience which ——"

"—— which makes war impossible?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Not yet, I fear, my young friend. We still groan under the burden of a legacy of hatred. And yet ——"

Hignett excitedly lighted a cigarette. "Come, doctor, let's get back to Barbarotti's, where we all agreed to meet. We will then drive out to Teddington and try to believe there is something in these dreams of yours—and mine."

IV

THE impromptu party arranged by Pauline for Armistice night at General Hignett's house at Teddington consisted of about thirty-five people, of whom no less than fifteen stayed the night. The telephone was kept busy, and the guests came and went in bewildering fashion. The old general himself dressed and came down, even donning his Boer War medals. He did not join the party at dinner, but he appeared soon after for a short period and insisted upon being presented to the young officers, to each of whom he made a ceremonious little speech, formally thanking them for their services to the Allied cause. The irresponsible gayety of the evening seemed to puzzle him a little.

"The guv'nor is a bit of a reactionary," whispered Hignett to Brandt and Doctor Caswell. "He belongs to the Up and At 'Em Brigade and is rather intolerant of foreigners. I shudder to think what he would say to our ideas of the universal mind, Caswell. I'm afraid he would think them unpatriotic—even if not Bolshevist."

"We owe a lot to the Victorians," said the doctor, who was somewhat proud of belonging to that era himself. "A man must be judged not by what he extracts from the universal mind, but by what he contributes to it. Some of our ideas of freedom are the articulate expression of a Victorian narrowness. It is not difficult to feel elated and to cheer in the streets with others, but to stand foursquare for what you represent is the attitude of the strong man."

A gramophone was already emitting the strains of a fox trot, and with it the glamour of Armistice Day seemed to take on renewed life. Young men and young women, strong of body and keen of mind, and the gloomy menace of four and a half years abruptly removed by the stroke of a pen! To be free to make one's life as one desired! How simple seemed the claims of persona. love and personal success unhampered by the grinding machinery of state control! And the swift feet of youth moved to the surging appeal of these new interpretations of old rhythms.

"It seems queer," said Hignett "this Ethiopian music, I mean. How is it that it has become almost a common language among civilized peoples? Tonight, in London, Paris, Rome, New York, all the rejoicing people will be dancing to the rhythm of these colored people, probably, too, in Berlin and Vienna. What does it mean?"

"It means, I think," said the doctor, "that in the same way that there is a universal mind, so is there a universal rhythm, although it may be expressed in a hundred different idioms. The business of dancing is to express man's sense of poise and balance, his physical strength and agility, his pagan wonder at the mystery of procreation and his worship of power. The mind is receptive, but the body is eminently expressive. It performs and functions to the dictates of ancient and deeply bedded thoughts. Thus a man may enjoy a banquet without understanding the principles of the digestive apparatus. So may he dance without analyzing the motives of wonder and worship. . . . Who is the lady with the wonderful diamonds?"

Hignett smiled. "That is Madame Beneventuros. She is the wife of an Argentine senator and cattle king. Her diamonds are famous. I met her husband only last week over some government business, and as he had to go to Barcelona for a few days on family affairs, we asked Madame Beneventuros to stay with us. They are charming people in spite of their overlavish display of pagan wonders!"

De Thiepval had quickly succumbed to the spirit of the day. His jealousy had evaporated. His spirits were as gay as they had formerly been morose. He danced with Pauline, and in a quiet corner of the hall he told her of his quarrel with Hignett, and of the duel which had been arranged and canceled. The girl flushed and the tears came into her eyes.

"He never told me," she said; and then added thoughtfully, "He wouldn't, of course. But, oh, my dear Anton, how foolish you men are! Always fighting, fighting!"

"I loved you, as I love you now, as I shall always love you."

"No, Anton, you loved me as people loved when the world was mad. I want you to go on loving me, but love me as people love, now the world is sane, unselfishly, nobly, finely."

For a moment the fine lines became accentuated around the French officer's mouth. "But you loved him when the world was mad. How could you tell that he, too, did not love you in that way?"

The question placed her in a difficult position. She wanted to speak the truth without hurting his feelings. She looked down at her hands and sighed. "A woman can always tell."

"Then the war made no difference one way or the other?" he said, a little pleased with his triumph in logic.

"But it did, it did!" pleaded Pauline. "Not perhaps when the real—the very real thing came. But there were so many—what shall I call them?—emotional miasmas. One was so sorry for the men. Death was all around them. One wanted to give them—everything one could. Intense pity, intense sympathy sometimes gave the glamour of love. And then—one felt that nothing mattered very much. It was the same for all of us. Friendships sprang up suddenly and the next day the object of our friendship was a mangled corpse. And we, too—we sometimes died from disease or were shattered by air raids. It was an unreal world, and one clung to any gesture of reality. These shadowy passions had always something of reality. You understand, Anton?"

De Thiepval was very solemn once again. He bowed. "Yes, I understand." He seemed about to add something more, but merely smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and in a changed voice muttered, "Come, let us dance. One can always dance."

By midnight Frazier Brandt was garrulous. He had drunk more champagne than he was accustomed to, and the result had heightened his natural bias toward kindliness, good fellowship and universal love. He was disposed to embrace everyone, men and women alike, and tell them what fine and noble specimens of humanity they were. There had been a halt in the evening's activities and the whole company had reassembled in the dining room, where more drinks and sandwiches were being served. It was at this moment that his garrulousness received an inspiration. He got onto his legs and made a speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I love you all. This is the greatest day in the history of the world. The greatest day, believe me. You will come to know it and look back on it. What we have to do, my good friends, is to keep it up. Keep up Armistice Day forever and ever and ever. D'you get me? And it's not only in the big things; it's in the little things. Armistice Day! No more wars, no more envy, jealousy or malice. No more petty quarrels. Just all good friends, free—free men, free women, loving one another. Now I'm going to put across a proposition. All of us in this room, we've determined there's going to be no more war, no more bloodshed. There was very nearly —— No, I can't tell you; it's a personal affair; anyway, I guess it's not up to me to talk about it.

"But listen, I want to suggest right here and now that all we officers, and any others of you who've got guns, stilettos or any other implements, put the whole lot into a sack, and that we then proceed down the garden to the boathouse and solemnly commit the whole kibosh to the bosom of your ancient River Thames, and we make a prayer and say: 'O Thames, here is our burnt offering. See to it that there is no more war, no more strife, but that henceforth all men live in peace and good will toward one another.'"

Brandt's speech somehow fitted into the mood of the party. Everyone laughed, clapped or cheered. Hignett was specially enthusiastic, although he was laughing too. A sheet was procured, and every man who had a weapon of any sort deposited it in the heap, which was then tied up. Then the whole party, including the women, some in overcoats and mackintoshes, and some even carrying umbrellas, formed into a procession, and to the strains of The Marseillaise, played on combs and whistled, they marched down to the boathouse. Hignett took the bundle, and leaning over the edge of the platform he said:

"O Father Thames, at the inspiration of our bright young friend from America, we commit this bundle to your keeping. We are fed up to the teeth with war and strife and envy and jealousy. We pray you see to it that these things never happen again. Let the world remain free and simple and pure in heart as it has been on this Armistice Day. Amen!"

The bundle went plomp into the dark waters. The action produced on the whole company an almost involuntary effect of awe, then they turned and marched solemnly back to the house to the strains of Land of Hope and Glory. And still the dance went on. Sometimes they would break up into little groups and talk, but for the most part dancing held sway.

Madame Beneventuros retired at half-past one, and a few of the others followed her, but Pauline and some of her friends were still determined to make a night of it.

"We cannot leave the men to dance alone," she said; "besides, from what I have seen of the war, you cannot trust men by themselves. They become demoralized. They may drink or quarrel or become obscene. Men must never again be allowed to herd by themselves."

She had been more profoundly disturbed by the story of the quarrel between De Thiepval and Hignett than she had shown on the surface. She still did not feel confident in leaving them alone. De Thiepval's account had come at a moment when she was happily rejoicing that all such tragedies were a thing of the past. It seemed to bring all the ugly uncertainties of the war again to the front. Oh, these men, these men!

When alone with Hignett, his explanations were necessarily perfunctory and brief. He was anxious not to alarm her, and wanted to dismiss the matter as of no account.

"But a duel! My darling, dueling is barbaric and out of date, and you never told me. Suppose you had gone, and got killed! Are there still horrors of this kind lurking in the background?"

"No, no, Pauline. It was a mistake, a passing foolishness. If any of these things still existed, they have been destroyed by the spirit of Armistice Day—even the weapons, as you perceived."

(Continued on Page 107)

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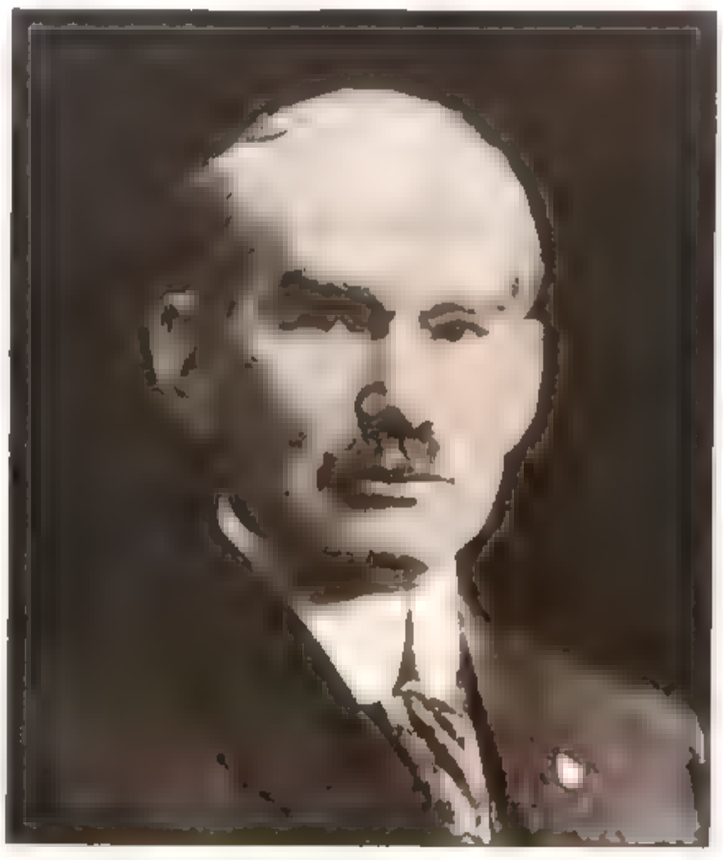

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Next came the "four-in-line." But, its ailments were many. Valve-grinding was a monthly rite. Carbon, a scourge. And every automotive engineer worthy of the name was determined to get rid of them . . . .

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Followed rapidly a myriad of improvements. Heretofore, all engines had been of the "T-head" variety. Carbon deposits were large because of the amount of gasoline and oil consumed.

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Then along came one who moved both intake and exhaust valves to the same side of the cylinder. He cut off the overhanging eave—and presto!—the "L-head" motor. A tremendous gain in power. But owners still had to have their valves ground and their carbon periodically scraped away even as all, save "the elect," do nowadays. . . .

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Others took the valves off the side, put them on the cylinder-top, and cut off the other overhanging gas-chamber. Hence "valve-in-head." But still valve-grinding. And carbon troubles. To maintain maximum efficiency—carbon must be scraped as of old, and frequently.

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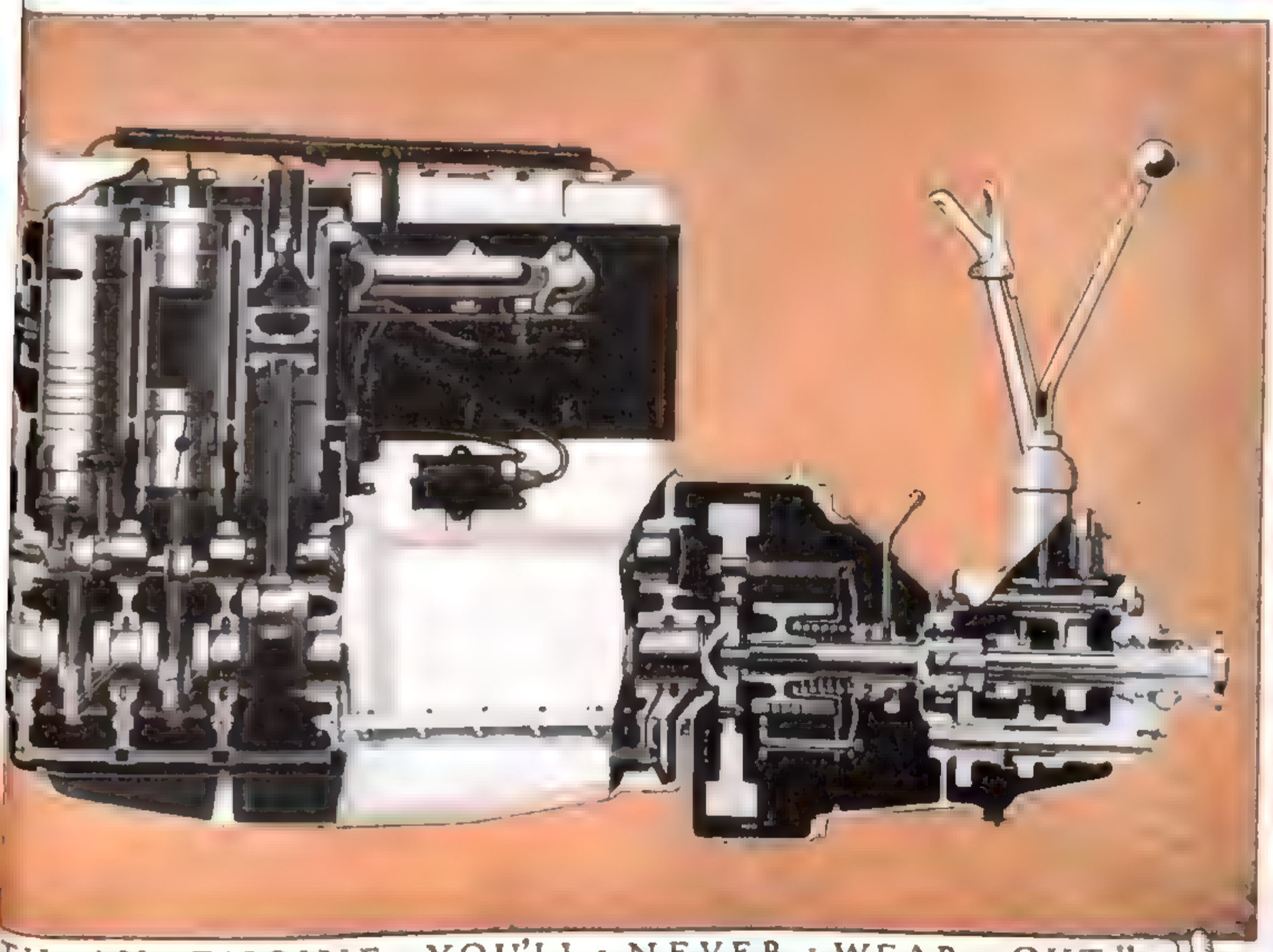

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It is not maximum efficiency to constantly tear down so fine a mechanism as a high-powered motor for the removal of a foreign substance and the grinding away of its metal . . . ***It is not maximum efficiency*** to have from 65 to 118 *more* engine parts when 65 to 118 parts *less* can be made to serve the same purpose *better*, or to have from 40 to 50 pieces of metal coming together in violent contact many times a second, causing distasteful noise, damaging vibration.

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Does he still hate you?"

"No; we are the best of friends."

"Promise me, never, never shall it happen!"

"I promise you. Never, never!"

They were trying to dance a two-step to tango music, and as the result was not very successful, they sat down and listened to Doctor Caswell—who was quite unconsciously wearing a green foolscap—holding forth on what would be the probable biological effect of the war on the next generation. But Pauline's eyes were wandering from the face of her husband to the face of De Thiepval. Her nerves were a little jagged.

At three o'clock she said it was really time that everyone went to bed. Shakedowns had been arranged for various people, as all the bedrooms were already commandeered. Brandt was sleeping in a box room, De Thiepval and his friend had been fixed up with comfortable chesterfields in the small library off the hall. Two other men were given paillasses in a seldom-used room over the garage.

With final embraces and benedictions, the whole party eventually retired at 3:30, and it was not until they lay down that each member realized his or her extreme fatigue. For within a quarter of an hour or so all were in profound sleep.

In order to follow the amazing event which happened within the next hour and a half, it is necessary to visualize roughly the plan of the ground floor of General Hignett's house. The main entrance door, which was in the center, led into a small vestibule, serving no other purpose than that of a buffer between the front door and the lobby which led into the large central hall. This lobby was about fifteen feet long and eight feet wide, and had one door leading into a cloakroom on the right. The other rooms on this floor, the dining room and the L-shaped drawing-room on the west side and the library and billiard room on the east side, all had doors leading on to the central hall. In line with the entrance door and the lobby was a staircase which led up to a balcony on the north side, overlooking the hall. On the west side, but separated from the main balcony, and entered by a separate staircase, was another small section of balcony. This was the part occupied by the general and his personal servants. The only three guests sleeping on the ground floor were the two French officers in the library, and an American—the one who had paraded the streets of London in a topper—who was comfortably ensconced on a lounge in the billiard room. All the others were scattered in various rooms upstairs or above the garage.

By half-past four the whole household was in profound sleep, with the possible exception of Hignett, whose mind was still semi-active with the events of the extraordinary day. He was half dreaming — pleasant riotous dreams interlarded with airs of fox trots and jumbled phrases, and a sense of the promise of some newly awakened happiness.

Then suddenly the penumbra of his mind was pierced by a loud scream. He jumped out of bed and ran to the door. The balcony and hall were in complete darkness, but he was vaguely conscious of movement. There was the sound of a banging door, a rustle, and a dim vision of something white, and then, pitched in a hysterical note, the voice of Madame Beneventuros:

"He's got my diamonds!"

He called out at random, "All right, madame!" and groped for the switch. For some moments he could not find it. During that interval he heard the louder screams of Madame Beneventuros, and the opening of other doors, and voices calling out, "What is it?"

When he got to the switch, it lighted only the balcony, the switch for the hall being below. The hall, however, was dimly visible. He saw two figures, one lurking by the lobby entrance, the other hurrying across the hall. They were both masked.

Hignett's mind came out of its torpid condition with a violent jerk. A crowd of small facts impressed themselves upon him at the same instant. One salient feature was that the men were armed, for he saw the tall American standing by the billiard-room door, holding up his hands. He was covered by the revolver of the man from the lobby. He could also hear the muffled throb of an automobile engine outside the front porch. The other man was moving with professional deftness in the direction of a cabinet that held some gold plate and gems. He hardly appeared to be in a hurry.

"This is a carefully arranged plot by highly skilled expert thieves," he thought. "They came for the diamonds of Madame Beneventuros, but this gentleman thinks he might have a few extras as well. We'll see ——"

Hignett made an instinctive spring onto the staircase, and an equally instinctive spring back, for a bullet grazed his elbow. He scrambled toward his bedroom only to bump into Pauline.

"Get back, darling, get back! It's all right!" he said, and then uttered a curse.

He had gone back to the bedroom for his revolver, and suddenly the ironic truth struck him. Every single weapon of defense had been consigned to the gentle care of Father Thames! Of all those men in the house, not one had a weapon. These men must have been watching their every movement. It was a damnable situation. He heard other cries and screams, and crept back to the balcony. Quite a number of men were there in dressing gowns and pajamas, all helpless! For one of the thieves had his revolver covering the whole scene of operations, whilst the other began to remove the contents of the cabinet into a large bag. Then in a flash the whole bizarre business had reached a crisis of tragedy.

Without observing how she got there, Hignett suddenly observed Pauline at the foot of the stairs, rushing in the direction of the thief and crying out, "No, no!"

He sensed in an instant the cause of her onset. In the cabinet were the jewels and little trinkets that had belonged to her mother. His heart gave a throb of dread as he rushed after her. He sprang down the stairs in two bounds, but even that was not quick enough to avert the tragedy. The one thief continued to pack, but the other fired, and the bullet went clean through the heart of—De Thiepval, who had made a spring from the library door. Hignett caught Pauline in his arms and turned, and as he did so he was aware of a new element in the conflict. For there was the ping of a rifle shot followed by a scream of pain from the man who had fired. In spite of the danger of his position with his beloved burden, Hignett could not help but turn, and the truth became evident to him at a glance. Up in his own section of balcony the general was busy with an old Lee-Metford rifle, such as was used during the Boer War. He was taking cover behind the perforations in the balustrade and calmly proceeding to snipe the enemy.

At this unexpected onslaught, both the marauders dashed into the lobby and through the front door, each leaving a trail of blood. A car was heard to start. They had the diamonds, it was true, but little else, and each was wounded. Some of the men rushed after them, others hastened to the telephone. The police were informed and a doctor sent for, although all knew, alas, that the doctor's services were a mere matter of form. De Thiepval had died in the gallant way that he would probably have chosen. They placed his body in one of the bedrooms, and setting two candles, Pauline weeping a little, knelt and prayed for his soul. With the raw light of dawn came the news that the thieves had been captured, and a bedraggled company met over tea and coffee and rolls, and discussed the night's adventure.

The old gentleman had been badly shaken, but he insisted that he wished to see all the young officers and speak to them.

"It's an order from G. H. Q.," said Hignett, shrugging his shoulders, and he went upstairs, the others following him. The old man was sitting up in his bed, his eyes were very bright and his lips moving jerkily. The men stood around the bed, and he looked at them, nodded and smiled.

Then he said, "Where is that other young Frenchman?"

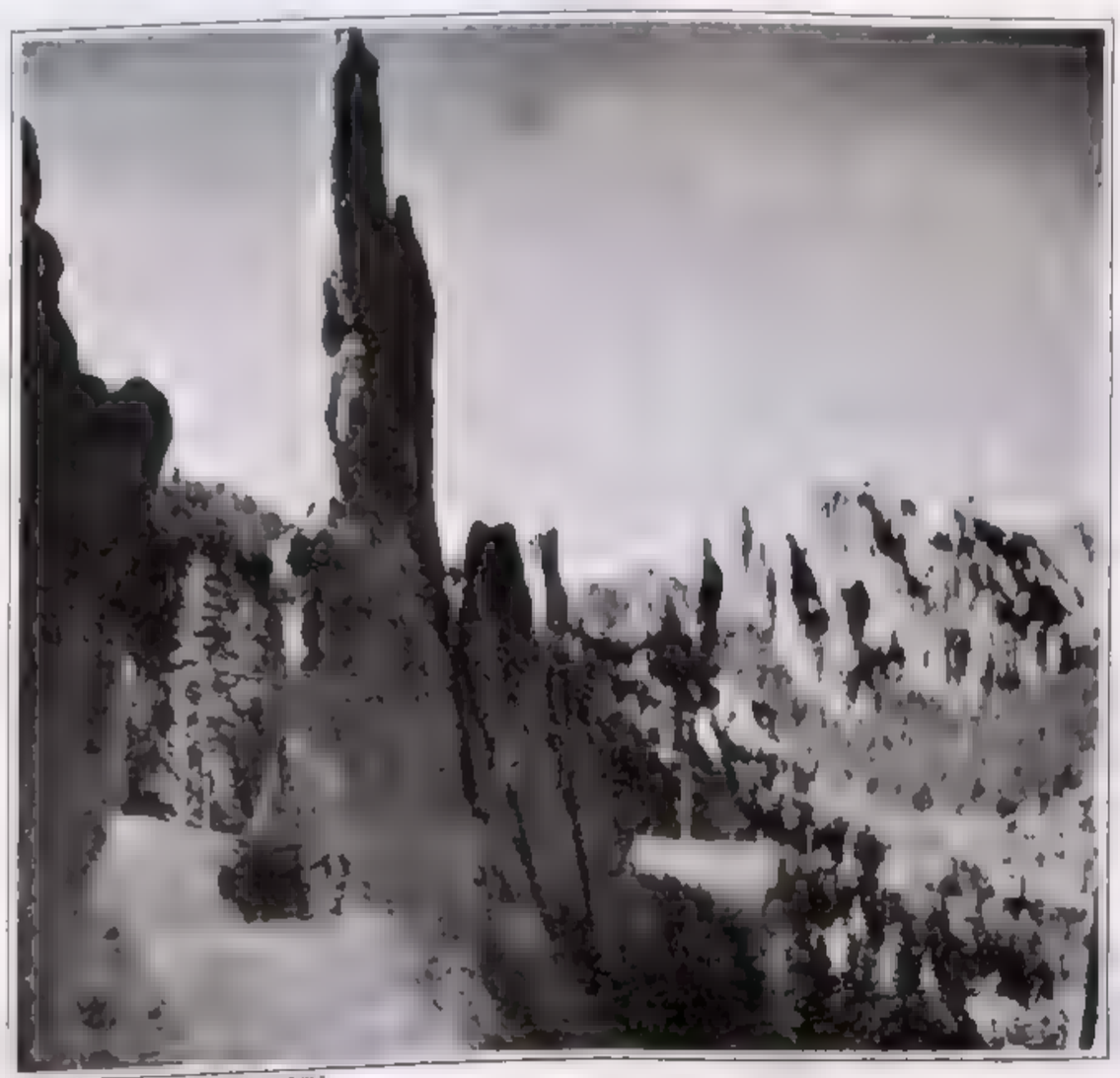
Hignett coughed. "He—he fell in the conflict, sir."

The old general nodded slowly. Almost inaudibly, as if talking to himself, he suddenly said, "You young men!" Then he raised himself and called out as though it were a military command:

"The strong man may lay down his arms, but he does not throw them away."

He lay back as though exhausted after that, and smiled once more. "You young men - you young men ——"

He closed his eyes, but his lips continued their jerky movement.



The Sentinel on the Needle's Road in the Black Hills, South Dakota

If there were a Superman

If you were going to travel abroad—and there *were* a superman whose signature on pieces of *sky-blue* paper would actually save you from most of the troubles and annoyances of travel—would you be sure to get those particular pieces of *sky-blue* paper before you traveled anywhere? Would you?

And if, in addition to this assured personal service, these *sky-blue* slips were spendable like currency anywhere—and insured you, in case your travel funds were lost or stolen—you would be certain to take them with you. Wouldn't you?

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are just such pieces of *sky-blue* paper, with a *super-man* service. For 35 years the knowledge of this service, and the safety of these Cheques, has been growing around the world with the growing international influence of the American Express Company. With thousands of correspondents and many separate offices in the principal seaports and inland cities of the world the American Express Company has gained high reputation for *service*. Its Travelers Cheques have come to be universally recognized, and universally used.

Your personal signature, twice, upon these Cheques, once when you purchase them, again when you spend them, makes sure the safety of the money you invest in them.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. They cost only 75c for $100 worth.

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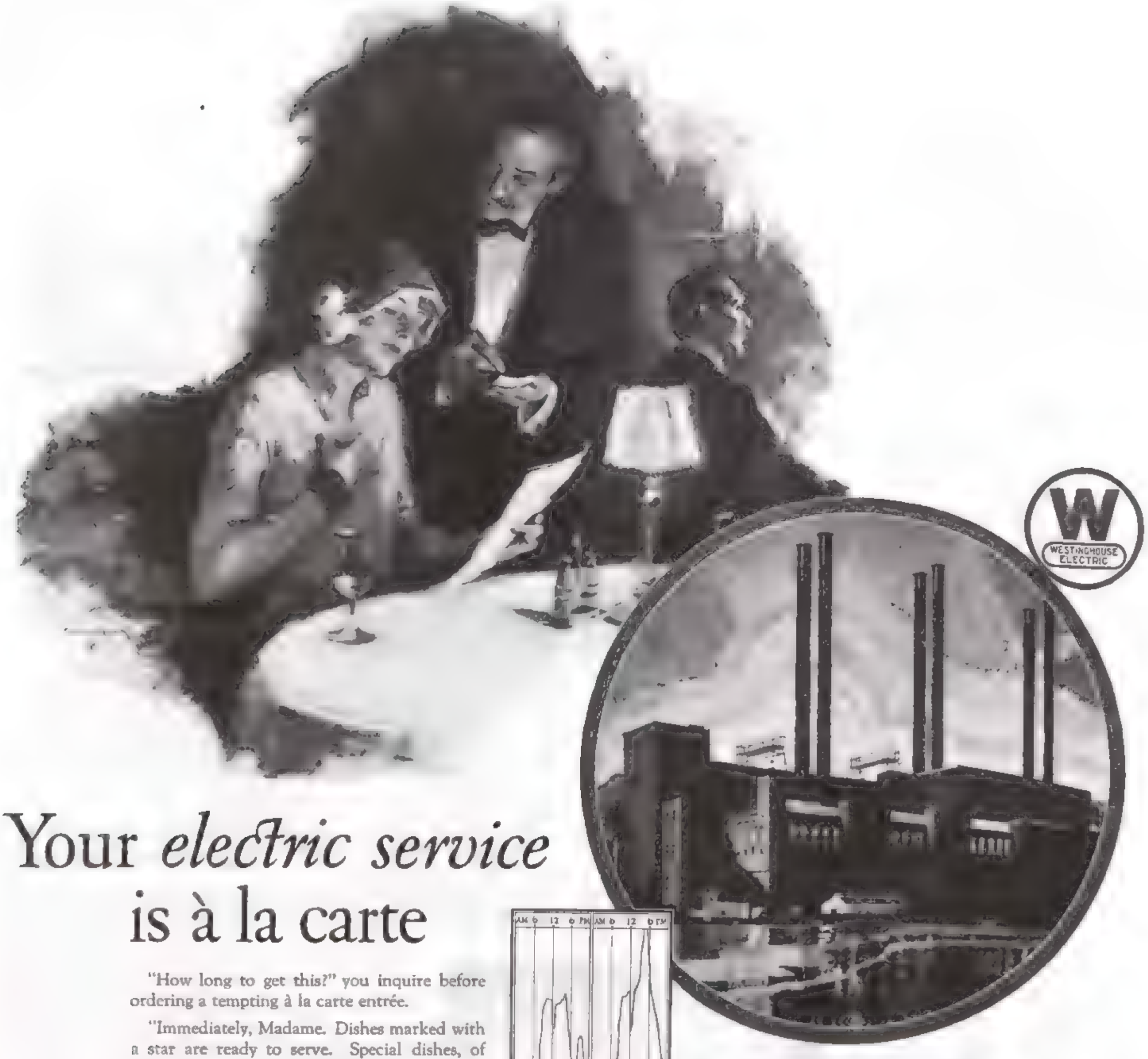

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"How long to get this?" you inquire before ordering a tempting à la carte entrée.

"Immediately, Madame. Dishes marked with a star are ready to serve. Special dishes, of course, require ten to twelve minutes to prepare."

At your home, all electric service is à la carte on the instant, at any hour, in any quantity, and at no higher price. There is no delay even though you require something not regularly on your bill of electrical fare.

On the menu is current for washing, ironing, heating, refrigerating, cooking, cleaning—as well as for lighting—and for many other household tasks.

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Then, too, the price of current has been steadily falling. It now averages 13 per cent less for household use than in 1913. And you know how everything else has soared in price.

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Offices in All Principal Cities • Representatives Everywhere
Localized Service—Men, Parts, Shops

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WILSON AGAINST PRUITT

(Continued from Page 15)

devilish plot—of that contemptible little pettifogger up there in Centre Street. I know him of old, Jastrow, and he knows me. Ha-ha—he knows me too well. Why, sir, I caned him royally over in Hoboken one day twenty years ago—thrashed him soundly, sir, until he cut and ran like a dog. Ha-ha, you should see the fellow bolt, and me cutting at his back! He threatened to sue. 'Ha,' said I, tossing his summons to my bulldog, 'where will you sue me, eh? Not in Hoboken, because people know me here. Not in New York, because people know you there!' Neat, that, eh, Jastrow?"

"And original, too," smiled Mr. Jastrow. "So there was personal enmity between you and Hinkle. That should explain something. Otherwise it's difficult to read his motive in bringing this proceeding. What did you quarrel about?"

"What does anyone quarrel with the rascal for? About his conduct of a lawsuit at the time, nothing else. The lawsuit was about—now, do pardon me, my love, and I hate to speak of these indelicate matters before you, but Jastrow seems to want to know—was about a divorce. Matilda was divorcing me at the time—or was it Matilda, my love? Was it not that Judkin woman, or Peaches? Deuce take it, my love, who was divorcing me just then? I wish you'd try to remember these things; I'm sure I speak of them to you often enough. No, no, my love, there is no excuse. Shut up about it, damn it.

"But in any case, Jastrow, I was being divorced, and that's not the sort of a joke I laugh at. I have a delicacy of feeling about such matters, Jastrow. So I'd not give Matilda her divorce—no, I'd not—and I stayed tight in Jersey, and wild horses could not drag me across the Hudson River. And why? You're lawyer enough for that, Jastrow. Because they couldn't serve me with papers in Jersey. They had to get me in New York. That's the law, Jastrow. Look it up, my dear fellow. And this Hinkle represented my wife.

"So there it was, stalemate—Hinkle and his papers in New York, and I safe in Hoboken. When what happens but this Hinkle comes to see me after dark and broaches to me a fine piece of scoundrelism.

"He tells me that I am too clever for him, and that he fears he'll have his trouble for his pains, and he offers to betray his client to me and destroy her cause of action—though she really had none, my love—if I'll pay him two thousand dollars.

"The plan he suggested was to engineer an apparent reconciliation—condonation of past offenses is the phrase, eh, Jastrow? It is the law, Jastrow, that where a wife can be shown to have forgiven her husband she cannot divorce him. Look that up, my dear fellow.

"In a moment of petulance with Matilda, I agreed to his plan and paid him the two thousand dollars, and permitted him to lock me in a clothespress in a low hotel over there on River Street. Matilda, he had told me, was going to Europe by the Hamburg American, and would pass the night in Hoboken, and he would see to it that she occupied that room, and would arrange all other needful details. Well, sir, not until I had passed the greater part of the night in that stifling clothespress did I smoke the cheat and break for freedom.

"What do you suppose that scoundrel had done? He had had an impersonator to dress in my clothes, walk out of the hotel, take the ferry to New York, and be served with the papers while trying to bribe Hinkle with a two-thousand-dollar check in the public lobby of a New York hotel. I fought him to the Court of Appeals on the question of whether I was served with that complaint, but he beat me. He had a dozen witnesses, while I could prove by no one that I had not left Jersey that night."

"I recognize his methods, Mr. Pruitt," said Mr. Jastrow soothingly, "and I dare say the Court of Appeals would recognize them, too, if the matter came before them today. He is absolutely unscrupulous. The case is reported fully in 100 New York, and I do not doubt, after studying the opinion, that the court was grossly deceived. However, it has no bearing on our present affair."

"Ah, but it has, Jastrow, to show the fiendish malice of the fellow against me. I am sure that Matilda could not have paid him as well as I offered to. She could not have paid him five hundred dollars, and yet he did not cash my check for two thousand but merely used it as evidence that I had tried to bribe him when he caught me in New York. Sheer malice against me, Jastrow. But we'll try him in an honorable and straightforward business way, Jastrow, won't we? If he wants money, offer him five thousand dollars to drop this matter. By George, offer him ten thousand—I'll stand for it!"

"We don't practice that way, Mr. Pruitt," said Mr. Jastrow curtly. "Mrs. Pruitt, what attorney got that divorce for you?"

"Mr. Franklin P. Thom. His office was then in the Municipal Life Building."

"Get in touch with him, MacDevitt. . . . Tell me, Mrs. Pruitt, was Mr. Wilson of any great means? Have you heard from him since? Have you reason to believe that he is in a position to fee an extortionate fellow like this Ambrose Hinkle? Let me say that the five thousand dollars, or even ten, that Mr. Pruitt generously suggested, would be a fee of no unusual size to this Hinkle."

"Oh, quite impossible," said Mrs. Pruitt, smiling without gayety. "Unless Mr. Wilson's circumstances have changed very much for the better, five dollars or ten would be the top of his ability. I haven't seen Mr. Wilson since, but I heard some years back, from Mr. Thom, that he had a small position in the office of a Mr. Bray on West Fifty-fourth Street."

When they had gone, Mr. Jastrow was silent and thoughtful. He lit his calabash pipe and had puffed it, eying the motion papers that I had put on his desk, shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of distaste. He practiced law with a hearty zest, as he did everything, but he had no zest for this job. It was not that he doubted the issue of the struggle, if fairly fought; like most able lawyers of the time, he held Little Amby's professional attainments in light regard. If fairly fought—there was the rub. Here would be litigated no interesting issues of law, no new questions to be pondered and ponderously briefed, nothing but a bald question of fact.

"Pah!" he ejaculated, striking the papers in the red cover. "Neither a lawyer nor a gentleman, MacDevitt."

Mr. Jastrow was both; I am proud to have been his clerk. He was an elderly man, tall and heavy, with white hair that accentuated the ruddiness of his full face and the blackness of his thick eyebrows. A choleric man and a dignified one, but the soul of courtesy. He was very well off, leading in his too straitened leisure the life of a country gentleman on his estate in Morristown. An old-line American, a sportsman, an open-air man and aboveboard, antithetic in almost every way to the master of that rowdy den on Centre Street.

"What do you make of it, MacDevitt?" he said. I did not answer, for I knew he was only thinking aloud. "A mystifying business, my boy. There's something behind it. Quick, wasn't he, to suggest that Hinkle was venting personal spite? I don't know what to think of that fellow Pruitt. Well, I do know what to think of him, the old ——" He broke off, jerking his head. "What a pretty mess that woman would have been in, if she hadn't come to us—if she hadn't come to us, understand, MacDevitt?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll handle them, MacDevitt!" he almost shouted, suddenly gay. "Swine!

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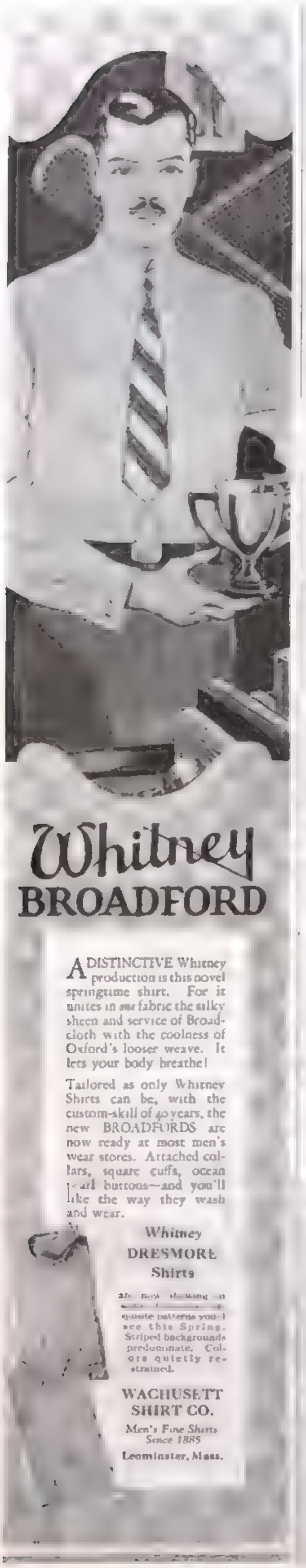
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Tailored as only Whitney Shirts can be, with the custom-skill of 40 years, the new BROADFORDS are now ready at most men's wear stores. Attached collars, square cuffs, ocean pearl buttons—and you'll like the way they wash and wear.
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Swine, MacDevitt! Drop everything else, MacDevitt. I'll tell Lang to relieve you of everything else until we're prepared on this. What have you on? Never mind that now. Give it over to Lawrence. Attend solely to this Van Gulden affair—Pruitt, I should say, though I don't need to tell you, that we're representing the Van Guldens really. Don't mention it, and don't forget it, MacDevitt. Martin Van Gulden insisted that I should handle Mrs. Pruitt's end, and he's very bitter. He'd spend a million, MacDevitt. Ha, our friend of Centre Street has bitten off a mouthful this time."

"You're quite confident, sir, that the motion isn't made in good faith?"

"Why, the game is as plain as a pikestaff, MacDevitt. I mean as to the method; the motive is still in the dark, and we may never discover it. Hinkle proposes to put this thing across by sheer weight of perjury. Wilson will swear that he was at Hanlein's Institute—wherever that is—and half a dozen scoundrels will swear with him. They have an all but conclusive presumption to overcome, but we won't rely on their weakness. Examine the filed papers; get the man who served Wilson at Bopp's Circle Café; get after Franklin P. Thom, the lawyer. It will be a fight without gloves and for the biggest stakes, and we're going to beat their heads off—understand, MacDevitt?"

I went first to the Municipal Life Building on lower Broadway to see Franklin P. Thom, the attorney who had tried the undefended divorce case for Mrs. Pruitt—then Mrs. Wilson—in 1904.

"He's not here any more," said the man at the information desk in the main hall. He consulted a book. "We're forwarding all mail and inquiries to Mr. Peter Farnon, of —— Broadway."

I went to —— Broadway, a new thirty-story office building, rode up to the eighteenth floor and sent a card in to Mr. Peter Farnon. He saw me. He was a lawyer, a dumpy and easy-going man of middle age in a little box of an office—the sort of attorney, at a guess, who has four or five good clients and is content to nurse them and to look no farther for business.

"I'm Mr. Thom's executor, Mr. MacDevitt," he said.

"Oh, he's dead?"

"Several years ago."

"What about his papers—are they here?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that. Mr. Thom had very few matters of importance pending when he passed away, very little of anything, in fact. He was quite an old man, and wasn't active any more. I cleaned up the few matters he had been dawdling along with, and turned over the papers to the interested parties and clients when I could locate them. The dead papers—he had rafts of papers concerning old lawsuits that were as dead as Julius Cæsar—I got rid of. Had the janitor bale them up and take them away. That's where the papers in that old divorce action went. They're gone."

"But maybe there's something around yet. He must have left personal effects."

"If you mean his office furniture, I put that stuff in one of Shongut's monthly auctions. That was the easiest way to get a clean voucher for them. There's absolutely nothing left here, Mr. MacDevitt. . . . Don't mention it, I'm sure. Glad to be of service."

I had expected to get a set of the pleadings and testimony from Thom and save trouble; divorce-suit papers are not public records. Failing to do so, I went back to the office and got up an order, had it signed by a Supreme Court Justice *ex parte*, served it within the hour, and sat down in the County Courthouse to an examination into this dusty divorce action.

I ran through the filed papers to see that they were otherwise in order, and gave particular attention to the affidavit of service of the summons and complaint. No doubt you know that an action is commenced by the service of the summons, and the court does not get jurisdiction of the defendant unless the summons is served according to law or the defendant waive service by appearing. The service of the summons is the hook on which the action hangs, and if it fail the subsequent proceedings fall to the ground.

By the affidavit before me, the affiant—one Chester O'Malley—swore that he had served the summons and complaint on the defendant, Gerald Pitt Wilson, on the 26th of December, 1903, at Bopp's Circle Café on West Fifty-ninth Street in New York City, knowing the man so served to be the Gerald Pitt Wilson mentioned and described in the complaint. He added, too, the requisite special allegation under Rule Eighteen, alleging that he knew Wilson because he answered to the name, because a dozen people in the café pointed him out, because he corresponded to a photograph that was filed with the affidavit, because Franklin P. Thom knew him and pointed him out. Nothing weak or doubtful about that affidavit, thought I, picking up the snapshot of Gerald Pitt Wilson.

An honest-looking and upstanding man, this Gerald Pitt Wilson who had a wife and couldn't keep her, if appearances told. I guessed they didn't; I think they never do reliably. He's a poor stick who can't take a brace and look like a leader of men long enough to be snapped. I could see the departed Thom handing that snapshot to the witness at that ancient Wednesday matinée, in a court room fetid with prurient curiosity. "Is that the picture of the man you served the summons on?" . . . "Yes, sir." . . . "Stand down. Offered in evidence."

The bored lawyers waiting their ten-minute turns; the flushed or ashen principals; the judge, weary, monosyllabic; the gigglers and the whisperers; the court officer, suddenly bellowing, alarming everybody, "S-s-silence!"

I dug up Chester O'Malley. I found him in his office in an old rookery on Nassau Street; on his dingy door was lettered O'Malley Process Serving Bureau. He was a gray and dusty and sophisticated man, a man whose life work it was to lie in wait in hallways and to peep through keyholes and transoms and to obtain audiences on false pretenses, serving people who were invariably ungrateful; and yet an unsoured chap, straight-spoken and likable.

"Now, counselor," he said, spreading his soiled hands, "be a little reasonable, will you? Give me a chance. Do you expect me to remember everybody I served fifteen years ago? Listen, I don't remember the people I served last month. I put the bee on anywheres from one to twenty people a day, and you walk in here and ask me about a party I got fifteen years ago. I'm just telling you, counselor, and I'd be glad to help you out. Did I swear to it? Then it's so, and I'll swear to it again, if you want me to. But don't ask me to remember the gent. That's not reasonable, is it?"

"But Wilson claims you didn't serve him, and we'll have to ask you to take the stand."

"Well, you'll pay me days' wages for time in court, won't you? I know your office, counselor, and that part will be easy. Glad to oblige you. Let's see—it was a divorce case, you say? Then I was extra careful, that being the law. I'm always careful, you understand, and you can rely on my work, but when it's a commercial case for a bill I can just about serve anybody, and the right man will rather pay up and shut up, since he would have to hire a lawyer to fight the service. But in divorce cases we got to watch our step. The man wants to fight, does he? That's unusual; most generally he's willing to play ball with us on the quiet, though a judge won't grant a divorce if he suspects the people want one, such being collusion. But you can bank on it I was careful here, and if I swore I served him, I served him! And I'll swear to it again on a stack of Bibles. Good enough?"

I brought him over to the courthouse and got out the papers in Wilson against Wilson again and showed him his affidavit and the snapshot.

"Positively," he said. "I served him That's my signature and there's his picture with the papers. Can't be any doubt about it, can there? Subpœny me when you want me, counselor."

The order to show cause was argued in due course, in Special Term, Part One, eight days after its service on Mrs. Pruitt. As it was evidently going to be litigated at length, the court sent it to a referee to take testimony and report. The referee was Mr. Frank Bartlett, of —— Broadway, a lawyer of unquestioned standing. Mr. Jastrow was well satisfied with the appointment, although we had had, of course, nothing to say about the choice. The matter was noticed for hearing on the sixteenth of June at two P.M. in Mr. Bartlett's office.

We did not object to an immediate hearing as we knew that we could obtain any reasonable and necessary adjournment to investigate and disprove the stories told by Little Amby's witnesses; we should not be overthrown by a sudden and unexpected onslaught. A trial lawyer endeavors always to keep undisclosed the testimony he will rely on for victory, undisclosed until his witnesses march to the stand, masking their testimony under a general denial, for instance, during the months or years of preliminary maneuvers for advantage, swamping his opponent under a rush of testimony that the latter is entirely unprepared to rebut.

That strategy serves in court, before a judge with a long calendar to get through, but it could not be Little Amby's here before a leisured referee.

I was standing with O'Malley at the elevator in the hall of —— Broadway, waiting for Mr. Jastrow and two o'clock, when Little Amby appeared. Of the gang with him, I recognized Cohen and two of Little Amby's clerks; the others were probably witnesses and mere hangers-on. Little Amby entered the elevator, followed by a half dozen of his people.

"Hold up," said Little Amby to the elevator man. "Where's Wilson? Call Wilson."

"Wilson!" shouted Cohen, putting his head out of the car.

"Coming," said a hurrying gentleman.

I nudged O'Malley. He looked carefully at the gentleman who was passing us to step into the car and then he looked at me; his left eyelid drooped in token of understanding. The gentleman was the original of the snapshot; time had dealt lightly with him. He was a bit stouter, was gray now, but his blue eyes had not narrowed or lost their engaging frankness; his smile was still attractive. Time, the thug whose felonious assault none of us can escape, whom no man can bind over to keep the peace, had not yet gone to work in earnest on this Wilson; had not broken his teeth, and plucked out his hair by the roots and bowed his back and wrenched his bones and scarified him atrociously—had been bought off somehow, it would seem. He didn't look fifteen years older; hardly five. I had to chuckle; his excellent state of preservation would be a misfortune to him for the purposes of this hearing.

I pointed him out to Mr. Jastrow, in the conference room above.

The hearing was held with little formality. Mr. Bartlett sat at the head of a long table with the stenographer, and the opposing forces ranged on either side. The witnesses rose in their places to be sworn, and testified standing.

"I'd like to hear from the process server first, if it's agreeable," said the referee. "I think it would be well to start with his story, don't you, Mr. Jastrow? Don't you, Mr. Hinkle?"

"No objection, provided it does not obligate me in any way to take the affirmative of this issue. It is understood, I take it, that witnesses may be recalled for all purposes, cross and direct? I mean, sir, that the burden of proof is on Mr. Hinkle."

"Absolutely," said the referee. "I shall apply the rules of evidence on demand, but I shall allow counsel the utmost latitude in

(Continued on Page 113

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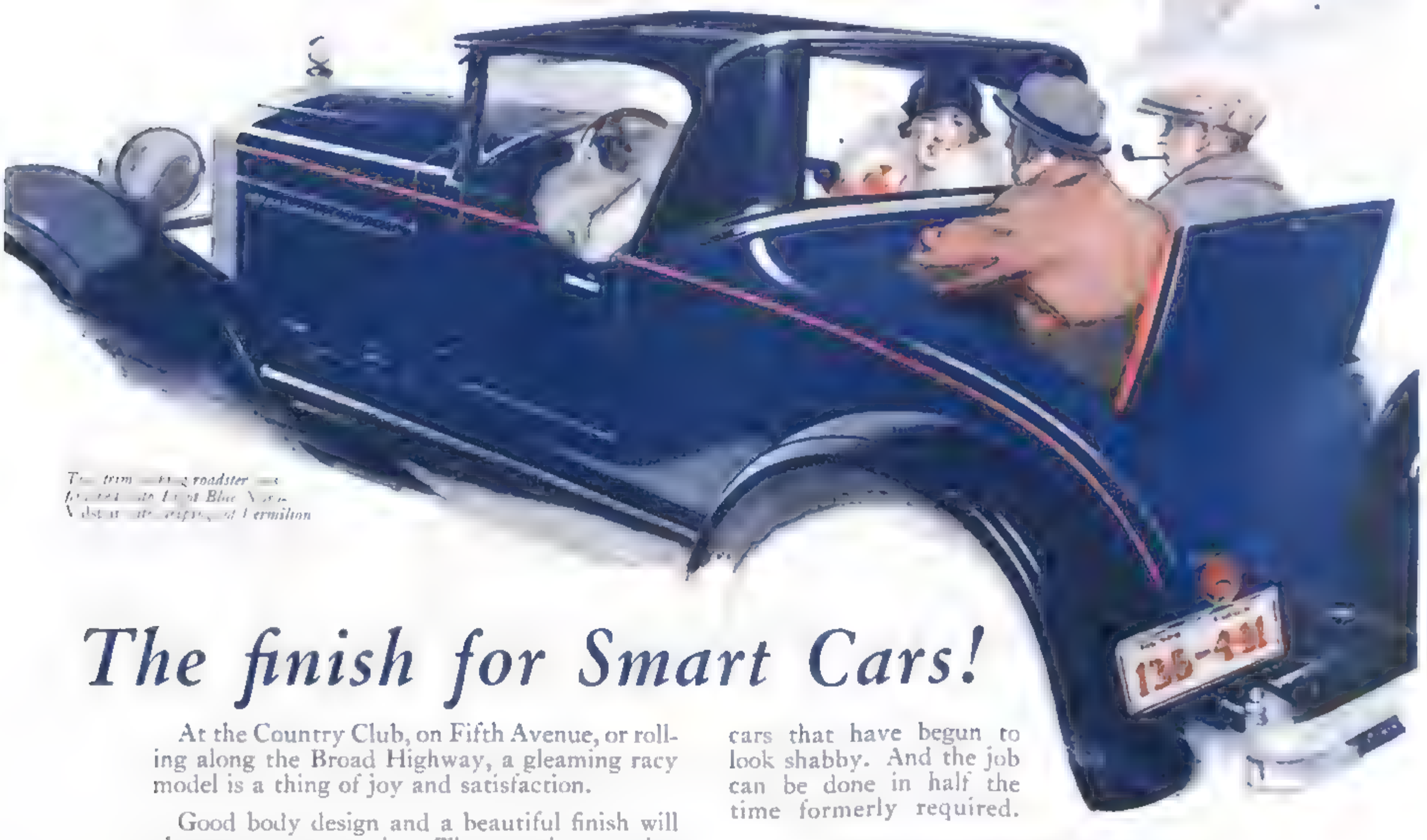

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(Continued from Page 110)

the order of presentation. I can tell Mr. Hinkle frankly, and he may have it for the record, that I shall require him to establish his allegations beyond any fair doubt or I shall not recommend vacating the judgment in divorce."

"That's what we're here for," said Little Amby, taking down the hand behind which he was whispering to Cohen. "Where's your process server?"

"And on the question of surprise," said Mr. Jastrow. "If we should be surprised, we may have a continuance to bring witnesses to rebut?"

"We'll do even better than that," said Little Amby gravely. "We'll give counsel a concession for the record to the effect that for every man we can produce who saw Wilson in Doctor Hanlein's place, counsel will be able to produce two men who didn't see him there."

I had to snicker at that myself.

"Mr. O'Malley," said Mr. Jastrow.

The process server stood up and was sworn. I quote from the stenographer's minutes:

MR. JASTROW: Q.: Are you the man who served the summons and complaint? Are you the Chester O'Malley who made this affidavit of service? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Do you remember the 26th day of December, 1903? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Where were you that day and what were you doing? A.: I was in Bopp's Circle Café on West Fifty-ninth Street in this city. I was looking for Gerald Pitt Wilson, who I had a summons for. I had a copy of this summons and complaint that's attached to that there affidavit, and I found Wilson there in the café, and I put the summons and complaint in his hand and says summons and complaint for divorce.

Q.: Was the man you served the gentleman who is sitting here beside Mr. Hinkle? A.: Yes, sir.

MR. HINKLE: Q.: Sure? A.: Absolutely.

Q.: You have a good memory, haven't you? A.: It's my business to have.

Q.: How did you know the defendant when you saw him in the café? A.: First off, I had a picture of him, that one right there. And then I made inquiries. And I had the lawyer with me, name of Thom, Mrs. Wilson's lawyer, and he knew him, didn't he? Certainly did.

Little Amby reached over and picked up the snapshot, showed it to Wilson and conversed with him in a whisper. Wilson grinned, shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

"That's all," said Little Amby. "Doctor Hanlein, please."

The physician rose promptly. I had picked him out in advance, without trouble. He was a tall man some sixty years of age, with a light and carefully kept gray beard, face and eyes somewhat inflamed and prominent teeth.

He seemed properly impressed with the gravity of his testimony, but gave it none the less crisply, speaking like a man used to arbitrary authority. I had heard him laugh—a deep and explosive laugh—a jolly man enough, probably a man who liked his little nip and got it.

MR. HINKLE: Q.: Doctor, we want you to put aside your modesty and tell us the sort of man you are. Are you known in the profession? A.: I took my M.D., sir, at London Medical in 1889. I was house physician for four years in ——, and am still acting in a consulting capacity on the staff of three of the leading hospitals in this city. I am a member of the City Medical Society, am on the board of the School of Physicians and Surgeons, have written four treatises that my brethren are kind enough to call authoritative, and am most active now as president and manager of the Hanlein Dipsomaniac Institute on West Fifty-seventh Street here in the city.

Q.: What do you treat in that place, doctor? A.: Morbid alcoholism.

Q.: Did you treat one Gerald Pitt Wilson at your institute and during what period? A.: I did. Between December eighteenth and January second. I discharged him as cured on the morning of January second.

Q.: Tell us how you took care of him, doctor. A.: You mean as to restraining him? He signed the customary release for what we might do to him when he came to us December eighteenth, and then we put him in the cell. Our cells are interior chambers, no windows, only a door, soundproof and harm proof, in case the patient goes off his chump for alcohol. Wilson was locked in that cell day and night at all times between those dates except when he was taken up to the roof. I swear to that.

Q.: Was he allowed visitors? A.: No, sir. And he had none.

MR. JASTROW: Q.: Is the Wilson whom you treated, doctor, the man who's sitting here in this room now? A.: He's sitting over there.

Q.: And you can swear to the time he passed in your establishment, after fifteen years? A.: You may look at my book. There it is on the table. If you'll turn back to the very beginning, you'll find Wilson's chart there for every day and night of the time.

Q.: But you have no memory of him apart from this book? A.: But I have.

Q.: How many patients have you in that institute? A.: Twenty to thirty at a time, nowadays. But I see what you're driving at, sir. At the time Wilson was there he was my only patient. He was my first patient. We were anxious to make a record with him and prove that we could cure, so he had our undivided attention.

REFEREE: Do you propose to offer that book, Mr. Hinkle? I'd like to see it.

MR. HINKLE: I offer it in evidence. Part of the *res gestæ*. Part of the *res inter alios*, in other words.

MR. JASTROW: Quite all right, Mr. Bartlett, if I may reserve my objection to admitting it.

I saw the book later. It was a well-worn book, and certainly showed all evidences of being authentic, and the physician himself had impressed me favorably—altogether too favorably. He seemed to be telling the truth.

An attendant of the institute was put on next. He indorsed the story that Doctor Hanlein had told, nor was he any more shaken by the cross. When he sat down, Little Amby stood up and looked over his men. Sixteen people were on his side of the table, as against four on our side. Mr. Pruitt, sitting behind me, was the fourth; Mrs. Pruitt had not come. Mr. Jastrow saw no purpose in subjecting her to embarrassment when she could not help.

"I have seven more witnesses, Mr. Referee, cumulative testimony to the fact that Gerald Pitt Wilson spent that two weeks in the doctor's sanitarium, if Mr. Jastrow has still any doubt," said Little Amby.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Jastrow. "That last witness again. The Gerald Pitt Wilson you attended in the institute is the man sitting here?"

"Yes, sir," said the witness. Then he suddenly shook his head, saying, "No, not him. That's not the Mr. Wilson."

Mr. Jastrow had pointed to the original of the snapshot.

"It's not he?" he cried, still pointing. It seemed to be the break that would lead to victory.

"No, that's not him," insisted the witness. Then he looked down at Little Amby and grumbled defensively, "Well, he asked me, didn't he?"

"What is this?" said the referee, leaning forward. "Doctor Hanlein, are you quite positive in your identification?"

"I didn't say that was the man I treated, sir," said the physician. "He's not, as a matter of fact."

"Suppose we let the gentleman talk for himself," said Little Amby. "In order to give counsel full latitude in questioning, I'll take him as my witness on the direct. Mr. Wilson, stand up, please, and be sworn."

MR. HINKLE: Q.: What is your full name? A.: Charles J. Wilson.

Q.: What's your business? A.: Well, I'm not doing anything just now.

Q.: What business were you in on or about December 26, 1903? A.: Whisky salesman.

Q.: Where were you that day? A.: In Augie Bopp's on Columbus Circle. Yes, Bopp's Circle.

Q.: Do you see Mr. August Bopp here? A.: Yes. There he is back there.

Q.: Did you see him in his store on that day? A.: And heard him, counselor. He was talking about the quality of the goods.

Q.: Talking it up, I suppose. A.: Not to me. He said when he wanted prune juice he would buy the prunes himself. Well, it was nothing but bar goods and he was paying ——

Q.: Never mind that. Did anybody serve a summons on you? A.: This paper. *(Hands Mr. Hinkle document now marked Exhibit One in evidence.)*

MR. HINKLE: I offer this. Q.: Did you ever have anything to do with Hanlein's Institute for booze fighters? A.: Never patronized there, if that's what you mean. Might have sent him some business in my time.

Q.: Is this the man gave you the summons and complaint you have produced here? *(Pointing to Witness O'Malley.)* A.: That I cannot say, counselor. It's too long ago, and I wouldn't want to be sure. It might be him. I heard him asking around for Wilson, and then he comes up and says if I'm Wilson. And I never denied it yet, counselor. So he slaps it onto me, and when we opened it up afterward and read it, Bopp's barkeep fell in the water with laughing, and they all kidded the shirt off me. And me not even married.

MR. JASTROW: Was this paper of any value to you? A.: No.

Q.: But you preserved it for fifteen years? A.: No—yes, it is fifteen years.

Q.: Did Mr. Hinkle here send for you? A.: No.

Q.: Are you to be paid for your testimony? A.: Well, I figure he'll do the right thing.

Q.: Are you here of your own free will? A.: Absolutely.

Q.: Nobody sent for you, nobody asked you to come. You just wandered in here, as it were? A.: No, not at all. Listen, I'll tell you how this thing comes off. I'm in a place having a ball last winter and somebody says, "Wilson, meet Wilson." So we shake, and have a ball and this and that, and I says, "What's your first name, Jack? Mine's Karl." He says, "Jerry." So we have a ball, and this and that, and I says, "Jerry? What's that stand for?" And he says, "Gerald Pitt Wilson." So we have a ball and this and that, and I'm not thinking of anything, when I says to him, "Gerald Pitt Wilson? Is that your name?" And he says, "Yes, that's my name." "Listen," I says, beginning to laugh, "your wife is suing you for a divorce," and so we had to have a ball on that, and he begins to cry on me. So ——

Mr. Jastrow lifted a quelling hand and the witness subsided and sat down.

"We'd better hear from the real Mr. Wilson now," said Little Amby cheerfully. "Mr. Gerald Pitt Wilson, take the stand."

At this point an office girl looked into the room and said, "Mr. Jastrow, wanted on the wire, please."

Mr. Jastrow left the room. A man of the group behind Little Amby had moved to rise, and was now swaying uncertainly.

"Sit down, Wilson, until Mr. Jastrow comes back," said Little Amby. "Or perhaps you'd like to get up and make a bow. There seems to be some confusion here as to who is you. Mr. Gerald Pitt Wilson, gentlemen!"

One look at him, and I gave our case up for lost. He didn't remotely resemble the cocksure and manly-looking whisky salesman. This fellow had the manner of a prisoner—self-contained, unobserving and indifferent. I had seen that repellent expression on the faces of men standing outside the fifteen-cent rooming houses north

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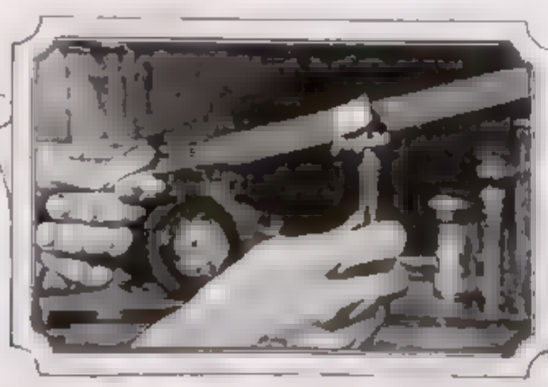


The Razor That Sharpens Itself

of the Brooklyn Bridge. He was big stomached and thin limbed, with red-veined cheeks and drooping mouth. His clothing was new and clean but poorly fitting. I couldn't guess his age with any assurance of accuracy. It would be altogether too bad if he won his case, I reflected, and established again a legal link between him and that fine woman; but his chances, I had to admit, were better than good.

Mr. Jastrow returned and said, "I neglected to bring certain papers from the office, sir, and they're coming right over. May we recess for five or ten minutes? Thank you."

We lighted cigarettes. Little Amby beckoned to Gerald Pitt Wilson and walked with him to the window, where they conferred together in undertones.

"For Mr. Jastrow," said the office girl, coming in with a sealed and unstamped envelope. Mr. Jastrow rose, took the envelope from her and followed her outside, closing the door behind him. He remained away for another two or three minutes, and then came in and suggested that we resume.

"Mr. Gerald Pitt Wilson," said Little Amby.

The witness was qualified as the defendant in the old divorce suit and as the applicant in the proceeding to set the judgment aside, and the examination proceeded:

MR. HINKLE: Q.: Now, Mr. Wilson, where were you during the period from December 18, 1903, to January 2, 1904? A.: In Doctor Hanlein's Institute on Fifty-seventh Street.

Q.: Did you leave the institute at any time during that period? A.: How could I when I was locked in?

Q.: If your answer to the last question is no, say no. A.: No.

Q.: Were you at any time during that period in Bopp's Circle Café on West Fifty-ninth Street? A.: No.

Q.: Did you see this man *(indicating Witness O'Malley)* during that period? A.: Well, I couldn't just remember. Oh, during that time? No, I didn't see anybody but the doctor and that nurse. Not a soul, counselor.

MR. JASTROW: Q.: Do you work for a living? A.: Do I work for a living? Yes, I work for a living.

Q.: What do you work at? A.: What do I work at? I work for City Marshal Bray over on Fifty-fourth Street near the Third District.

Q.: What work do you do for City Marshal Bray? A.: What work do I do for City Marshal Bray? Well, I serve dispossesses, and move out furniture, and go around with executions, and watch stuff that's seized.

Q.: Have you any other means of support?

MR. HINKLE: Now, please. I don't want to be technical, but I do think we ought to make an effort to keep within the issues. I want to try this matter in a nice friendly way, and I'm sure that counsel is going to admit before we get through that a terrible mistake has been made and injustice done this man, and he'll be only too glad to right it in a handsome way worthy of his great reputation by letting the order vacating the divorce be entered by consent. So don't let us wander afield.

REFEREE: I cannot see that the question has any bearing on the issue, Mr. Jastrow. I'll sustain the objection.

MR. JASTROW: Exception. Q.: Are you paying Mr. Hinkle for his services in this matter?

MR. HINKLE: Objected to as immaterial.

REFEREE: Sustained. Mr. Jastrow, the motive that actuated the witness in starting his proceeding is quite immaterial. Even if we suppose, using our knowledge of the world not unfairly, I trust, that there is something behind this proceeding, an undisclosed principal perhaps, that would not concern us here.

MR. JASTROW: Exception. Q.: Take pen and paper, sit down and write out what I dictate.

MR. HINKLE: What's the idea of this?

MR. JASTROW: Address the referee, Mr. Hinkle. *(Stenographer gives witness pen and paper.)*

Q.: Write, "I give you fair warning." *(Witness writes as directed.)* Q.: Write, "Your word as a gentleman." *(Witness writes as directed.)* Q.: Write, "Square deal and under the circumstances"; and then write your name in full five times.

Mr. Jastrow reached across the table and took the sheet of paper from beneath the hands of Gerald Pitt Wilson. He scanned the writing and passed the sheet to the stenographer.

"Mark that for identification, please," he said. "I propose to offer it later."

The stenographer wrote on the sheet in longhand, Respondent's Exhibit One for Identification, and returned the paper.

"I shall ask you for an adjournment now, sir," said Mr. Jastrow. "I shall be ready to proceed tomorrow afternoon."

"So far as I'm concerned, Mr. Bartlett," said Little Amby with a large gesture, "if counsel needs a few hours to reconcile himself to the inevitable, or to prepare his client for the bad news, he's entirely welcome."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Jastrow dryly.

"Shall we say tomorrow at the same time and place?" said the referee. "Very good, gentlemen. I trust you'll be prompt. Good afternoon."

"How does it look to you, MacDevitt?" asked Mr. Jastrow as we walked along Broadway.

"Well, sir," I said bluntly, "we're licked."

"Think we'd better let Hinkle's order be entered on consent, as he suggested, eh?" He caught my arm. "MacDevitt, by this time tomorrow Ambrose Hinkle is going to offer to withdraw his motion, and I'm not going to let him do it."

"I certainly hope so, sir," I said; but I was vexed with him for talking to me so.

He had made an appointment with Mr. Pruitt for half-past eleven of the following morning; shortly after that time he sent for me, and I went to his room, finding him alone with Mr. Pruitt.

"Sit down, MacDevitt," he said quite gayly. "You have done a lot of good work on this matter, and you deserve to be present when I break the glad tidings to our anxious friend here.

"Mr. Pruitt," he said, "after hearing the testimony advanced yesterday before the referee, and after having had a look at Mrs. Pruitt's former husband, I am converted to your opinion that Wilson is not the prime mover in this matter."

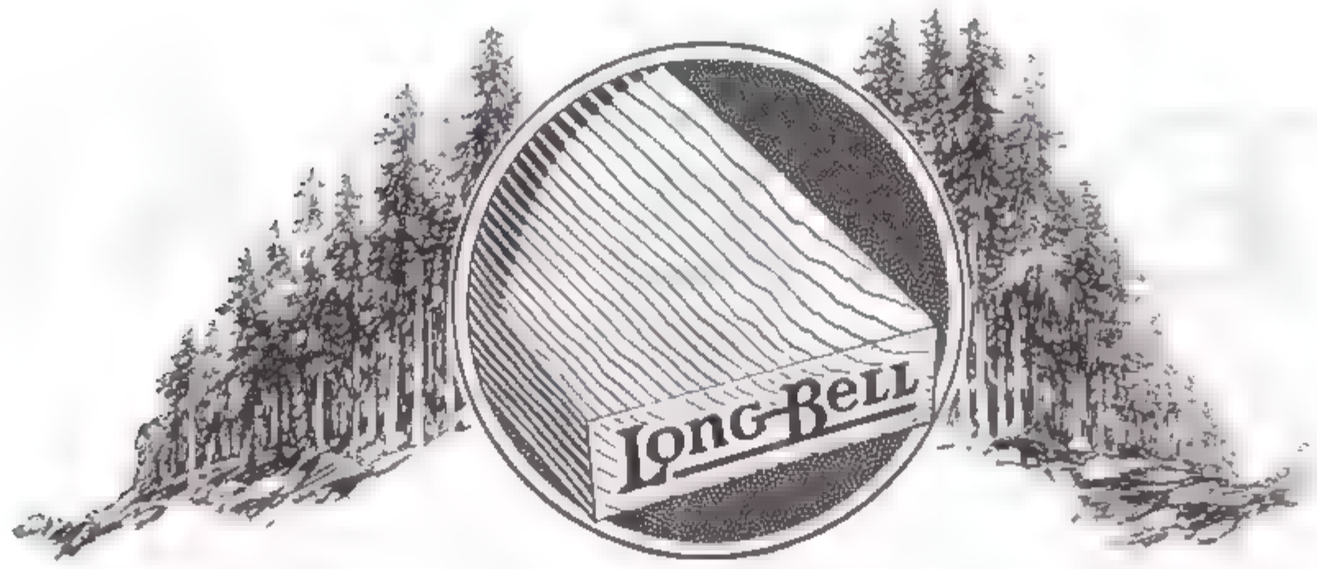
"Quite so, Jastrow," said Mr. Pruitt. "I maintain that it is a piece of sheer malice on the part of that infernal little scoundrel Hinkle."

"Pardon me for not taking your view," said Mr. Jastrow. "Like every other lawyer who has practiced in New York during the past twenty years, I have watched with interest the rise and success of Ambrose Hinkle, and have reflected on it. He is utterly cold-blooded. He has been so successful because he has pursued single-mindedly his only aim in life, and that has been material success. He has never permitted his feelings to become engaged. He has been ready at all times to sell out his friends and to square his enemies. He is a fellow without principle and without honor and self-respect. He's not the man to sacrifice time and money and incur risk—risk, Mr. Pruitt—to pay off an ancient grudge. No, Mr. Pruitt, we must look behind Wilson and behind Hinkle too."

"You think someone else set this fellow on me?" said Mr. Pruitt, working his dyed eyebrows up and down menacingly. "I cannot imagine who could have done it. By George, I'd make it hot for the fellow, Jastrow!"

"We shall discover him for you, Mr. Pruitt," said Mr. Jastrow. "I'm happy to tell you that we're in a position now to bring Hinkle to his knees. Read that letter,

(Continued on Page 117)



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the big hit

(Continued from Page 114

Mr. Pruitt, and accept my congratulations."

Mr. Pruitt took the letter, put on spectacles, threw back his head to justify his particular eccentricity of vision, and went to reading. He halted almost at once, lowered the letter, and stared across it at Mr. Jastrow. Then he resumed, taking in all about five minutes to work his way through the short missive.

Here is the letter he found so hard to read:

"February 3, 1904.

"FRANKLIN P. THOM,
"Municipal Life Building,
"New York City.

"*Dear Sir:* Well, Mr. Thom, I am still waiting to have an answer to the last letter I wrote you and I am getting tired, I give you fair warning. When you wrote me before Christmas and wanted to have me let your man serve me with the summons from my wife, I could have made a lot of trouble for you, but relying on your word as a gentleman I let him serve me. Right there in Bopp's after New Year's you said I would get a square deal, when I told you I was still sick and weak after the rough deal that horse doctor gave me at the institute, or I wouldn't think of asking for a cent when I took the divorce papers.

"So under the circumstances, and since I let you serve me with divorce papers like a man of my word, is my wife coming through with something handsome or have I got to start something in this town?

"GERALD PITT WILSON."

The letter was in longhand. Mr. Jastrow took it from Mr. Pruitt, spread it on the desk, and laid beside it the sheet on which Gerald Pitt Wilson had written phrases to order. Mr. Pruitt bent over the papers.

"That doesn't prove anything, Jastrow," he said loudly. "What does it prove? Not a blessed thing."

"Except that Wilson was served with that summons and complaint and, by inference, that the gentleman of the same name whom Little Amby dug up to trick O'Malley with perjured himself. And Little Amby will also have to explain how the photographs were switched in the filed papers at the County Clerk's. He'll have to come clean and tell an air-tight story to save his skin, and I can tell you now what his story will be.

"He's going to say that the undisclosed prime mover—the man we're eager to get at, Mr. Pruitt—brought the story to Little Amby ready-made, with all the perjury provided, and that poor innocent Little Amby was deceived and merely presented in court the story he was told. He's going to name that prime mover, and he's going to turn on him to save himself, and he's going to work hand in glove with us to send that coy gentleman to Sing Sing."

"Are you threatening me, Jastrow?" snapped Mr. Pruitt.

"You? How you, Mr. Pruitt?"

"All poppy-cock," cried Mr. Pruitt, getting up and stamping about. "Moonshine, Jastrow. Nobody is behind this matter but Hinkle. Who'll believe his lies? He'll lie to save his miserable skin, depend on it. He'll accuse someone, and that foul gang of his will chime in with him to blacken some respectable person. Who'll believe him? Who'll believe a rascal who doesn't speak until his own neck is in the noose? Who'll believe that silly letter? A forgery, very likely."

"To relieve your mind on that point, Mr. Pruitt," said Mr. Jastrow, frowning for the first time, "this letter was found only yesterday by an attorney of unblemished reputation who happens to be the executor of Franklin P. Thom. On discovering it in an old file he instantly sent it to me. The authenticity of the letter, rest assured, will be established. As for the credibility of Hinkle, he will not wear the appearance of testifying under duress.

"I am going to his office now. I am going to hand him this letter. I am going to give him a chance to turn it over to the district attorney himself, together with his explanation of the proceeding he brought; and I can tell you now that his explanation will dovetail with the letter and exonerate him, but send his secret employer to face a criminal jury.

"I'd like to get Hinkle with his employer and put them both behind the bars, but I'm willing to make sure of one of them, and I don't much care which one it is. And when Hinkle's real employer is revealed and indicted his money and position will avail him nothing. He'll find he can't play pitch with a Van Gulden—eh, Mr. Pruitt? You'll agree that the family is powerful enough in New York to protect its own. I'll give Hinkle his chance, and he'll jump at it. He'll jump at it!"

"That for the Van Guldens," exclaimed Mr. Pruitt, leaning over the desk and snapping his fingers weakly in Mr. Jastrow's face. He sat down and reached for the letter. Mr. Jastrow's hand forestalled him and snapped the paper away. Mr. Jastrow scrutinized him, bowed slightly and handed him the paper.

"You know perfectly well that I hired the fellow, Jastrow," said Mr. Pruitt quite casually; and he went to reading the letter again.

"I thought you did."

"But I didn't know aught of this perjury and criminal business, Jastrow!" cried Mr. Pruitt, scowling. "I don't want anything to do with that sort of thing, Jastrow, and I resent your suggesting it. Dammit, can't a man hire a scoundrel of a lawyer without telling him his business? Why, man alive, that's all anybody goes to a lawyer for—to beat the law, isn't it? But that's the lawyer's own nasty business, isn't it now?

"That's precisely what I said to Hinkle. I said to him, 'Now, my good fellow, I'll have no part in any nastiness. Manage this business in your own way, but don't ask me to make any nasty charges against Mrs. Pruitt.' 'If you refuse to proceed on the statutory grounds,' said he, 'we'll perform a miracle for you and get you a divorce anyway. Only,' said he, 'miracles come high, Pruitt.' He's had of me already twenty thousand dollars—the thief.

"But I had no part in it, Jastrow. I had no idea. I want you to be very clear as to that, and I will not go with you to the district attorney if you are to represent matters otherwise. That is understood, is it not? Then I could hazard a guess as to what Hinkle did—from reading the letter, Jastrow."

"I'd be interested to have it."

"Why, it is perfectly evident that Hinkle changed the date of service from January 2, 1904, to December 26, 1903, Jastrow. Had one of his fellows do it, you know. And then to meet the process server he provided another fellow named Wilson and put his picture with the papers."

"A very shrewd guess, indeed," said Mr. Jastrow, rising. "It explains everything. We are going now to tell it to the district attorney and show him this letter, and it means the finish of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle."

The disposition of Wilson versus Pruitt is a matter of record, and received wide publicity; I dare say you know about it. You know that Gerald Pitt Wilson was run to earth in a Chinese dive on Race Street in Philadelphia, and that he turned state's evidence when the screws were put to him. You know that the other Wilson was never caught, and that the expert forger who changed the date in the filed papers also escaped.

And you know that Pruitt's testimony was what convicted Little Amby when that rascal came to the end of his dodging and twisting and stood at last in the prisoner's box. Pruitt was held to be not an accomplice. If he had guilty knowledge of the conspiracy, he was never brought to book. It is true that the admissions he was compelled to make secured for Mrs. Pruitt a legal separation.

A more contemptible conspiracy against an innocent woman was never put together; and yet there are people so lost to reason and right sentiment as to remember Little Amby with kindness, with regret as for a great advocate silenced, with kindness as for a man who accepted ruin rather than sacrifice of principle. Even Mr. Jastrow, good sportsman and poor winner, had an accession of that weakness. Pshaw!

We were standing downstairs in the rotunda of the Criminal Courts Building when Little Amby, then on bail, came in to plead to one of the indictments against him—I think it was for subornation of perjury.

Cohen was with him—a queer bird, that Cohen. If he had his deserts he'd have gone up the river with Hinkle. He was certainly accessory to every villainy concocted in that dark little house in Centre Street. You could go there by day or by night—like the Tombs across the way, the little house ran wide open its full twenty-four hours—and you'd find Cohen. Little Amby knocked off at five and took himself away to Broadway and the Tenderloin, but Cohen was perpetually on the job.

Tug Gaffney was there; it was no good to guard the door of the rifled house on Centre Street. Tug rolled along beside his little master, an arm about his shoulders, packing his inattentive ear with some idiotic excuse for subornation of perjury that Tug had thought out. They say that Tug answered upstairs when the clerk said formally, "How do you plead?" "Not guilty, bug," rumbled Tug, sweeping Cohen and Little Amby aside; it was late in the day for Tug to begin the practice of law, but he was game; he'd try anything once. I didn't see that, but it must have been funny.

But, as I was saying, we saw Little Amby coming in, and we remarked that he wasn't receiving his usual sycophantic reception. Everybody saw him and stared at him, but nobody said even "Hello, counselor," to him. I was a bit ashamed of that, illogically; the really scandalous feature was the fact that the little rascal had ever been kotowed to; the regrettable circumstance was that his downfall had been so long delayed. And I had a bit of sympathy mixed with my surprise when Mr. Jastrow—who is very well known and highly respected in the profession, as I may have stated—stepped into Little Amby's path and thrust out his hand.

"Sorry, Hinkle," he said crisply. "Mighty sorry. Call on me if I can do anything for you. I want to tell you in any event that I respect your attitude. You're a man of honor."

That's all there was to it; and the indicted attorney passed on and up to plead. Soft soap, thought I; no harm in it now; it was nice of Mr. Jastrow.

But as we walked out I said to him, "I didn't quite get that, Mr. Jastrow. You let Pruitt go in order to get Hinkle, although I had thought that Pruitt was the man we'd want, particularly in view of the Van Guldens, and yet ——"

"How could we get Pruitt?" he said shortly. "Of course Pruitt was the man whose scalp we wanted! But the trouble was that we couldn't get Pruitt except through Hinkle. Unless Hinkle would disclose his secret principal there was no way to get at him. We were quite sure all the while—Martin Van Gulden and I—that the attack came from Pruitt, but how could we prove it?

"You remember the morning I got the truth out of Pruitt? I had already been to see Little Amby. Yes, MacDevitt, I visited him in his apartment in the Abernathy uptown, and laid the cards face up, showed him the letter, and offered to let him slide from under if he'd only help us to nail the man behind him."

"And he wouldn't do it?"

"He bristled like a little gamecock at the notion. MacDevitt, the fellow's a thoroughbred. He looked me up and down, sneered in my face and said, 'You call yourself a lawyer, and you ask me to betray a client? I don't practice that way, Jastrow. Never did; never will. Never!'"

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AMARDIS OF NO MAN'S LAND

(Continued from Page 21)

"Don't talk to me about Ginger," said Sally, with a low grumbling growl. "I've told you before that although I may be fool enough at times to take a husband, I do not permit him to regard himself as the father of my puppies."

"It's natural he should want a peep at the puppies," said Amardis.

Sally shook her head. "Natural!" she sniffed. "The male doesn't care twopence. If he pretends any interest in an offspring, it's only to show off. That's all males think of—fighting and showing off."

"One can always be polite," said Amardis.

"When you've finished talking to yourself," shouted Michael, "I have something to say. We've fixed up that rope, so if you'd care to see us go over ——"

"Kennel, Sally," said Amardis, and walked up the path where civilization flowed through into the wild.

From where she stood beneath the overhanging bough, Amardis could see nothing of the preparations that were being made for her entertainment; but the sounds that percolated through the hedge had all the characteristics of an altercation.

"Rot! I'm all ready to go."

"Who went and fetched her?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"A jolly lot."

"A jolly little."

"Well, I'm first."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Oh!"

Said Amardis, "I must go in for tea soon. I vote you both go over together."

And once upon a time there was a king named Solomon who made himself famous for a judgment no wiser than that.

"No fear," said Michael.

"But you always have done things together," said Amardis.

"Well, we're not going to now."

"Toss you," said Charlie.

But they had no coin.

"I'm holding up one thumb—which thumb?" said Amardis.

"Left!" was roared.

"Right!" was roared.

"It's the right thumb," said Amardis. "So Michael has first turn."

"Sucks!" said Michael, and the rope tightened.

Amardis did not trouble to ask herself why there should have been all this pother about priority. She did not even think it silly. She accepted it as one accepts a fundamental law of Nature. But one little thing perplexed her—why they should be so much more eager to perform than she was to witness the performance. It could not matter what they looked like swinging across space except as far as it mattered to them and as they thought it mattered to her. Amardis would not have minded in the least how well or badly the feat was accomplished. Her interest was of a personal rather than a critical kind. She was glad to be asked to look on.

"Off!" cried Michael, and pierced the air like a dart. "Yoy yoicks!" he yelled, the more splendid to appear. He landed and made the return passage, clinging boldly by a single hand. "Yoy yoicks!"

"Me now," said Charlie. "Look! Are you looking?"

The passing of Charlie was as the passing of a swift. He had curled the rope round his body and one arm was extended. An irresistible spectacle.

"Who's best?" they asked, in a single voice.

"Both were very good," said Amardis gravely, and went back to the cottage to put the kettle on. While waiting for it to boil, she thought about two cock partridges she had once seen fluffing their feathers and strutting up and down before a quiet little hen that crouched in the grass.

In the days that followed, a growing disposition was revealed on the part of the boys to wrap Amardis away from thoughts and duties of an intimate and womanly kind and bear her with them to haunts remote from civilization, where were practiced pursuits of a masculine and primitive nature. She was called upon to witness perilous climbs and wrestling matches and many deeds of derring do. To their spoken and unspoken demand for an award of laurels, Amardis would reply, "Both were very good."

Amardis did not know why she was unwilling to give the crown to one or the other for this or that, but it was so. She did not know why she lacked the initiative to break away from her two champions and say, "I'm grateful for being let to look on, but please may I go back to my puppies now, and other things that want tending to?"

She felt somehow that it was her duty to look on—as it was her duty to bandage Michael's hand when he cut it doing a swanky trick with a broken bottle. These things might be boring, but one had to do them. She would be so disappointed in herself if she failed to do them. Like forgetting to give the puppies their dinner, it would be. But it was funny how little relation the things she did for the two boys or what they did before her seemed to have to the boys themselves.

"They do take up such a lot of time," she said to her grandmother one day.

The old lady answered, "That is one of the most noticeable things about men and boys. That and wanting to surprise us—not at things we would choose to be surprised at, but to surprise us with themselves. Your grandfather put the saucer of his cocoa cup on his head only a few hours before he died. And I'm sure he wasn't thinking of halos at the time; he just did it to surprise me."

"And were you surprised?"

"Naturally, dear, or I wouldn't have remembered."

Amardis stirred her tea.

"Boys are a great 'sponsibility," she said. "They are awful friends, these two, and our little bit of land sort of wedges 'em apart. So I must do what I can, mustn't I?"

"Surely you must."

"I invented the rope jump, so's they could get into each other's gardens quickly."

"Do they use it a great deal?"

Amardis pursed her lips.

"They used to be flying across all day long, but now they mostly drop in the lane and whistle for me."

"And are they still as great friends as ever?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, I hope so! You 'member how they used to go ev'ywhere arm in arm? Well, now each of them holds one of my arms when it's wide enough."

"Wide enough, dear?"

"When the path is."

"I see. They keep you wedged between them, eh?"

"I'm—and talk right across my face as if I wasn't there."

"Yes, it takes years to get used to that," said Amardis' grandmother.

From the distance sounded a shrill whistle. Amardis drained her cup, brushed the crumbs from her lap, put the tea things on a tray and went out. Sally came corkscrewing across the lawn to inquire if there was any chance of a walk. Amardis shook her head.

"No, it makes them so sulky if I talk to you, but we'll have a lovely talk when I come back."

Sally turned away with a cynical twitch of the shoulder.

"Letting herself be absorbed like the rest of our sex," she reflected inwardly.

In the narrowest part of the path, beneath the dangling rope, the boys waited. They looked gloomy and showed no disposition to talk.

"Sickening waste of time waiting," said Charlie.

"Shouldn't wait then," was the surly rejoinder.

"Didn't ask what you'd do."

"You heard it for nothing. If you don't like waiting, don't wait."

"I s'pose you have to say everything twice so's to find out what you're talking about," said Charlie, with deep sarcasm.

"Only do it when I'm talking to fools," Michael retorted.

"You calling me a fool?"

"You are a fool to wait if you don't want to wait."

"I may not like waiting with you, but that doesn't mean I don't like waiting for her."

The argument was becoming a trifle involved.

"I s'pose you think she'd enjoy going out with you alone. Ha-ha! Have you seen your face?"

"I've seen yours, which is ten times worse."

"You'd better be careful."

Then Amardis came and saved the situation. The two friends closed in upon her.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Ferreting. Old Bustow has promised to lend us his ferrets and a couple of terriers."

Amardis shook her head. "Ferrets are cruel and beastly. They bite eyes, and there's blood—I hate blood."

Her weakness where blood was concerned was well known and many times had been held up to ridicule.

"Blood, blood, blood!" hissed Michael. "It's jolly fine stuff. Do you remember the day we saw the pig killed, Chas?"

Charles remembered—he had a vivid memory and it was a terrifying story that he told. He contrived to present the part played in the charnel house by himself and Michael as heroic. There they stood undaunted by the fearful spectacle, gallant lads, cool and cynical in the presence of death. Indeed a red-letter day, an occasion devoted to appreciations of a purely masculine and primitive nature. Charles spun it out to a gruesome climax—a scream that might have been the scream of the expiring porker shrilling through the quivering air.

Then he turned to mark the effect of his words upon Amardis, and behold, Amardis was smiling quite gently to herself. How was he to know that she had withdrawn attention to a quiet recess of her cool maiden mind?

Amardis was thinking of Sally's puppies on the day they were born—blind little fubsy puppies, clumsily treading on one another's faces and making pillows of one another's round small tums to rest their heads upon.

It is nicer to think of life than talk of death. Witnessing the strange phenomenon of this unexpected smile, an intolerable hatred for himself sprang up in the bosom of Charlie Hands.

Had Amardis displayed normal and appropriate reactions of distress at the gory anecdote, all would have been well. It was her complete absence of distress and the revelation of her ability to withdraw at will to another plane that robbed the youth of his customary control. For the moment Amardis had become a new being; no longer a fool girl to be scared by the extravagances of a vivid imagination, but an unknown quantity—a creature that baffled understanding.

Charlie Hands felt as an orator feels who, instead of swaying his audience to a frenzy, only succeeds in lulling them to sleep. It was his first experience of that unbridgeable gulf that divides the sexes, the gulf that every healthy male strives—but strives in vain—to span. It was his first experience of the utter impotence of the male wholly to occupy the attention of the female. Nor was this the worst—there spread over him a tormenting realization that he had been found out, exposed as an empty shell, a shell far less effective than

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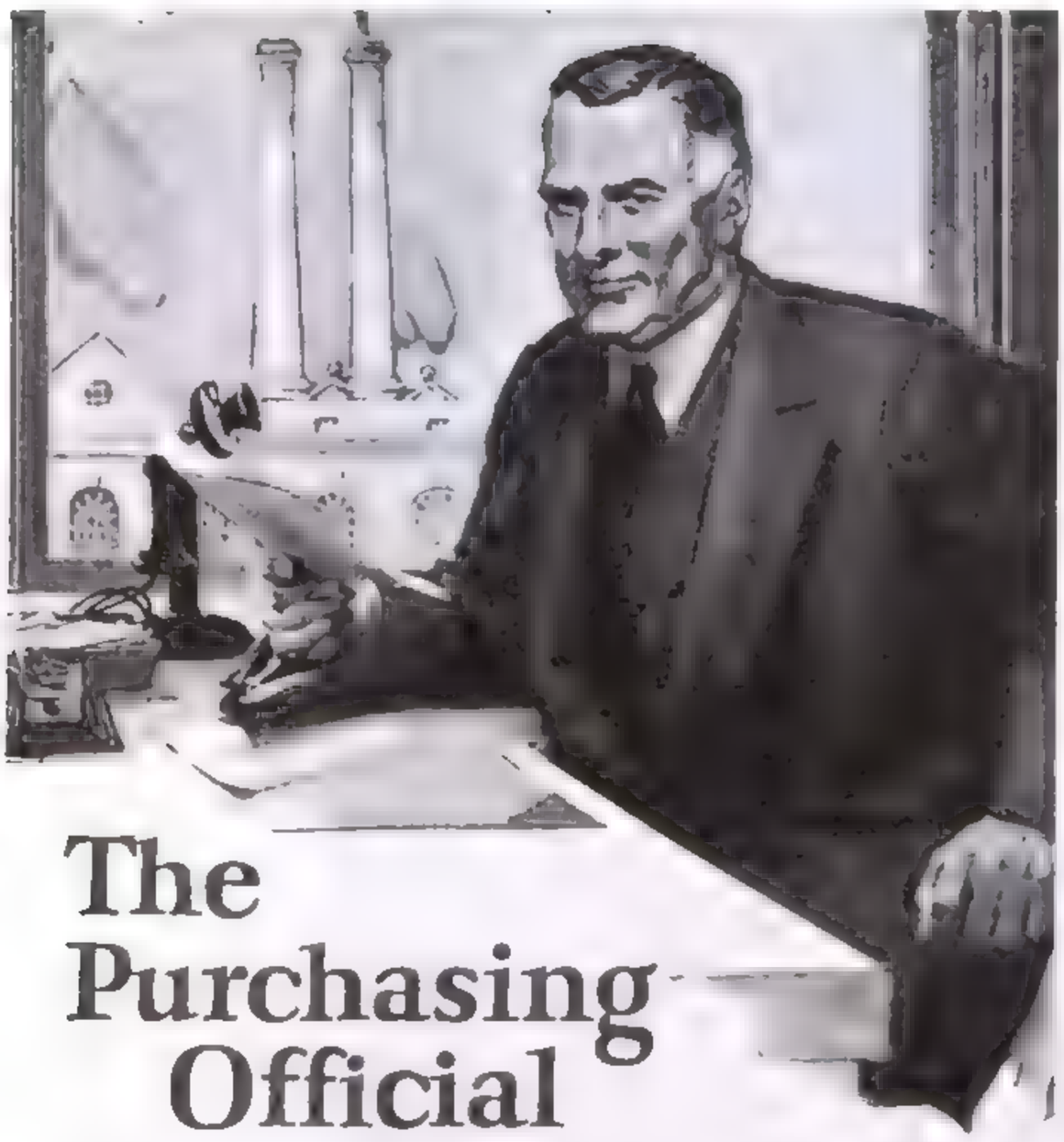

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the one into which Amardis was able to retreat at will.

He asked himself to what his failure was attributable, and finding no solution, with the swift injustice of the youth, laid off the blame upon his companion. It was Michael who had introduced the accursed subject of pig slaughter. It was Michael who had first declaimed the word "blood," which had launched him on the disastrous anecdote. Yes, Michael was to blame—big, blunt, ruinous Michael.

Swift as lightning, Charlie's fist shot out and landed crushingly upon his friend's solar plexus. As Michael gasped "Yeuchs!" Charlie came home with his left, flattening Michael's nose against his cheek.

Michael Greville was out. He careened into the hedge, pitched forward and grabbed the rope that dangled from the bough, and even as the strong ties of friendship had sundered, so sundered the rope which had been friendship's right of way. It snapped with a twang and Michael Greville floundered to the earth, blood running over his mouth and chin.

Without a word, Charlie Hands seized Amardis roughly by the arm and hurried her down the path along which civilization flowed into the wild.

It did not occur to Amardis that she had any choice in the matter, and she made no effort to shake off the arm that imprisoned hers. Strange as the preceding events had been, yet they seemed to her to be perfectly natural and proper. She was a little puzzled as to why the blood upon Michael's mouth and chin had not made her feel faint and sick. Somehow it had seemed a different kind of blood—proper to be spilled. It was strange, too, that she had not rushed to the aid of the stricken lad. Yet never for an instant was she inspired to do so. It seemed as natural and proper to leave him there breathless and bleeding as it was natural and proper that she should be rushed away toward the primeval forest.

In the practical, precise and orderly mind of Amardis, everything was going according to rule. There was nothing in the world to bother about, but it was all very interesting.

Woe to the conquered—a victor's crown to the conqueror—was she the crown? Amardis wondered.

Charlie stopped abruptly and his grip upon her arm relaxed. She turned and looked at him. Little waves of doubt and resentment were breaking across his face. It was a face all tangled up with misunderstanding and perplexity—the face of an aeronaut who had made a forced landing on an alien planet.

Amardis felt that at any moment something terrific might be said—or nothing at all. Before her eyes, though she did not know it, a battle was being fought—a rough-and-tumble between the healthy stupidity of a boy, wrestling against an unfamiliar and undesired grown-uppishness. And it was the boy who won—a scarlet flushing blushing victory.

"Big fool!" he said, but it was to and of himself he spoke.

Then, because there was nothing else he could do, he gave her a great push and hurried away, striking at the heads of tall thistles with his bare hands.

Rather an elderly smile bore Amardis company as she wandered back from the wild to the cottage in No Man's Land which was a place of great civilization. She reflected that Sally would be wondering what had become of her all this time. There was much she would have to tell Sally, and Sally, of course, would pretend that it was all news to her, for Sally was very polite except where Ginger was concerned. But Ginger was antisocial like the fox, like boys, like

From the wild came a rattle of voices—Michael's voice harsh and raised.

"If you think that rotten slosh you gave me hurt, you're dash well mistaken! You'd never have done it if I hadn't been looking the other way. It was grabbing hold of her arm like that I couldn't stand."

"All they are good for—fighting and showing off," Sally had said.

Came another sound, a clean thudding smack, a blow driven home with force and cunning. And next there was the sound of racing feet and the swish of branches. A brown hand seized Amardis' arm roughly

By the look on his face, Michael Greville had mighty things to say. He gripped Amardis' arm like a vise and the muscles of his throat worked furiously. And so for the second time Amardis witnessed that battle between boy and man—the spirit of youth clinging to childhood—the infancy that claims the right to call itself complete. It was the same fight with the same end. Not a word was spoken.

Michael Greville gave her a great push. And Amardis, the little girl of No Man's Land, who had driven a wedge between two lifelong friends, with the same elderly smile to bear her company, went back out of the wild up the narrow path that led to civilization and those thoughts and pursuits of a womanly and intimate kind in which the male plays no part.

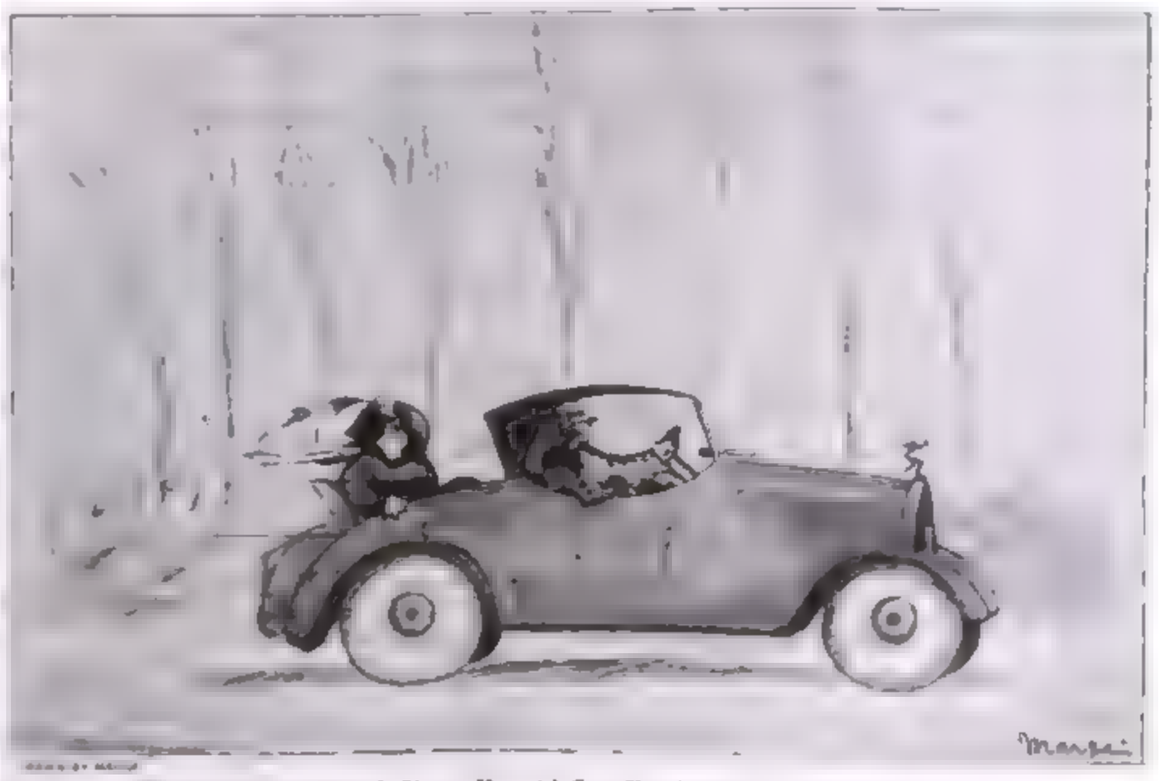
As Amardis' grandmother said some few days later, laying aside a book she had been reading, "Many would call this an unsatisfactory story because it doesn't get anywhere. But it's very like life, growth being what it is."

"What is it then?" asked Amardis.

"Almost imperceptible," said Amardis' grandmother. "If you don't believe me, spend a night in a mushroom field and try to see them come up."

Amardis nodded—dubiously. She saw a little farther than other people.

"But sometimes one can see in little ways," she said. "They never mended that broken rope, for instance."



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THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER EIGHT

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For 75 years the name Ætna has been a guarantee of insurance that is paid promptly and in full. Affiliated in this great organization are companies that issue unsurpassed protection against virtually every known form of risk.

In addition to Accident and Health Insurance, the Ætna can offer you Life Insurance in all its branches, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds—policies that protect yourself, your home, your family, your business and your estate. See the Ætna representative today. Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

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FIDELITY AND SURETY CO. STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN

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The Dutch Boy trademark is on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead. It guarantees your getting a product of the highest quality—lead paint. In addition to white-lead, there are also made under this trademark: flatting oil for use with white-lead in decorating interiors; also red-lead, solder and babbitt metals.

IF the paint film has worn down very thin, or if the paint film has broken in spots, decay and deterioration threaten your house and it needs painting, *now!* It needs a covering of an all-lead paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and pure linseed oil.

House-owners use this lead paint because of its superior weather-resisting qualities. Its basic ingredient is Dutch Boy white-lead, a pure white-lead corroded from the metal. This paint will cover your house with a moisture-proof film that is tough and elastic, and will not crack or scale.

If your house looks old and worn, if it has begun to drop in value—your house needs Dutch Boy white-lead paint, *now!* A covering of Dutch Boy white-lead paint makes any house better looking, more desirable, more valuable to all who see it.

Dutch Boy white-lead paint is economical, reasonable in price. One hundred pounds of Dutch Boy white-lead makes seven gallons of pure lead paint. But the real economy of this paint lies in its durability, which saves the cost of many repairs and frequent repaintings. Dutch Boy white-lead wears—and wears—and *wears.*

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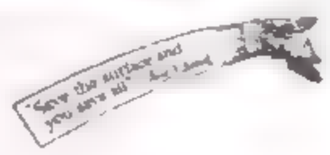
"Decorating the Home" is a new free booklet, illustrated in color, which suggests decorative treatments for exteriors and interiors. It will be sent you if you write our nearest branch.

If you are planning to decorate your home, write our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch. Specialists will help you, without charge, to plan distinctive color treatments.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co., of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

Dutch Boy White-Lead

MAKES AN ALL-LEAD PAINT

THE WITCH TREE

(Continued from Page 25)

Hunter spat. "Me? Reckon it'd take more'n nigra notions to scare me! Cut that tree any time only f'r ——" His face twisted to a sudden ugliness. "Had reasons," he said. "Didn't figure it was none of my business to go cuttin' trees, anyhow, just because they's folks that's fools enough to claim they's witched."

"Aim to cut it now, though?" said Mackenzie.

"Plumb sick of the fool chat about it!" Hunter moved his arms impatiently. "Need the money too. Sight ruther get shet of the whole dog-gone business." He turned to Gandry with a sudden gust of anger. "Fetch out your ink and le's get it settled up right yere. You can take and pay Mackenzie outen the money."

Gandry hesitated. Cole saw his lean fingers twitch.

"Don't know as I'd want to take title till that tree's cut," he said slowly. "Bargained to fall it first, didn't you?"

Hunter came heavily to his feet. "Bargained to fall it," he said. "You figure my word ain't good? Figure my liver's white as yours?"

"Hold on!" Cole cut in quickly before Gandry could answer. "No need to start fightin' all over again. Easy enough to settle it. Leave Gandry pay over the money to Mackenzie and go ahead and sign up this yere deed. Soon's the tree's cut, Hunter can give the deed to Mackenzie and get what's comin' to him over and above this yere judgment."

The two men eyed each other for a moment across the heavy pine table. Gandry spoke first.

"Suits me."

"Reckon it better!" said Hunter sourly. "Go fetch out the ink." He raised his voice as Gandry turned. "Fetch the money too. Aim to know Mackenzie's got it before I sign the deed. Ain't trustin' nobody 't ain't trustin' me."

Gandry did not answer. He brought back pen and ink and a scuffed wallet, from which he deliberately counted out worn bills.

"See is they six hundred there, Mackenzie," said Hunter. The sheriff fumbled his glasses, laboriously counted the money.

"I make it six hundred, Saul."

Hunter reached for the pen and scrawled his clumsy signature at the direction of Sim Cole's finger. He breathed noisily. "There! Reckon that's settled!"

"Not till Mis' Hunter signs," said Cole, who loved to exhibit his law. "Got to examine her sep'rate, anyhow, so it don't matter."

He saw a flicker of uncertainty in Hunter's look and remembered suddenly the tightness of the woman's mouth.

"Knew she'd have to sign it along of you, didn't you? Talked it over with her, ain't you? Reckon she'll sign?"

Hunter laughed. "Reckon so. You-all better ride me back home so we c'n get it tended to straight off. Take and fall that tree this evenin' and be in tomorrow to get my money, Mackenzie—without Gandry's got the right notion. You figure I c'n fall that tree without gettin' killed, Mackenzie?"

"Seen you swing an ax," said the sheriff slowly. "Reckon you ain't forgot how." He rose. "Me and Sim got to drive over to Randall. Be back this way this evenin'. Stop in and trade you the money for the deed if the tree's cut."

"It'll be cut, sure enough." Hunter hoisted his swollen bulk from the chair. "Reckon it's most time Gandry got a good night's sleep."

Glancing back as he moved toward the car, Cole saw that Gandry stood at the top of the gallery steps, his lips drawn back from his teeth, his arms flat against his sides, his hands closed. A tinge of compassion for the man's senseless terrors colored Cole's contempt. As he turned the car and, high above the tangle of lower growth along the branch, saw the gaunt, mottled branches of the giant sycamore, lifted like distorted, menacing arms, a certain fellow feeling for Gandry woke in him. If he lived here in Gandry's house he wouldn't be sorry to see those scaling branches flail downward out of sight. Again, impatiently, he felt a shiver creep along his spine.

Hunter's presence reassured him, however, as he drove past the tree. The man's gross, abounding vitality, the booming scorn of his big voice, his great roaring laugh at Gandry's superstition, restored Cole's normal mood.

He was in good spirits when he followed Hunter into the frowzy kitchen. Two tow-headed children scuttled out of the rear door, and Hunter's wife, standing over a spatting skillet, moved so that to Cole it seemed as if she covered this retreat. Likely enough that Hunter's young ones would keep out of his way, he thought.

"Gandry's bought that there bottom." Hunter's voice sounded as if he tried to make up in volume for a certain want of assurance. "Mackenzie's got the money all ready to hand over soon 's you sign the deed."

She did not answer at once. Her hands fumbled with her dress and Cole saw that Hunter turned away from the straightness of her gaze. Mackenzie, standing in the doorway, broke the silence.

"That ain't just the straight of it, Saul," he said mildly. "Hand over the money soon as that tree's cut."

"Never mind about that," said Hunter quickly. "Main thing is to get the deed signed, now we got Cole right yere to save us a trip over to Tyre." He fumbled busily in the cupboard. "Where at did you put that there ink, Callie?"

The woman's eyes followed him. Cole saw her her face change, soften, for an instant. He guessed that once, long ago, she might have been almost pretty.

"The witch tree? You fixin' to cut it?"

"It don't matter." Hunter had found the ink. He twisted the cork from the bottle. "We c'n fix it up about that any time, but we didn't ought to keep the sheriff waitin' now. Right yere's where you sign, Callie."

"I ain't ——" She stopped. Cole intervened as Hunter straightened and drew breath noisily.

"Reckon you got to step outside, Saul. Deed ain't legal without Mis' Hunter signs when you ain't present."

Hunter hesitated. Cole saw the menace of the look he turned toward his wife.

"Well, you better hurry up and sign it, same as if I was here."

He moved past her to the rear door. Her hand rose and Cole thought she meant to catch Hunter's sleeve, but she let it fall again. The door slammed.

"It's so, what you said? He don't get the money without he falls the witch tree?"

Mackenzie nodded. "Reckon you don't need to worry, Mis' Hunter. Expect it's all right f'r Saul to cut that there tree. He ain't scared of it. Reckon you got to be scared of a thing or it can't hurt you."

She shook her head slightly. Cole saw her lips go tight and straight and stubborn. There was a little silence, and suddenly a snarl from beyond the door, the sound of a blow, a sharp, yelping outcry in a child's voice, instantly stilled. The woman's face changed. Her glance moved to the window as the two children raced past it, one of them holding a hand against his cheek.

"Where should I write my name?"

The voice startled Cole. It came from low in her throat, and her lips scarcely moved to let it pass. He pointed to the place and watched the slow, awkward labor of the pen. She moved her head in assent to his routine questions; he filled out the blanks, signed with his flourish and handed the deed to Mackenzie. The sheriff pocketed it inattentively, his eyes still fixed on the woman.

"No call to worry, Mis' Hunter."

Hunter thrust back the door. "Done signed it?" His face brightened at Cole's nod. "That's good sense, Callie." He turned to Mackenzie. "Stop in on your way back, sheriff. Reckon I'll be ready for that there money, time you get yere." He laughed boisterously. "Admire to have you-all eat dinner, if you got time."

Mackenzie thanked him gravely, declining. He and Sim were due at Randall, he explained, right now. Cole followed him out to the car, glad to escape from the hot, disordered room, from Hunter's noisy affability and the set, pallid face of his wife. He breathed more freely when they reached the highway. The arched sand clay, patterned with tire prints, was comfortingly suggestive of civilization. Here, again, the notion of a witch tree was merely funny.

"Scared of him, wasn't she?" He wagged his head over the wheel. "Figured, first off, 't she didn't aim to sign. Give in quick enough when she heard that there young one sing out. Expect she'd be singin' out herse'f by now if she hadn't."

Mackenzie shook his head. "Reckon she wasn't scared, Sim. Not of Saul, anyhow. Her kind don't scare easy. Expect the reason why Saul ain't never cut that witch tree is she wouldn't leave him. See her go to ketch his arm when he started outside? Wasn't hatin' him right then, she wasn't. Didn't start in to hate him again till he hit that young one. Looked like that was what settled it f'r her."

"That's what I said, ain't it?"

"Said it scared her. Didn't sound like she was scared; not to me, Sim. You don't figure on how she feels about that there tree. Expect 't when she give in, knowin' 't it meant that Saul 'd go fall that tree this evenin', it looked to her just like she was passin' sentence on him. Made out to keep him from cuttin' it all this while. Sounded to me like she made up her mind right then to leave go of him."

Cole saw the force of the reasoning, but it struck him nevertheless as ridiculous; he snickered.

"Liable to be su'prised when he comes in to supper."

"Reckon so. Don't guess that there tree's apt to hurt him. He don't believe it's witched."

Cole twisted his glance. "That's what you was tellin' her back yonder. Don't look like good sense to me."

"Might be only my notion," said Mackenzie. "Always figured a man makes his own luck mostly. If they's such a thing as bad luck, I expect it happens mostly to folks 't goes against their beliefs."

"Don't see it." Cole frowned.

"Ain't so sure I see it myse'f. All you got to go on is your notion of what's right and safe and sensible. Suppose you go against that notion—apt to be the kind of a man 't gets into jail or hits a tree with a car or bets on the losin' card, ain't you? Expect they ain't no more to it 'n just that, Sim."

Cole reflected, half convinced. "Don't see how it fits this yere business, though."

"Maybe it don't. Figure it's safe enough f'r Saul Hunter to fall that big sycamore, because it ain't nothin' only a tree, the way he looks at it. Right handy with an ax, Saul is. Seen him fall a sight of trees so they'd drive a stake when they hit. Reckon he's apt to handle this yere one just as easy."

"So'd Gandry," Cole objected. "Seen him do that stake trick too."

"Wasn't scared when he done it, was he?"

"No, but ——"

"Makes a sight of difference which way you jump when the butt kicks loose. A man 't's scared like Gandry is don't use good judgment. Might easy jump the wrong way."

(Continued on Page 128)

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Douglas Fir

THE DENSEST and heaviest forest the world has ever known stands today on the Pacific Coast to furnish the United States with its permanent lumber supply for all time to come. On the west slope of the Cascades, reaching to the waters of the Pacific, there are more than 26 million acres of towering trees—more than 700 billion feet of merchantable timber. Three-quarters of this is Douglas Fir; the rest Sitka Spruce, West Coast Hemlock and Western Red Cedar.

This forest area extends through British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, to the northern mountains of California, and has greater productive capacity than any other commercial forest region. Where the average yield in the forests of the East and South was 10,000 feet to the acre, with mature stands reaching 25,000 feet, the average yield here is in excess of 30,000 feet, and in some cases reaches 150,000 feet and more. One Douglas Fir tree, here, sometimes produces more lumber than five acres in other forest regions.

What is of more vital interest to the people of the United States is that under modern methods of lumbering and forestry this forest will be a permanent source of lumber supply. While estimates have been made that the life of this growth will be sixty to ninety or one hundred years, West Coast lumbermen are planning on the theory that it will supply forever the wants of the country. Both mills and towns are built for permanence.

With the present day fire protection and conservation methods this great stand reforests itself. Where timber has been cut and fires are guarded against countless millions of young Douglas Fir trees from Nature's seeding appear, and in their vigorous growth offer a new merchantable supply of the finest quality within relatively few years.

Here American lumbering for the first time in its history is being developed as a permanent industry—which means permanent forests, a permanent lumber supply, a standardized product and a stable market.

As the Douglas Fir differs in size, reproductiveness and quality from other coniferous trees, so do West Coast logging and sawmill operations differ from those of other regions and other days. In place of the sled teams, the knockdown camp and the river drives of old, the Douglas Fir

Out in the Douglas Fir country on the West Coast a photographer who makes a specialty of forest pictures found he could not bring to his pictures a conception of the true size of the Douglas Fir. With real ingenuity he used two negatives and created this composite picture which compares the mighty Douglas Fir with ten-story office buildings.

—America's Permanent Lumber Supply

industry has steam and electric skidders, the logging town and a railroad system on almost every logging operation.

In place of the portable mill, operating for a few months of the summer, there is the vast mill with power plant, band and gang saws, great planer sheds, batteries of dry kilns and equipment for utilizing all forest products. In place of "the bull of the woods" and the red-shirted shanty boy, there is the logging engineer with his highly-skilled mechanics.

No other cone-bearing tree surpasses the age-ripe Douglas Fir in the stateliness of its soft-tapering column; its lower branches swing like scepters over the smaller trees of its forest company; and its broad crown has a height of two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet.

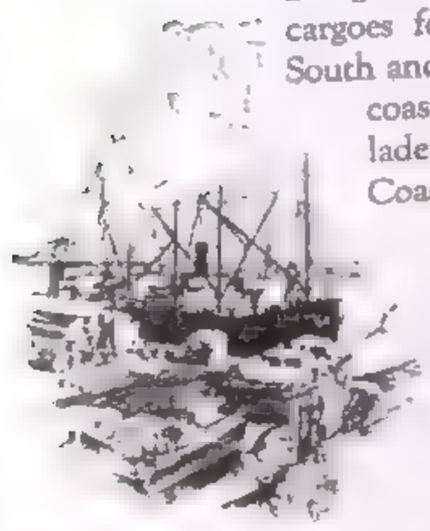
Emphasizing the importance of this wood, U. S. Forest Service Bulletin 88 says:

"Douglas Fir may, perhaps, be considered the most important of American woods . . . its rapid growth in the Pacific Northwest forests, its comparatively wide distribution and the great variety of uses to which it can be put place it first . . . As a structural timber it is not surpassed."

Gradually, without the aid of intensive marketing methods, the world has discovered the merits of Douglas Fir. The Japanese buys his Douglas Fir in huge squares which are cut from the central portion of the log.

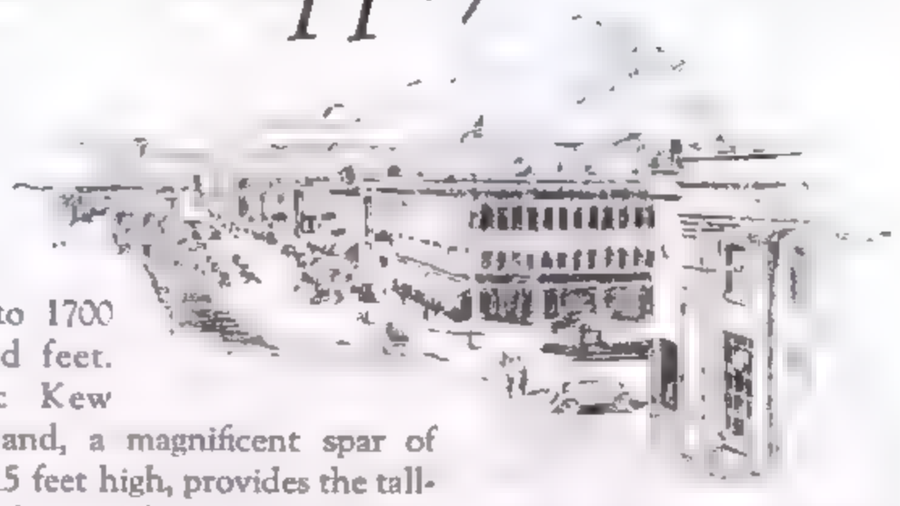
These squares are carefully, laboriously sawed with thin-bladed saws, often by hand, into the finest grades of framing lumber, sometimes right on the ground where a building is under construction.

Cargoes of high grade lumber and lumber products move from the busy ports of the West Coast to all the world. Europe has come to recognize the usefulness of Douglas Fir. Stevedores swarm over ships loading cargoes for China, Australia and our neighbors in South and Central America. And in our own inter-coastal trade are appearing more and more ships laden with Douglas Fir, bound for the Atlantic Coast through the Panama Canal.



A billion and a quarter feet of Douglas Fir was exported in 1925—ships from all ports of the world load right at the big mill docks.

This new market on the North Atlantic Coast has come almost unsolicited to the mills of the West Coast. Some idea of the manner in which Douglas Fir has demonstrated itself in the Eastern States can be gained from an inspection of the records of 1920, when 50 million board feet were shipped to the Atlantic seaboard, and those of 1925 when these figures had climbed to 1700 million board feet.



Lumbering was once a nomad industry—it has become one of permanent habitation; a builder of home towns and a developer of new industries.

In historic Kew Gardens, England, a magnificent spar of Douglas Fir, 215 feet high, provides the tallest flagstaff in the world, and in City Hall Square, New York, a Douglas Fir mast has replaced the old Liberty Pole of 1766.

Engineers know that nowhere in America can be obtained timbers of the size, strength and durability of Douglas Fir. The U. S. Forest Service states:

"They are light and strong, fairly resilient and durable, and can be had in any desired size or specification."

The railroads, quick to appreciate the all-purpose merits of Douglas Fir, use 15% of the entire Douglas Fir output. They use it for car material, for ties, for piling, for bridges, for trestles and for buildings.

When Secretary of the Navy Wilbur sent out an appeal urging patriotic Americans to assist in raising a fund to restore the Frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," lumbermen of Washington and Oregon were called upon to furnish the masts and spars of Douglas Fir. These will be cut from young Douglas Firs—new growth timber that is growing at the rate of 3 billion feet per year.

In the construction of your own home Douglas Fir offers material of natural beauty for the interior and great durability for the exterior and framing. Again quoting from the U. S. Forest Service referring to finish:

"The demand for it in the Eastern States, the Middle Western States, and in the Upper Mississippi Valley is rapidly increasing . . . the wood's adaptability to staining adds greatly to its appearance and value."

Lobby of the Regents Room, University of Washington. The panels and wainscoting are of Douglas Fir acid stained, rubbed and waxed. Carl F. Gould, Architect, Seattle.

The regal magnificence of the Douglas Fir is equalled only by the all-purpose quality of its manufactured product. Ask your architect, your contractor, your lumber dealer—he will tell you that Douglas Fir is becoming increasingly popular for building of all kinds.

Douglas Fir is not to be stripped from the land as ore is taken from a mine. It is to be ever useful in America because reforestation, most practical here, becomes possible with harvesting of ripe stands.

An illustrated treatise on Douglas Fir, written by a forester, telling why this will be the wood of tomorrow as well as of today, and how to use it, sent on request. Fill in the coupon.

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It's an 8 Powerful Suction Motor Brush

Ask Your Husband

THE more he knows about fine machinery and workmanship the more surely he will say "Buy a Hamilton Beach cleaner. It will last a lifetime."

He will quickly see the many advantages of combining powerful super-suction with a motor-driven brush, just as you know the necessity of getting *embedded* as well as surface dirt—and fine threads, ravelings, etc.

8 Points of Superiority

1. Motor—rugged, powerful—developing full 1/5th H. P. Oversize armature shaft and bearings and unique oiling system assure long wear.
2. Brush—motor driven with single row of brushes and four easy adjustments to compensate for brush wear.
3. Suction—as powerful as that found in most machines cleaning by air alone. Air velocity nearly a mile a minute.
4. Low Height—(only 7¾") makes cleaning under low furniture easy. Bumper cord prevents the marring of furniture.
5. Easy to Handle—because of four wheel compensating carriage—handle starting switch and scientific balance of machine.
6. Nozzle—easily adjustable to 3 positions for every type and thickness of rug or carpet. Finger Tip control.
7. Dust Bag—easy to clean—with Jiffy bag connection, throat flap and felt tension pad.
8. Guarantee—fully covers entire machine including belt, brush and bag.

Sold and demonstrated in *Your* home by reliable dealers everywhere. Easy monthly payments of course. Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer.

Sew Electrically With Your Machine

This wonderful motor gives *your* machine the ease of operation and speed found in finest electrics. No foot pedaling—no broken threads. Any sewing speed. Sold by reliable dealers everywhere. Write for interesting literature.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., RACINE, WIS.

Hamilton Beach *Vacuum Sweeper*

(Continued from Page 125)

Cole debated the point carelessly as they drove on to Randall. He found a congenial audience in the grocery store while Mackenzie transacted his business with Len Ganton at the warehouse, and when they started back he was in excellent humor. Mackenzie's sober silence amused him. The old man was simple enough, he guessed, to be just a little worried about Saul Hunter and the witch tree. Cole grinned at the thought. The sheriff hadn't altogether outgrown those backwoods superstitions, after all. By the time they emerged on the crest of the hill above Hunter's farm, and entered a light rain that drifted down along the ridge, Cole was so agreeably aware of intellectual superiority that he grumbled only perfunctorily when Mackenzie overruled his proposal to stop and put up the top.

"Sooner keep on to Hunter's, Sim. Kind of worried."

Cole tried to draw him into more definite admissions. It would spice the story a little at the supper table if he could jolly Mackenzie about some specific foreboding that had proved groundless. But Mackenzie shook his head.

"Don't know, Sim. Just worried. See can you go a mite faster."

Hunter's house, dismal enough in bright weather, shadowed Cole's humor when he saw it through the gray drizzle. He followed Mackenzie to the kitchen door; Hunter's wife opened it and Cole had a stab of fear at the sight of her face. He had seen other hill women wear that look, dry-eyed, tight-lipped, and his first thought was that Hunter lay dead beyond the door. But the woman shook her head and pointed, without words, out toward the misty hollow. Mackenzie turned.

"We'll go down yonder, Sim."

Cole grumbled under his breath as he followed the twists of the lane. The rain had freshened a little and his clothes were wet through; there was a vague chill in the hollow; Cole set his teeth against a shiver that would have set them chattering. He strained his eyes to see through the mist as they reached the clearing along the branch; his hands jerked at the wheel as he saw that the huge sycamore was gone. A man came toward the car, running, brandishing his arms. Cole saw that it was Neil Gandry.

Cole stopped the car, and Gandry, thigh-deep in dry weeds, halted and flung up an arm in a frantic, beckoning gesture. Mackenzie ran toward him and Cole followed, stumbling in the drenched, matted growth. He stared stupidly at the prone trunk of the sycamore, wondering why Neil Gandry should be shaken as if by an ague, so that Cole heard the singing of his teeth. The witch tree was down. What was there to frighten Neil Gandry in the sight of it? He followed Gandry's wavering hand and caught in his breath at the answer to his question.

An arm thrust out from beneath the tree trunk. Staring, Cole recognized the size of its great hand, the heavy matted hair of the bared wrist.

Mackenzie was calm enough now. Cole watched him, half dazed, as he bent over and pressed down the weeds, fumbled for a pulse in the wrist, straightened again.

Gandry found his voice. "I seen it happen, Mackenzie! I seen it! He went to run and ——"

"How long ago, Gandry?" Cole wondered at the question, at Mackenzie's even, casual tone. They served, however, to steady Gandry's nerves; he pulled himself together suddenly.

"Maybe half an hour, maybe more. I been back home, anyhow, f'r them tools." He pointed to the ax and crowbar and saw that leaned against the trunk. "Figured I'd have to get him out single-handed. Wouldn't none of my nigras stir a foot."

Mackenzie went back to the stump and deliberately inspected the cut.

"Must've knowed to the inch where it was bound to hit," he said. "Right queer he taken and run square under it."

Gandry's teeth sang again. "It fooled him, Mackenzie. It fooled him on pu'pose. I seen it! I was standin' right over yonder and I seen it start to go down, thisaway, plumb where Hunter was. I seen him go to run, and I seen the tree straighten up and go down t'other way! Hunter, he tripped in them weeds and ——"

"Reckon you wasn't only seein' things, Gandry." Cole recovered a measure of his assurance. "Tree don't change its mind on the way down."

"This tree done it, I tell you! You don't need to take it on my say-so, neither, Hunter—he proved it, I reckon! You figure he'd be easy fooled? Figure he didn't think for sure 't the tree was comin' down over yonder? Don't tell me!"

"Somethin' to that, Sim. Saul, he'd falled a sight o' trees." Mackenzie rubbed his chin. "Looks like he'd be right hard to fool." He straightened. "Anyhow, we got to get him out, first off. Reckon we better block up the tree each side of him and saw out a section with that there crosscut. You and Neil start a cut, Sim. I'll see to the blockin' up."

Swinging mechanically to the slow rhythm of the ringing saw, Sim Cole fought a losing battle against unreasoning fears. His mind knew that Saul Hunter's death was sheer, blind accident, proving nothing, except perhaps that a man may fell too many trees; something deeper than reason brushed the argument impatiently aside. He didn't blame Neil Gandry's negroes for refusing to come here to help. Whenever his glance moved back, against his will, to that outflung arm amid the drenched weeds, Cole envied them. The saw bound as the cut deepened. Mackenzie cut a wedge and drove it in above the blade; at last the trunk sagged suddenly down upon the blocks. Cole drew the freed saw clear, and fetching a wide half circle, swung it again across the trunk, a few paces farther on.

Mackenzie had been wrong, anyhow; there was consolation in the thought. Saul Hunter hadn't been afraid of witch trees, and yet this one had slain him, cunningly, if Gandry told the truth. He drew Mackenzie's notice to the circumstance without pausing in the long, swinging stroke. The sheriff, standing by the stump, wagged his head slowly.

"Been studyin' about that, Sim. Ain't got it figured out yet, I reckon."

"Nothin' to figure, is they?" Cole's breath came short as he labored. "Hunter, he lost his haid and run wrong, that's all." He laughed, as if the sound of it would fortify his wits against those troubling doubts. "Don't need no witch business to 'count f'r this yere case, Mackenzie."

"Don't you go talkin' thataway, Cole. Not round yere, anyhow." Gandry spoke harshly from beyond the tree trunk. "I seen it. I was right yere when it happened."

Again Cole laughed, and again he felt the tingling shiver between his shoulder blades. Witch trees—there wasn't any such thing, of course; and yet—and yet ——

Mackenzie was studying the ax marks on the stump and butt. Twisting his head, Cole could see him. Something in the old man's manner frightened him afresh. He had seen that look before. As he swung to the saw Cole wondered whether witch trees could do mischief after they were down, like this one. Mackenzie came slowly toward him, drove his wedge into the cut above the saw.

"Reckon you was wrong, sheriff, sure enough," said Cole again. "Hunter didn't take no stock in this yere witch-tree notion, and he's daid. Yonder's Gandry, 't believes it yet, and he ain't even teched."

Mackenzie didn't answer. He stood back as the saw dragged through the dwindling curve of the bole. There was a splitting crack; the section ground down on the blocks. Again Cole freed the saw. Mackenzie pried skillfully with Gandry's crowbar and the log rolled heavily aside. The old man knelt beside Saul Hunter's crushed body. Puzzled, Cole saw him fumble under it. Slowly Mackenzie straightened. He moved deliberately across to Gandry's side.

"Gandry," he said, "you reckon this yere tree c'n do more damage, now it's cut?"

"Hope not, anyhow." Gandry drew the back of his hand across his forehead. Cole saw that he was breathing fast, and yet his teeth chattered as if a chill was on him.

"Gandry," said the sheriff, "you claim you seen this yere tree come down."

"Told you so, ain't I?" There was a touch of anger in the answer. "Standin' right over yonder ——"

"Was it rainin' then?" Mackenzie's question cut through the sentence. Cole saw Gandry shiver.

"I—I disremember, Mackenzie. Reckon it was, though." He pointed at the weeds where the section of the trunk had been rolled aside. "Must've been. See how wet them weeds is."

Mackenzie nodded slowly. "Noticed they was right wet," he said gravely. Gandry sucked in a long, sobbing breath.

"Why'd you ask me if you knowed anyhow?"

Mackenzie's hands moved quickly. Cole, stupefied, saw the glint of metal, heard the click of closing handcuffs. Gandry's linked arms rose helplessly, and his voice shrilled to a high thin scream.

"Turn me loose! Turn me loose! What for'd you go handcuffin' me, Mackenzie?"

"Reckon the jury'll tell you, Gandry." Mackenzie spoke in a strange deep tone. Again the little shiver crept between Cole's shoulders at the sound of it. "Right smart notion, Gandry. Reckon you had it studied out a long ways back, when you started pesterin' Saul Hunter to take and fall this yere witch tree. Figured it was bound to be plumb safe, I expect. Aimed to leave him start the notch before you come up behind him and knocked him down. Only needed to take and drag him out yonder where he'd figured to drop the tree, and then finish fallin' it yourse'f, Gandry."

"It ain't so! I never done it!" Gandry struggled in the old man's grasp. Cole stumbled stupidly toward them.

"Reckon you wasn't figurin' on that there rain," said the sheriff. "Knowed they was somethin' wrong about your story soon's I seen that stub and butt. Right pretty ax work, yours and Saul Hunter's, but it ain't the same, Gandry. Reckon most anybody'd see 't they was two men worked on that there cut—and two axes. You'd ought to 've used Saul's, Gandry. They's a nick in yours 't shows up right plain."

"It was Saul 't used it," screamed Gandry. "I left him try it. His own was wore down dull."

"Right pretty thinkin' too," said Mackenzie. "But you ain't figured on the rain, not even now, Gandry. Take a sight of thinkin' to study out some way how Saul Hunter could fall this yere tree when he was layin' yonder in them weeds with his haid smashed in behind."

"He wasn't! He was ——"

"Gandry," said the sheriff, "you had the right notion about this yere tree. Even after it's cut, it's made out to take and kill the man 't falled it."

"Done killed him, ain't it? Yonder he lays!"

"Maybe it killed Saul Hunter. Ain't no way to find out now if he was daid or only stunned while you was fallin' the tree on top of him. But it's right easy to prove 't he was layin' there a good while before the tree was cut." He paused and glanced toward Cole. "Sim," he said, "I want you should go over where Hunter lays and feel them weeds under him so's you c'n swear to it, come court day."

Dazedly Cole obeyed. He straightened slowly, staring down at Hunter's rain-drenched garments as understanding came to him. Saul Hunter had been lying there before it had come on to rain. The weeds were dry. Even Neil Gandry seemed to realize and understand. He struggled uselessly in Mackenzie's hands and Cole heard the chattering of his teeth.

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Post Toasties Corn Flakes *stay crisp in milk or cream*

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

(Continued from Page 40)

the idea of suicide and went to jail for a year and a day, knowing the world would be worth living in when he was free.

Most importantly, she was so beautiful that Sutphen Grolier, springing to his feet, upset the table and tobogganed a *bécasse à la Reine Pédauque* and a small arsenal of hothouse peas into the mauve charmeuse lap of Aloysia McCarthy.

Having done so, possibly for the first time in his life, Sutphen Grolier became abashed and apologetic, and because he was red and miserable Nora gave him her kindest, most soothing smile, instead of being horrid, as she had at first intended to be.

It took a very short time for Sutphen Grolier to become convinced that he could do, or have done, no wrong; but the few minutes were the important ones.

After them Nora couldn't deliver her news in the abrupt, remorseless way she'd planned.

"I've been with Mr. Wingate to the loveliest place," she began.

The *bécasse* in her lap, to say nothing of the peas and the gravy, which was of a most uncomfortable temperature, gave Aloysia the opportunity to interrupt.

For a person looking as Nora did to make any pretense at apology was simply unnecessary.

Aloysia said she thought she'd go to her room and change; she didn't know that she'd return. It seemed such a heaven-sent opportunity to observe her diet.

Even Aloysia had forgiven Nora her tardiness. That Sutphen Grolier had come with no intention of proposing had been evident, but that he should fail to do so after that radiant entrance was unthinkable.

Lord Henry was upstairs in the sitting room, but Fredericka had developed a perfect technic of excusing Nora to Lord Henry without hurting his feelings, and he didn't seem even restive.

Lord Henry had hurried from the Vercingetorix to Wyck, desperately anxious to extend an invitation to the McCarthys for the Christmas holidays, but not quite sure that it would be agreeable to the Sudleighs—Lady Wyck had married Mr. Sudleigh, her rector, some fifteen years after the death of Henry's father—and with the Sudleighs one had to be sure. They took life rather hard. After some argument the rector and Mrs. Sudleigh had agreed to the idea of the Americans, and then it was that Henry realized he'd forgotten to get their address.

Before he and Fredericka went some place for tea and dancing, Lord Henry presented Aloysia with a stiff little note of invitation from his mother. Aloysia now felt little worry about the invitation to Rockingham Priory, but she was not one to burn the smallest footbridge before it was necessary.

"And we've just made a tentative engagement! At least Nora has," she crooned regretfully.

Lord Henry murmured something compulsory about the possibility of the rest of them coming.

"It would be the greatest happiness I could imagine befalling us," Aloysia told him. "If you'll wait till tomorrow night I'll answer your dear mother for all of us."

That was splendid. Fredericka and Lord Henry left.

With every second the little clock on the mantel jerked out of existence, Aloysia McCarthy was more happily sure of what was taking place downstairs.

At twenty-five minutes of seven Nora entered.

"You were a long time," Aloysia remarked. "Did Mr. Grolier take you to tea?"

"He left hours ago," Nora answered, and she added with some effort, "Paul came. We've been walking"

"Paul!"

"Paul Wingate. He wanted to see you. I wouldn't let him." Then Nora flung her head back and said it bravely: "We're engaged."

"You're what?"

"We're engaged. See the ring he gave me."

Nora held it out. Such a little diamond.

Aloysia was utterly unprepared. If she'd had an opportunity to think she probably would have acted very differently.

"Engaged to a man old enough to be your father! With no money and no position, and not even the courage to come and face me, your mother!"

"I told you I wouldn't let him. I knew you'd be horrid."

"Have I ever been unkind to you, Nora McCarthy, that you should throw that accusation in my face?"

"You sent Sam Eddy away, and you were awful to Buddy Nelson, and you sneaked me away from Jerry Denin."

At the words great floods of self-pity welled up in Aloysia.

"And only for this!" she cried. "Oh, God help me! God help me!"

Then she began to weep, drawing her breath in sobbingly.

It was always at critical moments that Nora did this sort of thing; it wouldn't have mattered otherwise.

"Don't, momma," Nora said.

"How can I help it? And Mr. Grolier? Did he propose?"

"I didn't let him."

"You told him?"

"Paul came."

"You told him?"

"He went away when Paul came."

"Don't call him Paul. It breaks my heart. Was Mr. Grolier angry?"

"I don't know."

"You, who could have married Sutphen Grolier, to humiliate your sisters and me! Look what Alice did for you, and even poor Mary. And you throw it all away. I don't know how you can."

"Humiliate you!" Nora echoed, her lip trembling. "Don't say that, momma; as though he weren't a gentleman—a finer gentleman than any of them."

"He's a nobody. You think because he talks to you about kings and queens that he's one of the great. He's one of the people that look on. Tie yourself to him and you'll look on too. You who could be one of the greatest by saying the word!"

"I don't want to be," Nora said.

"You think because this last week you've liked being with him and going places with him you always will. It isn't a journey you're deciding on, Nora; it's your life. It's whether you'll have the kind of life he can give you or Mr. Grolier can give you."

"But I don't like Sutphen Grolier."

"Because you're both spoiled. But you would if he began to care for you as he would. He's different from the boys you've known because he's grander, but he's more your kind than the other. Don't fool yourself as to that, Nora McCarthy, and with him it would be a life to befit you."

"I don't want that. I don't want that."

"No; what you want, though you don't know it, and Heaven forgive you, is to do something I don't want. Something to break my heart. It's always been so. You've always chosen the one who could hurt me most."

Aloysia's carefully waved hair was all disheveled by then, and her face tortured like a Japanese mask. For some time she'd been beating the high back of a chair with agonized hands.

"Oh, momma!" Nora begged.

It was seeing people unhappy that Nora couldn't stand.

"Yes," Aloysia stormed on, "it's something deep in you that hates me, your mother, who would tear the eyes out of her head for you if the need arose."

"That's not true, momma." And tenderhearted Nora had to say to herself, "It's not suffering. She's just mad. I don't care."

"And Fredericka!" Aloysia said. "Poor Fredericka, who hasn't a chance. Oh, if she had! What wouldn't she do with your opportunities'"

"Fredericka likes Paul."

"It makes me sick to hear that name on your lips."

"You liked him, too, once."

"Never! Never! I thought you were safe with him because he was old—an old, sick man."

"He's darling," Nora said. "He's darling."

Two great tears rolled from her eyes. She wished Fredericka would come back. Fredericka had been horrid that afternoon, but when she understood ——

Anyway it would be better to have someone else there.

"You're marrying him for pity," Aloysia said, "and he'll let you. He'll take your youth and your beauty because you give them with your pity; and you've no pity for me, your mother, or your sisters, who counted on you."

"Stop crying, momma," Nora almost screamed, and then there was the blessed sound of Fredericka's key turning in the door.

Nora turned, calling, "Freddy!"

"Yes, come, Fredericka," Aloysia cried with distorted mouth.

Then they both froze silent, for in the doorway with Fredericka stood Lord Henry Wyckliffe.

Whether Lord Henry noticed something seriously wrong they never knew. Certainly Fredericka did not.

"Momma!" she burst in, and that she should have used that interdicted term spoke volumes for her excitement. "Momma! Lord Henry's married me."

For Lord Henry it had been Fredericka since two days before they landed. He'd had a special license in his pocket when he came that afternoon. They'd been married at a registry.

"Because neither of us is a bit religious, you know," Fredericka put in.

Henry said that he funked fuss and feathers. Explaining things after you'd done them was bad enough, without arguing before.

"And your dear mother and stepfather?" Aloysia asked.

"Wired 'em after it was over. They'll pop down tomorrow most likely."

"I'll make your peace for you, you bad children," Aloysia promised.

She had the maid pack a bag for Fredericka.

The bride and groom were going to a little hotel near Oxford about which Henry was Britishly sentimental.

"I should think Nora would have something to say," Fredericka remarked just before she left.

"I was being selfish," Nora said, and she kissed Fredericka's thin, excited lips. "You know I'm happy for you."

But the real truth was that Nora was afraid.

That scene between her mother and herself had been too violent to go on indefinitely, and Nora had borne it with more strength than she knew she had. It had seemed as though her mother was exhausting her vitality with mere words. But with Fredericka's announcement a change had come over Aloysia.

Antæus-like, the contact with success had renewed her.

"You tell me you didn't tell Mr. Grolier about this silly business of yours?" she asked, the moment the door had closed on Lord and Lady Wyckliffe, and her tone was different, far calmer, far more alarming.

"He went away, momma"

"Yes or no, Nora"

"No, momma."

"Did he speak of tea tomorrow?"

"I didn't notice."

"He didn't say for certain he would call for us?"

"No, momma."

XXVII

AT EIGHT-THIRTY the next morning a message was telephoned through from Wyck.

"Would Mrs. McCarthy receive Mr. and Mrs. Sudleigh at eleven o'clock?"

"Now, Nora," Aloysia said to her daughter, "this meeting will be a hard thing for me, and I must try to put from my mind the awful trouble you've brought on me. Will you please telephone Mr. Wingate to come at two o'clock, and not otherwise mention his name to me until that time."

Nora took a cowardly comfort in postponing further scenes, and she promised.

It was true the prospect of the day gave Aloysia a queer tight feeling in the pit of her stomach, but not the Sudleigh part of it. This was the day she was to be presented to Mrs. Cadby Taylor, or was to have been, if only, as she could but hope, Nora hadn't spoiled it.

Fortunately some of her purchases of the day before arrived to distract her. For a moment she considered wearing the crimson and purple with the dyed fur, to impress Mr. and Mrs. Sudleigh with her complete worldliness and modernity; but her sense of drama dissuaded her. After all, she was the mother of the bride. She wore gray, with pearls.

It was as well for all concerned that the engagement to meet Mrs. Cadby Taylor had reduced the Wyckliffe alliance to comparative unimportance in Aloysia's mind. The lack of *empressement* with which she received stiff, heart-sore, British Mrs. Sudleigh and the rector was more comforting to them than any other attitude could have been.

At least Henry had not been entrapped by a schemer, and there was money—the rooms gave evidence of that—and some family, for Aloysia had about her the photographs of Alice Harper holding the Harper baby under the portrait of the founder of the house, and of Mary Denin and her children in the magnificent, if somewhat municipal, gardens of the Denin estate.

After the first few minutes with the rector and Mrs. Sudleigh, Aloysia decided that there was neither need nor point to devoting the holidays to them. Some sixth sense warned her of bad food, and family prayers, and calls on old parishioners with heaped baskets of provender.

"Dear Mrs. Sudleigh, both Nora and I are already claimed for Christmas by old American friends I'd never have the heart to disappoint. It's tragic, when I so long to know the new family of my baby."

The rector and Mrs. Sudleigh were inexpressibly relieved. Two less house guests at Christmastime, and American ones at that! It almost reconciled them to this awful step of Henry's.

"But later ——" they cried.

"Oh, if we may, it will be heaven. There are so many things to talk of. Isn't it customary in England that a bride should have some settlement?"

"Quite," said the rector.

"Er—well"—Mrs. Sudleigh hawed. The matter was left on that note.

"Are you to be in town long?"

The Sudleighs were running back that very afternoon. There was so much to be done at this time; the committee for trimming the church ——

Aloysia and Nora lunched alone together. It was at luncheon, and without any words being exchanged on the subject, that Aloysia concluded that there was no use considering persuading Nora to accompany her to Mr. Folsom's tea for the Cadby Taylors.

Nora had dreaded the scene between her mother and Paul Wingate, but it wasn't bad at all

(Continued on Page 136)

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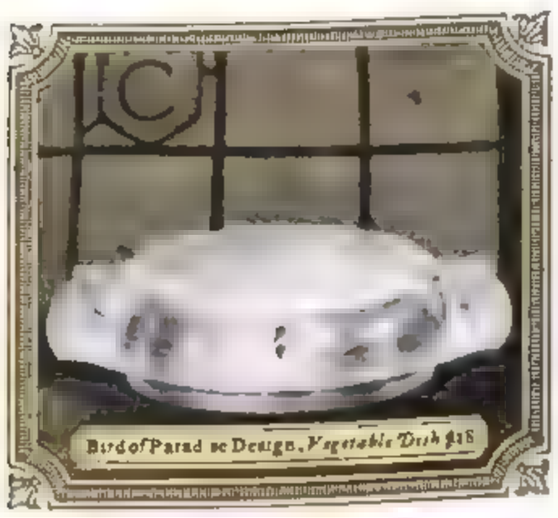

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* * *

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The FILM of PROTECTION

Continued from Page 130

"I wonder you have the courage to present yourself to me," Aloysia greeted her daughter's fiancé.

"I wonder at it myself," Mr. Wingate admitted.

"Can you fancy a thing more unsuitable than this engagement Nora is trying to make me believe?"

"It is as unsuitable," Mr. Wingate agreed, "as Diana's adventure with the shepherd. But that sort of thing does occur, you know."

"You a man her father's age." There were chiding dimples at the corners of Aloysia's mouth

"I used to be," Paul Wingate said, "but Nora has changed all that. Did you ever think that with trees it isn't their age which really matters, it's the season through which they are passing. It's that way with me. I am an old—no, I deny that—a moderately middle-aged tree in the throes of a spring I am sure will last as long as I. There is nothing younger in the world."

"But how could you have proposed marriage to her?"

"He didn't," Nora put in.

"Yes. I'm afraid it was Nora who spoke."

"But you listened."

"There is no need to underline my shame. I had been saying the same thing to her silently for days."

"Fortunately Nora's not of age yet, and you can't marry without my consent."

"Fredericka did," Nora reminded her.

"Fredericka knew she had it."

"We're not going to be married without your consent," Mr. Wingate said. "We're going to wait for it. Nora isn't to be railroaded into a mistake. I dare say if you see that it's a question of her becoming my wife or remaining a spinster you won't remain obdurate."

"Of course, I'd not," Aloysia said, and it seemed almost as though she were going to change her mind and consent at that moment. "Indeed, I'll promise to give my consent in a year's time if you'll admit you're not engaged for the present."

"Don't," Nora said to her lover. "Please don't."

Paul Wingate, however, knew how easy it would be to win over this smiling lady, given a year.

"One must be wise in these matters," he said, pressing Nora's hand. "Certainly I'll admit it, if that's what you wish, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Then give back your ring, Nora. No, I won't be hard. Change it to the finger of your other hand."

"Let me change it, sweetheart," Mr. Wingate said, and as he did so he told her, "It's become something almost nicer than an engagement. We have an understanding, and we may walk out, mayn't we, Mrs. McCarthy?"

"You give me your word that there will be no marriage?"

"I do."

"Then take your walk. But you must go to no romantic place."

"I can make an affidavit that we will choose the dingiest route in London, but it will become romantic before we come back."

Aloysia watched them down the corridor, Nora looking very small beside his long angularity. Then she dressed leisurely. For a short time she was again tempted to put on the dada gown, but she did not. That was a costume to be worn over ground of which she was certain. She chose a silvery-gray Doucet model touched with chinchilla, and a hat with a heavy silver rose before which Syrchester had prostrated itself. It was smartly impeccable for an afternoon function; it even hinted actual figures in the way of years. Though not an exciting toilette to work over, Aloysia put all her soul into its perfect adjustment. She was ready at half after four. Sutphen Grolier had said about five. She hoped he might be a little early: people coming from dentists sometimes were. She waited. Five came, ten minutes past. The dentist was keeping him, or perhaps he'd realized. He'd seen Nora and Mr. Wingate together; that had been enough.

If Aloysia missed Mrs. Cadby Taylor every chance was gone. The tea party was to be at the rooms of some man named Folsom—Fred Folsom. She got the telephone book. He wouldn't be in it, of course. He was—Number —— bis, Brook Street.

It was twenty minutes past five. There was only one thing for Aloysia to do—to go herself, unintroduced. She remembered her glimpse of Mrs. Cadby Taylor, pictures of her she had seen since in magazines—pictures as hard and brilliant as the paper on which they were printed. She remembered Sutphen Grolier's remarks, and every word of Josephine Harper's. The lady evoked was formidable, and yet Aloysia McCarthy resolved to go. Few mothers have been called upon to do so brave a thing. Before she left she went to her jewel box. In the lower compartment was the treasure she loved better than any she had ever possessed.

It was a tiny, Louis XVI fan of pale tortoise shell, gilded and painted with a thousand garlanded roses. It had been the fan of Madame Elizabeth, an *étrenne* from Marie Antoinette. It spoke of the exquisite taste of its owner in every breath-frail line. Aloysia unfurled it. It lay in her hand, a lovely souvenir of a tragic court, a bauble to break the heart. She sighed deeply as she slipped it into the bag she carried.

XXVIII

NUMBER —— bis, Brook Street was a lowering British building, and the man who had gone to telephone the news of Aloysia's presence to Mr. Frederick Folsom's rooms was away a long time, and finally returned to ask, "What was the name again, please, madame."

"Mrs. James P. McCarthy," and again Aloysia added, "Mr. Grolier's friend."

The man went into a long conference with the telephone. Finally he summoned Aloysia to the lift with a prætorian gesture.

The wait had undermined Aloysia's nerves, and as she ascended abject terror shook her. She was conscious that her face was too red from sheer panic. If only Nora were with her, ungrateful Nora, for whose sake she was running this bitter gantlet, Nora whose beauty was always welcome as music.

Once again Aloysia McCarthy was timid and humble as she pressed the bell of a door, and anxious to flee, as she had been when she rang Josephine Harper's bell for the first time. The door swung back. A liveried man offered to take her wraps. Glancing into the room beyond, Aloysia saw, with horror, that something even worse than the function she had foreseen was in progress. It was an intimate gathering. In the high, severe, eighteenth-century room there were not more than six people. She was overdressed. The knowledge was stifling.

Aloysia stood in the door, and her emotion was so real that it translated itself into terms of her body. Instead of the aggressiveness one might have expected of a person who had pushed herself so far, there was something shy and poised for flight, and appealing in her figure.

Mrs. Cadby Taylor in a sweater and skirt, which, though the most perfect in color and line of any clothes of their sort she had ever seen, Aloysia had to recognize as a sweater and skirt, was looking at some canvases.

Cadby Taylor stood near her with a highball in his hand—an immense man. Aloysia remembered a paragraph she had read somewhere about how difficult it was for him to find hunters powerful enough to carry him.

Showing the pictures was a little man with a face so like a goldfish's that one expected his nose and mouth to pulse and bubbles to rise.

There were two women sitting with severe backs to the door.

Not one of them would have given her a drop of water if she'd been dying, Aloysia thought. She wanted to cry.

A preternaturally tall man in a blue suit lounged up.

"Are you looking for Grolier?"

If she'd been carrying a telegram he couldn't have spoken more impersonally. Aloysia gave a tremulous version of her Irish smile.

"I must have been mistaken," she said. "I thought we had an appointment to meet here."

Fred Folsom, for it was he, had a thought.

"Oh, you're the one with the daughter. She coming?"

Aloysia's Irish tongue answered without her having to apply any conscious thought.

"I shouldn't have intruded on your courtesy if I hadn't understood she was to meet me here with Mr. Grolier."

"Come in and have a cocktail. They'll be shown up."

"You're very good," Aloysia told him.

"What kind will it be?" Mr. Folsom inquired.

"Is there tea?"

Mr. Folsom said "Tea" to the man and left her. She knew people didn't introduce any more, but she did feel awfully alone.

Mrs. Cadby Taylor was absorbed in being a patron of the arts. Josephine Harper had explained her Mæcenas-like relation to them, but had Mrs. Taylor been a lesser personage Josephine Harper would have been the first to realize that it was her least successful rôle.

At that moment her head was back, her eyes half closed, she was making painty gestures with her cigarette, and mouthing the *clichés* which gave her such a satisfactory sense of intelligent appreciation of modern work that she was always buying pictures she didn't really much like in order to be able to use them.

"Wonderful line," she was saying. "What strength you've put into that curve."

The little goldfish knew he must respond adequately if he was to sell, but he wasn't a very clever goldfish. One had an impression of his swimming about in a panic, wringing ineffectual fins.

"You think so? Most awfully kind of you. You think so really?"

Aloysia edged to a point of vantage from which she, too, could see the pictures.

They were vorticist works. Had she happened on them under other circumstances Aloysia would have wondered at their hideousness.

"That one now," Mrs. Cadby Taylor said. "It took courage to do that!"

The man was a fool and she wasn't going to buy, but she would be generous with her words.

Aloysia looked at the tumult of incurving colors, and it seemed to her that she, too, saw an exciting beauty in it.

"I call it the Parade," the little goldfish said, his gills working hard.

"Interesting. Interesting."

Only a razor edge of Mrs. Cadby Taylor's eyes showed. Her head was tilted so far that with very little further effort she could have gone into a back flip.

The thing in Aloysia which was stimulated, it is to be feared more by Mrs. Cadby Taylor's approval than any juxtaposition of the pigments, found what amounted to an inspiration.

"The very instant I saw it," she breathed softly, "I thought I could hear the beat of drums."

Mrs. Cadby Taylor looked at her.

"Did you really now?" The little goldfish flipped and twisted.

"I can easily believe it," Mrs. Cadby Taylor remarked. "The impression of regular sound is amazing."

"Oh, bunk!" said Mr. Cadby Taylor. "Red-hot bunk!"

No nag less powerful than his own bank account could ever have carried the heaviness of Mr. Cadby Taylor's conversation. The things on which he prided himself were his substantiality and his Americanism. He was accustomed to say, with vast contempt for his compatriots' pretentiousness, that it took people who'd just spent their first six months in England to have an

(Continued on Page 137)

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"Service to the Northwest"

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(Continued from Page 135)

English accent. He'd lived there most of his life, and his father had spent half his time there before him, and yet he talked as good American as Henry Ford. The fact was, he went further. He quite often talked like an American in an English novel.

One of the few ways for a stranger to win any notice from Mrs. Cadby Taylor was to be heavily treated by her husband. Mrs. Cadby Taylor ignored his remark and turned to Aloysia.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Since Cadby was choosing to be jocose, it was very probable that this newcomer was some authority.

"My name is McCarthy."

"Oh!" Mrs. Taylor lost interest at once. "You're the one with the daughters."

"Sutphen is bringing his beauty," Fred Folsom explained. "At least Mrs. McCarthy expected him to."

"If she's recovered herself enough to come," Aloysia said. "We've had a blow so great we've neither of us been quite ourselves the whole day. Nora's twin sister came in last night announcing that she'd run off and married."

Mrs. Cadby Taylor, like most persons whose lives move to the measured rhythm of great riches, loved melodrama.

"How amazing!" she said. "Someone you knew?"

"Oh, a dear boy—Lord Henry Wyckliffe."

"Extraordinary!"

"But it's almost broken Nora's heart. You know how twin sisters are. It's as though part of herself were gone. As for me, I've been in a daze all day."

"I can imagine so."

And then Aloysia felt, or imagined she felt, Mrs. Cadby Taylor's glance on her costume.

"You must wonder," Aloysia said, "how I had the heart to dress myself so. I'll tell you the story if you're interested. Last month I had a letter from my old nurse, who lives in London, saying she was dying, and would die happy if she could see me again. The instant I arrived I went to the poor little tenement where she lives. Oh, it would have broken your heart to see her crying over me with eyes so old there were no tears in them left to shed. She was happy though. There was only one thing of which she complained. I was wearing my simple morning gown. 'Oh, you don't dress as your dear mother did,' she cried. 'There's no elegance about you.' I think people did care more for fancy things in those days, don't you? So I bought the very dress I knew she would care for, and this afternoon I went to sit with her, as I shall every day now. Oh, it makes you feel very bad to be regarded as an angel of goodness. I came away wishing there was something kind I could do."

The recital was a complete success. A great, beating, merciful heart had not been revealed so sweetly in that rather taciturn circle for years.

Mr. Cadby Taylor, who had two dozen pensioners of his own, got out his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose strenuously.

Fred Folsom said, "Sporting of you"; and Mrs. Cadby Taylor: "You know, Cadby, I think I should go around and see Nana. Poor Nana!"

Another voice entered the conversation, however, one with perhaps a faint tincture of amusement in its perfect modulation.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about this old nurse, Aloysia? I don't know whether I'd have pleased her sartorially but I might have done something."

"Miss Harper, darling!" Aloysia cried with genuine delight.

"Hello," Miss Harper replied. There were Alpine distances in her inflection. "I didn't know you were in London!"

"Did you hear what I've been telling?"

"Yes, I was profoundly moved by it."

"About Fredericka?" Aloysia ignored the interruption. "That she came in last night and announced she was married to Lord Henry Wyckliffe."

Josephine Harper looked at her nephew's mother-in-law with expressionless eyes.

"Henry Wyckliffe, my dear," she corrected her quietly.

It would have destroyed many a woman.

"You can see how new it is for me to have a lord in the family," Aloysia answered.

Her self-deprecatory simplicity put Miss Harper in the wrong.

Miss Harper felt it.

"You must give Fredericka my love."

"Oh, but you'll do that yourself."

"I'm so awfully busy."

"Where are you staying?"

"Not at a hotel. I've taken a flat."

With those words Josephine Harper moved away. The Cadby Taylors and Fred Folsom had begun a conversation in the moment while Aloysia was engaged. Aloysia was isolated again. For a brief time she stood helplessly, then went over to the poor little goldfish, who was alone, too, expanding and contracting his gills in what seemed to be a death agony.

"Might I see Parade again?" she asked him. "It's so wonderful!"

The little goldfish was restored. He darted over to the picture.

"Do you like it really? You're most awfully good!"

"It's a terrible thing to speak such a word in connection with a beautiful thing, but is it for sale?"

It was. The goldfish named the price. Aloysia had expected it to be modest, but it was not modesty that had led the goldfish to flip his way into those waters.

Aloysia waited for a pause in Mrs. Cadby Taylor's conversation. When one came she said, "Mrs. Taylor, not for worlds would I rob you, but if you're not going to take the picture I will."

"Which picture?" Mrs. Taylor asked.

"Parade. It's so true what you said, that one can fairly hear the drums."

"It struck me immediately." Mrs. Taylor appropriated the remark with a warm feeling that that was as it should be.

"And you'll not be angry if I buy it."

"Go ahead, my dear. Go ahead."

"It's strange that it should have appealed to me," Aloysia commented. "I've always had such different tastes."

She opened her little fan and gazed meditatively at it.

Mrs. Cadby Taylor's eyes followed hers.

"Where did you get that?" she demanded, almost shrilly.

"At a little shop in Paris."

"Let me see it."

There was nothing of the languid patron of the arts in Mrs. Taylor's tone now.

"The man said it was a gift of the queen's to Madame Elizabeth."

"They always tell some story."

"You don't believe it could have been?"

"I haven't an idea. But it's divine. It ought to be under glass."

Mrs. Cadby Taylor looked at Aloysia appraisingly for an instant, then thought, "Oh, what if the woman's feelings are hurt anyway?"

"If you should ever want to make a present to your favorite charity," she finished her speech, "I'd be delighted to take it off your hands at any time."

"Oh, I shouldn't sell it."

"As for the picture, buy it if you want. I really haven't any place for it."

Mrs. Cadby Taylor turned away.

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"Mrs. Taylor," Aloysia said.

"Yes."

At that instant Aloysia realized that Josephine Harper was watching them. She was acutely conscious of Josephine's mouth just ready to laugh. With a magnificent gesture of will Aloysia thrust Josephine Harper from her mind. She played her little scene as unconsciously as a child.

"I just wondered," she asked Mrs. Taylor, "if you would do me the honor of accepting the little fan as a gift. I thought when I saw your beautiful hands, it's those that should hold my fan."

"My dear!" Mrs. Cadby Taylor was obviously astounded. "Really, it's too sweet of you."

"Ah, don't refuse me! It's so rare one finds the perfect person. The fan hasn't been mine ever, really."

"It's the sweetest thing I ever heard of."

"And now," Aloysia said, "I mustn't keep this great artist waiting for my arrangements. Good-by, Mrs. Taylor. I wish I could ask you to promise me that you would never put the fan under glass, but would carry it sometimes in your beautiful hands."

She started to turn. Mrs. Cadby Taylor made a gesture retaining her.

"Sutphen Grolier," she said abruptly, "wanted me to have you and your daughters down for my Christmas party. We're awfully filled up, but couldn't you come by yourself?"

"I have to be with Henry Wyckliffe's people," Aloysia answered. "We're going to try to get to know and love each other this wonderful Christmas season, but if Nora could come to you —— She's so sad at losing her sister. I think it would save the child's life."

"That would be perfect. I'll send a note, with directions how to get down, to your hotel. Which is it now?"

In a kind of blissful mist Aloysia ordered her picture delivered. She thanked Mr. Folsom. She wouldn't wait any longer. There must have been some great mistake. Just before she reached the door she felt someone bearing down on her. Josephine Harper's mouth was drawn with repressed amusement.

"You're marvelous," Josephine Harper said. "I capitulate. There's no one like you."

"I don't know what you mean."

Aloysia's eyes were wondering.

"Don't be silly. I hold you in the hollow of my hand, but you're safe; I shan't be nasty after you go. And I think I shall come to tea tomorrow. Did I hear you say you were at Claridge's?"

XXIX

HALF of Aloysia's task was done—the easy half—but in her present mood Aloysia could think of nothing as too hard for accomplishment.

At dinner Paul Wingate, whom she had invited to stay, began planning how they should spend Christmas.

"We must find some old inn with chimney pots and a lumbering landlord and trig barmaids, and take a dining room."

"A public inn for Christmas!" Aloysia said.

"Why, that's very Dickens indeed."

"I have a better plan than that."

She had, but it was hardly one to make her look as merry and full of surprises as Santa Claus, which she did. They teased for a hint, but she refused to divulge a word.

When Mrs. Cadby Taylor's letter arrived next morning, with explicit directions for taking the two-forty from North Station two days later, Aloysia failed to mention it to Nora, to whom it was addressed. She herself wrote a glowing and girlish acceptance, to which she signed Nora's name, posted it, and set forth on the hunt for the *sine qua non* of her plan.

"A real-estate office?" the clerk at the desk repeated after her. "Ah, yes! A house broker's. Quite so." And he gave her the name of one he claimed to be the best in London.

Another desperate mother might have gone grimly, but to Aloysia the opportunity to play a story was irresistible, and when she arrived at the house broker's she addressed the young man who came forward to find what she wished with a kind of brave pathos which was really exquisite.

"Have you a place I could get for Christmas?" she asked. "A great happiness has come to me. They're letting me have my brother for the holidays."

"I think we can find you whatever you wish," the young man said, ignoring the latter part of Aloysia's speech with the bright impersonality in which British clerks excel. "A furnished flat, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," Aloysia cried. "He's been shut up long enough. He hasn't been well since the war, you see. They thought it was shell shock and would pass, but this is the first Christmas we've been allowed to be together."

Aloysia had found that to get special service it was necessary to enlist the interest of people, and she needed very special service indeed.

"A country house?" the young man said, still brightly, impersonally.

"The hospital authorities tell me it isn't safe yet," Aloysia went on, "but I ask them, 'What does it matter about me?' It's just my brother, who's given so much for his country, that's to be thought of. They insist, though, that we find some place where he can be kept safely if he becomes ——"

She couldn't quite say the word.

"Violent?" The young man helped her out.

Aloysia nodded, tears in her eyes.

"I thought of a tower perhaps."

"It's rather a problem, madam."

"I realize that, and it makes me very sad to cast the shadow of my trouble across your life at this Christmas season. Would it offend you if I offered you a little gift, whether you get it or not? You're being so kind."

The young man became purple and murmured inarticulacies, but not offended ones.

"Just to give me pleasure," she begged. "There's something about you like my brother before ——"

Aloysia's voice faltered, she thought for a moment that she was going to break down. She didn't, however. She put ten pounds in the young man's hand with a look so imploring that no one could have resisted it.

"It's quite against the rules of the office, madam," the young man said. "Quite. But I'll do my very utmost. And as to price?"

"Ah, what does it matter," Aloysia asked, "if I can find a place to give him a few days of happiness? Whatever you think fair will be right. And one other thing," she bethought herself. "Might I see a map?"

The young man produced one.

"Where is Rockingham Priory now?"

"Rockingham Priory? The place the Americans have leased?"

"Yes."

He found it for her.

"A very tragic thing happened to my brother in its neighborhood. If there's a choice of two places, the farthest one from there."

"Can I let madam know as soon as I find out?"

"Could you? This is my card. I'll be at Claridge's, and I'll be in anguish till I'm sure. Could you come personally?"

The young man could. He showed Aloysia out with actual tenderness.

The mad plan was on its way, and though Aloysia felt a reasonless conviction that it would succeed she was troubled by details.

As Josephine Harper was coming to tea, Aloysia submitted herself to the hot towels and astringent clays of a beauty shop. She found the slight discomfort stimulating to her mental processes. The plan was almost complete when she left, though, of course, the possibilities of pitfall were infinite. She arrived at Claridge's to find the young man from the house broker's waiting for her, and actually excited.

"It's most extraordinary," he greeted her, "but I seem to have found exactly the thing. We'd it listed in our own office. Orrery Gribblings it's called, in Suffolk. There was an unfortunate son who had rooms at the back. His old attendant is living there now as caretaker, and could get meals until other servants were found."

"And the rooms are just as they were?"

"With grilles at the windows and a grilled door. Would you care to have me go down with you, madam, while you inspect it?"

Aloysia calculated rapidly.

"I won't have time to make a tour of inspection," she replied. "I've had word since I saw you that my brother is being sent to me tomorrow morning. I'll have to take your word for the place. It sounds ideal."

"It is ideal, madam." The young man glowed with pride in his work. A genie couldn't have been prouder of a castle he'd just finished in the twinkling of an eye.

"Can you tell me the trains?" Aloysia asked.

The young man stayed to luncheon as her guest. Before it was over he had promised to run up to Orrery Gribblings that afternoon and make the few preparations Aloysia thought wise, though it meant not getting back to London until midnight.

After he had left, Aloysia put on the dada gown for Josephine Harper's visit. It was the ideal occasion. Aloysia hoped Josephine would fill in one vacant spot in the pattern of her plan, but it was not because of her possible usefulness that Aloysia looked forward to the afternoon. Yesterday Josephine Harper had seen Aloysia in something resembling her old humble rôle, today she should see her in her true colors as a finished woman of the world. When Miss Harper arrived Aloysia was sitting before a grate fire, smoking a cigarette with a purple silk tip, a great assortment of things on the tea tray before her.

Josephine Harper was in one of her nice moods. She had really wanted a Christmas invitation to Rockingham Priory herself, and had seen Aloysia wheedle one from Mrs. Cadby Taylor with Meredithian amusement. She was proud of having been able to be so impersonal about it. Evidently Aloysia was a person one was going to run into, and it was fun to have discovered her.

"Well, my dear," she began, "I can't tell you what a success your story about the old nurse was. They talked about it after you'd gone. Evidently there wasn't a dry eye in the room."

It wasn't at all what Aloysia wanted.

"Oh, everyone is so kind at heart," she returned in her noncommittal vein. "Will you have tea or a cocktail?"

Josephine Harper took a cocktail.

"And the Fredericka coup! I must hear about that."

"Oh, it was a love match. There was no keeping them apart from the very first."

So Aloysia wasn't going to play.

"Good crossing?" Miss Harper asked.

"There were almost no smart people on board," Aloysia replied, looking bored. "Only Miss Cora Van Santvoord. She's a character of course."

"Ill-mannered old bore," Miss Harper commented. "Where's Nora?"

"Out with a quaint professor we met on the boat, seeing London like a tripper. Isn't it funny? Of course with Fredericka's marriage things have been so upset. I've hardly been out myself. You must tell me the smart places to go."

Miss Harper ignored the request.

"Fredericka marry a nice man?"

"A fellow with a great future, I think. His people have a place in Gloustershire—the Wyck. Do you know it? Good hunting country, I believe."

It was a phrase Henry Wyckliffe had employed. Aloysia loved herself so when she repeated it that she fairly wriggled.

"I've a photograph of Henry here some place, I believe."

Aloysia got up and moved to the desk to display the gown.

(Continued on Page 143)

BUICK

Better Buicks Are Distinguished by Their UPHOLSTERY = *a Perfected* MOHAIR VELVET

MAKING every effort "to build better automobiles" BUICK has further improved certain of its Master Six Enclosed Models by standardizing on luxurious Chase VELMO for upholstery. Thus the public's desire for greater beauty and more homelike comfort in closed car interior appointments has been answered by BUICK who realizes that this genuine Mohair Velvet Upholstery will surpass your expectations in point of service, elegant appearance and true comfort.

CHASE VELMO

...made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using this perfected Mohair Velvet are

BUICK Master Six Models 4 Passenger Coupe, 5 Passenger Coupe, 5 Passenger Brougham, 7 Passenger Sedan

CADILLAC Standard equipment in custom [illegible] models

DODGE De luxe Sedan

ELCAR All enclosed models

GARDNER Standard Six and Eight Cylinder 5 Passenger Sedans

JORDAN All enclosed models

KISSEL All Sedans, Broughams and Coupes

LINCOLN Optional equipment in both standard and custom models

MARMON Optional equipment in all enclosed models

NASH All Special Six enclosed cars and the Advanced Six Victoria

STUDEBAKER Standard equipment on Special Six Victoria, Brougham and Sedan, Big Special Club Coupe, 7 Passenger Sedan, 7 Passenger Sedan and Berline

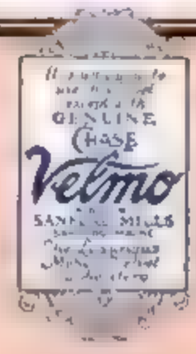
STUTZ Optional equipment on all "Safety Control" models

VELIE Imperial Sedan

WILLYS-KNIGHT Standard on all Great Six closed cars

CHASE VELMO, *a Perfected Mohair Velvet That Has No Equal for Closed Car Upholstery*

Made by
SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE
L. C. CHASE & CO ~ *Selling Agents* ~ BOSTON
NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO
Write for free booklet, "A Glimpse Inside"



THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES THE GENUINE FABRIC

BOTH ends of the ordinary type of flap are fitted over the valve stem of the inner tube, establishing the fixed length of the flap, but it is necessary for the flap to be longer than the rim circumference in order to allow it to pass over the rim when mounting tire.

During inflation of the inner tube, the flap attempts to contract (contrary to popular conception, flaps do not expand during inflation but attempt to contract) and adjust itself to the rim circumference. But the circumference of the ordinary overlong flap cannot be decreased sufficiently to permit it to always ride centrally between the beads of the tire because both ends are fitted over valve stem. In an endeavor to take up its surplus length, the flap frequently is forced to wrinkle, crease and side slip off the rim and up the side wall of the tire into the flexing area.

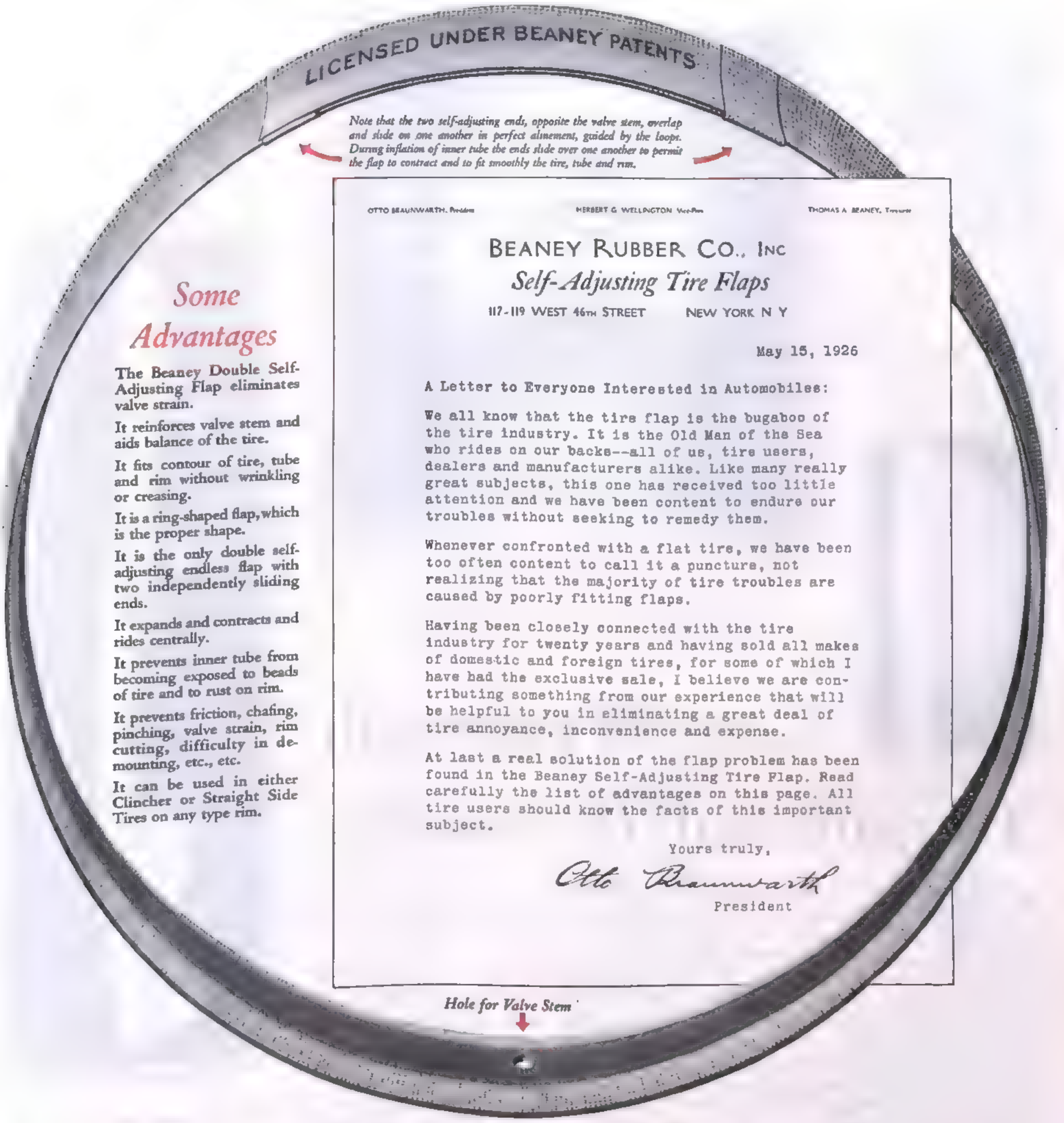
This action exposes the inner tube to the edges of the tire beads and rust on the rim and results in chafing, tube pinching, strain on valve stem causing leaky valves, rim cutting, freezing to the rim, difficulty in demounting, etc.

Avoid

the squirming

FLAP

that has been *Biting* your *Inner Tubes*


LICENSED UNDER BEANEY PATENTS
Note that the two self-adjusting ends, opposite the valve stem, overlap and slide on one another in perfect alinement, guided by the loops. During inflation of inner tube the ends slide over one another to permit the flap to contract and to fit smoothly the tire, tube and rim.
OTTO BRAUNWARTH, President
HERBERT G. WELLINGTON Vice-Pres
THOMAS A. BEANEY, Treasurer
BEANEY RUBBER CO., INC
Self-Adjusting Tire Flaps
117-119 WEST 46TH STREET NEW YORK N Y
May 15, 1926
A Letter to Everyone Interested in Automobiles:
We all know that the tire flap is the bugaboo of the tire industry. It is the Old Man of the Sea who rides on our backs--all of us, tire users, dealers and manufacturers alike. Like many really great subjects, this one has received too little attention and we have been content to endure our troubles without seeking to remedy them.
Whenever confronted with a flat tire, we have been too often content to call it a puncture, not realizing that the majority of tire troubles are caused by poorly fitting flaps.
Having been closely connected with the tire industry for twenty years and having sold all makes of domestic and foreign tires, for some of which I have had the exclusive sale, I believe we are contributing something from our experience that will be helpful to you in eliminating a great deal of tire annoyance, inconvenience and expense.
At last a real solution of the flap problem has been found in the Beaney Self-Adjusting Tire Flap. Read carefully the list of advantages on this page. All tire users should know the facts of this important subject.
Yours truly,
Otto Braunwarth
President
Some Advantages
The Beaney Double Self-Adjusting Flap eliminates valve strain.
It reinforces valve stem and aids balance of the tire.
It fits contour of tire, tube and rim without wrinkling or creasing.
It is a ring-shaped flap, which is the proper shape.
It is the only double self-adjusting endless flap with two independently sliding ends.
It expands and contracts and rides centrally.
It prevents inner tube from becoming exposed to beads of tire and to rust on rim.
It prevents friction, chafing, pinching, valve strain, rim cutting, difficulty in demounting, etc., etc.
It can be used in either Clincher or Straight Side Tires on any type rim.
Hole for Valve Stem

by using the ring shaped

BEANEY
SELF-ADJUSTING
TIRE FLAP

To Tire Dealers: One of the advantages to the dealer is the elimination of approximately twenty standard sizes, requiring a smaller investment in stock with more frequent turnovers and a greater margin of profit.
Manufacturers Licensed Under Beaney Patents.
Send all inquiries to

Lee Tire and Rubber Co., Conshohocken, Pa.
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., 250 West 57th St., New York City
Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario,
Sole Distributors for Canada

NOTE THE PICTURE on the right. Note the brush below it. Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to conform. Your jaw curves. So do the bristles of this brush. So does the handle. Every tooth along the length of the brush is washed and cleaned. The curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic makes it easy and comfortable for you to brush those hard-to-get-at back teeth.

BELOW. This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the inside contour of the teeth. It hugs the curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between.

Give *All* your teeth a square deal. *This brush does*

NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth.* If you have a brush that does that, you cannot neglect any part of any tooth.

A glimpse at the pictures on this page shows you how the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches *every* accessible surface of every tooth. First, there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next, there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft. Just ask a Pro-phy-lac-tic user what a valuable feature this is.

It makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth—the direction in which you are exerting the pressure when brushing. This helps you to clean *all* your teeth every time you brush them and makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets *in between teeth.* The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, and dislodge particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep. In fact, there isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

Here's the genuine Yellow Box. Look for the [illegible] encircled, tuft handle and Pro-phy-lac-tic. This denotes the genuine.

YOU BRUSH your teeth twice a day, of course. However, if you use the *same* brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to become thoroughly dry. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately. Dry bristles not only last longer but give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

FREE—Booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

USE THE COUPON BELOW

C 226 P B C

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Dept. H-1
Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . .

(Continued from Page 138)

"Oh, these new things," she sighed, flicking it with an exhibitive hand.

She found the photograph and presented it.

"Heavens! What a homely little man!"

"But a clever face, don't you think?" And because she saw that Miss Harper wasn't going to agree with her, Aloysia hurried on, "My dear, I must tell you about Nora. Sutphen Grolier is mad about her. It's an actual persecution. We met him on the boat and he's been on her heels ever since."

"I imagined that was why you were wangling the invitation from Joan Taylor."

No one could be more long-suffering than Aloysia when she had a favor to ask.

"What won't we do for our children?" she sighed. "Isn't Mrs. Cadby Taylor charming?"

"In some moods."

To change the subject, and because she simply had to wring some comment from Josephine on her transformed appearance, Aloysia said, "How smart that frock is. Was that Lanvin?"

Miss Harper took two long puffs at her cigarette and finally said, "Where did you get that thing?"

"Jacot's," Aloysia answered. "Extreme, isn't it? But, my dear, what are you to do? Every woman in Syrchester is wearing copies of the gowns I took home last year. It's too tiresome. One might as well get this sort of thing while it's new and have it a little while to oneself."

It might have been Evelyn Barmaster talking, she thought to herself with satisfaction.

"*Hoi polloi* can take out a patent on it right now without my offering any objection," Josephine Harper remarked.

Aloysia thought it as well to make her arrangements with Miss Harper before things proceeded any further.

"Are you doing anything for luncheon tomorrow?" she asked.

Miss Harper assumed the dubitative expression with which people precede regrets.

"Because I was going to ask you to have it with Nora if you could."

"I should like to see Nora."

"She's so fond of you, and I have to be out of town tomorrow."

"Adèle Asquith's lunching with me. I'd be glad to have Nora, too, if she's as I remember her."

"Oh, she's older, of course."

"But unchanged otherwise?"

Aloysia looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Why, yes."

"Because you are changed, you know."

It was a slight tribute, the only agreeable thing Miss Harper had said.

"I've cut my hair," Aloysia said.

"I'd noticed. They all do."

"I hope we're going to see a great deal of each other."

"I doubt it," Josephine Harper said.

The thing had to be brought to an issue.

"You mean you don't want to?"

"I don't believe I do. You see, you've made yourself into a perfectly commonplace thing. The smart American woman. My heavens! I know dozens of them. They all look, and talk, and smoke exactly as you do. They're the most standardized products of a country which specializes in standardization. I never waste my time on them. You used to have charm. I thought you had yesterday. You used to be different. That's why I took you up."

It was too much.

"And who are you to have taken me up?" Aloysia cried. "I won't be spoken to like that."

"I should think you'd be able to remember," Miss Harper answered. "I was not only your first rung but practically your whole ladder. Oh, I expected you to be angry. People are when they're told the truth. Think it over though."

"I have no need to think it over." Aloysia McCarthy was trembling with rage.

"And have Nora come to my flat tomorrow about one. Yes, I'm leaving. It won't be necessary to fling me out."

Aloysia had to think of something to say. She would have died without that relief.

"At least," she proclaimed shrilly, "I don't have to shave the back of my neck."

"No," Josephine Harper replied, "but you did have to be taught how to refer to your own son-in-law."

Josephine was shaking too. She never knew how she got into the corridor.

"Shave the back of my neck!" she said, half aloud, in the lift, and she panted a little. "That ——" She couldn't find any adequate word. And then, suddenly, the utter ridiculousness of it all came over her and she began to laugh. She went into the ladies' dressing room and sat in a chair and laughed. She almost forgave Aloysia McCarthy.

"At least I've got an anecdote out of the business," she said to herself.

Aloysia McCarthy was not laughing. She was sobbing hysterically, and after a time she emptied the box of silk-tipped cigarettes into the fire, tore the dada dress from her back, rang for a maid and gave it to her, and walked up and down, crying.

The tears which had begun as tears of rage were of another character now. To have quarreled with Miss Josephine Harper, who after all had been so kind. To have quarreled because Miss Harper had said things which were true.

She got into her most conservative suit and hat and went downstairs and out, and when she came to a florist's went in and bought yellow roses, and blue pansies, and forget-me-nots, and delphiniums, and some sulphur-colored primroses; and she had the lot sent in a long straw box to Miss Josephine Harper with a card on which there was an authentic tear stain, and which said, "To my best friend." Aloysia's harvest from the incident had been more than an anecdote.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 5)

To Summer Vacation?
Certain affairs that pertain to the nation
Await—and it's late. . . ."
Like a train in the station
Tooting, hooting, steam highfalooting,
Senator Reed to his footwear came
shooting,
Charged with a large oratorical booting:

"Oh, Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes,
"Oh, General Dawes," said he,
"You can't presume on your place because
You're merely a plain V. P.
Don't look so darn snooty, for here is
your dooty,
Simply and candidly this'n.
Toes to the chalk! Ours is to talk,
Yours is to sit and listen.

"And, General Dawes, o'er natural laws
There's nobody can preside;
Can you put a gag on the vast Niag'
Or a cloture upon the tide?
Nay! How can you curb the noun and
the verb
With a poor little gavel brown?
Man is but vernal. Speech is eternal—
General Dawes, sit down!"

So General Dawes merely murmured the
name
Of that lovely, though battle-scarred
heavenly dame
Who oft had forearmed him 'gainst demon
and liar—
"Helen Mariar!"

A Discussion of Ways and Means

IT CHANCED one day when Spring was gay
And blossoms in the air,
That Speaker Nick with a walking stick
And What the Men Will Wear,
Strolled in the manner which Nick should have
Passing the pillars of old Penn Ave.

Confronting him, a figure slim
Approached with many a pause.
"By heck, by hick!" cried gentle Nick,
"Good morrow, Charlie Dawes!
How's the Senate and all the boys?
I seem to hear a lot of your noise."

"O Nicho-las, it's surely thus
And truly as you state.
The noise is when," remarked the Gen.,
"I'm limiting debate.
Oh, spare a minute, maybe two—
I've simply got to talk to you.

"You run a den of Congressmen,
All shaggy-haired and wild;
You've hundreds four and thirty more
Of bilious and hard-biled—
Yet you get nix of brix or kix
Compared to me with ninety-six.

"You keep your goat, and on your coat
You wear a budding rose;
Your head, though bare of any hair,
No bloody footprint shows.
You are the Desperate Dude, I guess,
Who bulldogs steers in evening dress."

"Nay, nay," smiled Nick, "the famed Big
Stick—
My dad-in-law once swung it—
Is mine by right. Drop in some night,
I'll show you where I've hung it.
It's locked away for fear that maybe
It might fall down and hurt the baby.

"Psycho-an-alytic man
Once made me this confession:
The subtle mind of humankind
Is crippled by repression.
So I permit the House when rough,
To frolic till it's had enough.

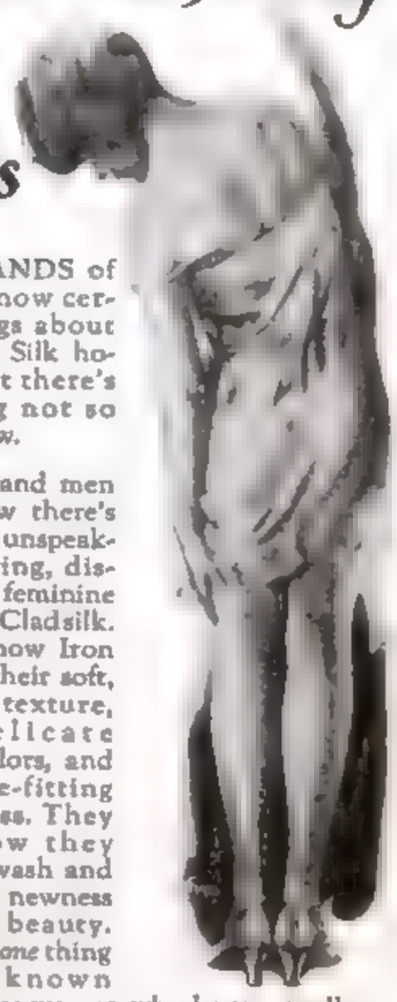
"With what an air I hold the Chair!
Now, Charlie, here's my dope:
Within our ilk the cord of silk
Pulls stronger than a rope.
I stay at home when statesmen chin
And practice on my violin.

"As Socrates, that ancient geez,
Remarked in purest Greek,
'It is but fit, when Solons sit,
That the Speaker shouldn't speak.'
And in a Senate, woe betide
The President who would preside.

"And, Charlie Dawes, oh, Charlie Dawes——"
But Charlie wasn't listening.
"Oh, Nicholas, alas, alas!" he cried with
tears a-glistening.
"I think that Fate, that old ingrate,
Has muddled up affairs of State.
For true as true I see in you
A senator by Nature made.
With what a grace you'd deck my
place—
Though overworked and underpaid.
What do you say our jobs we trade?
Or if you guess,
It's just a gyp,
To solve the mess
A coin we'll flip.
Heads, the loser,
Tails, the chooser."

So Nicholas a nickel took
And held it in a hand that shook.
He tossed it up. With what result
I cannot tell until the ult-
Imate report reveals that same.
Perhaps 'twill be by wire A. P.
Perhaps in 1993
'Twill show in words of burning flame
Beside some famous What's His Name,
Elected to the Hall of Fame.

The Unknown Thing about Iron Clads



THOUSANDS of women know certain things about Iron Clad Silk hosiery. But there's one thing not so many know.

Women—and men too—know there's something unspeakably alluring, distractingly feminine about Iron Clad silk. Women know Iron Clads for their soft, caressing texture, their delicate dreamy colors, and their close-fitting shapeliness. They know how they wear and wash and hold their newness and their beauty. But there's *one* thing which is known only to those women who have actually bought and paid for Iron Clads.

It is the *price!* Iron Clad Stockings are thought by those who see their lustrous beauty, to be exclusive high priced stockings. They *are* exclusive. They are *not* high priced.

Look at Style 806—a sheer silk stocking that will wear—and wear. 23 inches of silk instead of the usual 20. A 4-ply heel and toe and an especially elastic 7-inch mercerized top. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance and we'll mail your Iron Clads direct. State size (8 to 10½, $1.00 a pair) and color (Black, White, Leather Grey, French Nude, Beige, Gun Metal, Atmosphere, Blonde, Cedar, Toast, Biscuit, Silver Grey, Mauve Taupe, Maize, Dawn, Woodland Rose, Dove Grey.) We'll pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad

GROSLEY

$14.75

MUSICONES

because of their natural reproduction of voice music and beauty are replacing thousands of loudspeakers

Write Dept. 31 for Booklet
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley Radios $9.75 to $75

West of the Rockies add 10% to all prices.

Clark's Second Cruise to Norway

and Western Mediterranean, June 30, 1926
Cunard new m. "Lancastria," 17 000 tons, 53 days, $550 to $1250. Spain, Algiers, Tangier, Italy Riviera, Norway Fjords, Scotland, Berlin (Paris, London). In 1927 new South America Mediterranean cruise, Feb 5, 86 days, $800 to $2300. 23d Mediterranean cruise, Jan. 29; 62 days, $600 to $1700. 7th Round World cruise, Jan. 19; 121 days, $1250 to $2900.
FRANK C. CLARK Times Building New York

"There is nothing more confusing than advice about golf."

"What about advice on the care of your teeth?"

"Well, I let Dr. Lyon's settle that confusion for me."

No claims to cure.
No confusion.
Cleans teeth *safely*.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder & Dental Cream

Dr Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

STOWAWAY

(Continued from Page 7)

deaf one. She's crazy about you—for one thing. For another, she's jealous for the tribe. I'm an outsider a rank outsider—horning in. If girls like me are to be allowed to demoralize crown princes like you, what becomes of society?"

"Oh, please! That's the most awful rot!" said Noel. He sounded uneasy, but he took her fingers in his and comforted them against his cheek. He added: "I used to go to kindergarten with Virginia. Afterward we went to Punahou together that's a prep school in the islands. Why, we've been brought up like brother and sister!"

"It won't be her fault if you die that way," said Flores Zaccari grimly. She freed herself and sat down on a coil of rope. "Here, I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you," said Noel diffidently. "I want you to understand about Virginia Smith."

He sat down beside the Stowaway and hunched his shoulder shyly yet companionably against hers. With an ardent gesture she put her cheek to his, but she jerked back before he could hold her.

"Virginia Smith," said Noel eagerly, "is nothing to me. I don't want you to get that into your head. I'm twenty-four. I'm not a kid. I like whom I please."

"You darling!" crooned the Stowaway.

"I do," said Noel insistently. "Why shouldn't I? And from that first day we talked, back there by the rail, I—I—liked you. Only, like's not a big enough word."

Beneath the bow dim surges hissed and snored. The air was full of the whisper of spray, dark sweet chill air, blowing straight off the stars.

"'Like' will do for a word till I've finished," said the Stowaway. "I said I wanted to talk to you." All at once she turned her face to him, pale in the shadow, her eyes deep shining pools. "Kiss me first—just once—if you like."

"If I like!" said Noel, breathless.

"I know you do—now. You may not later," the Stowaway told him. She gave him her mouth to kiss—her warm red sulky mouth. "You darling!" she whispered again, when she drew away from him. Then she folded her arms and sat looking out between the rails to where white water broke vaguely.

"What d'y'know about me?" she asked him with businesslike brevity. "I mean, what've you heard about the way I came aboard? Go on, don't be sensitive. I want to know." Noel hesitated. "How does Virginia Smith tell it?" asked the Stowaway.

Noel repeated with obvious reluctance: "Why—she—they say—you—turned up—I mean you came out ——"

"Oh, go on! Don't whitewash!" said the Stowaway scornfully. So Noel went on.

"—— about two o'clock, when the ship had been two hours out. They say you went to the captain and told him you'd—— What's the good of bothering about all this? What does it matter what people say?"

"Shoot!" said the Stowaway laconically.

So Noel shot. "——told him you'd come down to see a friend off and had gone to sleep on a couch in the social hall and——"

Suddenly, with amazing accuracy, the Stowaway reproduced Virginia Smith: "'So likely, my dear, with the luncheon gong going off like thunder right under her nose.'"

Noel laughed unhappily.

"Of course the story doesn't wash," said the Stowaway calmly. "*Allez!*"

"They say," continued Noel, lighting a cigarette for comfort, "that the captain told you there were only two sorts of people aboard the ship—those who worked and those who paid."

"To which I replied," interpolated the Stowaway impersonally, "that I had no money with me, so couldn't pay; that I'd neglected to bring my overalls, so couldn't work. But that I'd left a car on the pier in San Francisco—that right, Noel?"

"Why, yes, that is what they said," Noel admitted gently; "that the captain might wireless back and hold the car for security. So he did. That's really all."

"'Except,' said the Stowaway, and debonairly, once more was the voice of Virginia—'except, my dear, where on earth do you suppose the car came from? Have you observed her? She might own a motorcycle.'"

"Virginia's not like that usually," Noel apologized. "I don't know what's got into her." He pinched out his cigarette and threw it overboard with a gesture of distaste.

"Oh, well, who cares?" said the Stowaway brusquely. "What I'm doing is telling you. I don't care a whoop in far countries what Virginia thinks or says, or anything about Virginia. She's nothing to me—and less. But I want you to get this straight. I—like you too."

"Do you?" begged Noel. "Do you?" as if he took fire from that smoldering flame beside him.

She pushed him away. "Not yet! You listen! I want to tell you about the car—what I was doing in it, why I left it on the pier and came aboard this ship without a rag except the thing I've got on, with only six dollars and forty-five cents in my pockets."

"Darling, I don't care!" Noel's charming smile pleaded for him.

"Darling, you will!" said the Stowaway doggedly. "Keep your hands to yourself—and listen! That morning—I'd run over a kid."

She stiffened to hear, half gasp, half cry, the sound in the dark beside her.

"When I hit him—I kept on going. I lost my nerve. I didn't know whether I'd killed him or not, and I went sort of crazy."

"Lord, I should think so!" muttered Noel. She did not look at him.

"I had to get away. It wasn't my fault—much. He ran out across the street, right in front of me. I swung way off to one side, but I got him anyhow. There was a moment—the first moment I saw him coming—when I prayed to God not to let me kill him. I thought, over and over, like a fool, 'I'd rather it'd be me! I'd rather it'd be me!' Then he went out of sight in front of the car. There was a nasty jolt—and in spite of my praying. I didn't stop to see. I stepped on her with everything I had and got away. That is, nobody caught up to me. It was a side street, kind of empty. I doubled around a lot of corners. After a while I found myself down at the pier. I saw the funnels of this boat. It put it into my head to go aboard—stowaway. I left the car standing on the pier —— No, let me talk! I'm glad to get it off my chest—me and the Ancient Mariner. . . . Ever see an albatross, Noel? Neither did I. But I know all about how they feel—round the neck. . . . Well, I parked the car and walked up the gangplank, with my heart just battering against my ribs. I went into the social hall and sat down. Till the boat left, I made character with my bag and a letter I happened to have. Reading it whenever anybody seemed to be looking at me." She added, curiously detached, "It was a bill—account rendered—that's a good touch."

"How terrible for you!" said Noel. His nice voice broke. He tried to put his hand over hers. She shook it off.

"Wait till I'm through—and don't be too sorry for me. Think what a dirty trick ——"

"You didn't know—you were crazy with fright."

"My kind is never downright crazy," the Stowaway corrected dispassionately. "I have a cool spot in the top of my head. It usually functions. However, it didn't function any too well that morning. When I went in to the captain I was clammy. I darned near lost my nerve right then. I didn't see how any intelligent human being was going to swallow that stuff about me going to sleep and forgetting to get off. Maybe the captain was more human than intelligent. Anyhow, when I gave him the line about leaving a car on the pier, he listened—and wirelessed back. That got me my passage to Honolulu."

"What did you do when you got there? I mean," said Noel hesitantly, "about a place to stay, and all that."

"I was only there ten days," said the Stowaway, "and I stayed at a dump you probably never heard of. You see, I didn't have any other clothes. I was pretty well up against it."

"It's too horrible!" said Noel sharply. "I simply can't bear the thought!" He tried to put his arm about her. The Stowaway jumped to her feet, went over to the rail and stood there, facing him.

"Hold everything!" she said, with a nervous chuckle. She crushed her beads in one hand. "I got me a job with that movie company—maybe you read something about it—making a South Sea picture on that point down at one end of the island—what's the name? I never could say it."

"I know—Makapuu," said Noel. "You mean—you acted?"

"Well, be that as it may! What do you care—if they didn't? Anyhow, I'd done it before. And I made enough money doing my stuff to get me passage back on this boat—nothing over, not a cent; not even enough for another dress. You see, by that time I was as sick to get back as I had been to get away." She stretched both arms up to the windy dark, threw back her head and drew a long shuddering sigh. "God—I want to get back! The first rotten thing I ever did in my life. Me, a hit-and-runner—it's about eaten the heart out of me! I dream about that kid every night. I see him starting across the street—he had on a dirty white shirt and a pair of short blue pants—poor little fool! He was after a ball or something. He never even saw me coming. And as far as I swung out, I couldn't miss him. I screamed ——" She broke off, cleared her throat harshly and went on in a slightly unsteady voice: "I've been screaming in my sleep since—not so good! It wakes me up and then I can't get back."

"Don't!" said Noel. He took both her hands in his and held them tight. Her hands were cold and hard and trembling. His were warm and rather soft. He said not much above a whisper, "I think you're wonderful! I never knew anyone like you!"

"At that, I'll bet you never did!" said the Stowaway. She lifted their clenched hands and brushed the back of his with her lips. "You're sweet," she murmured hungrily. "Noel, you're sweet."

But she held him off a moment later, with those same hands for a barrier.

"Why do you think I'm wonderful? Go on and say it."

"Because," said Noel raptly, "you needn't go back at all. You could stay away and be safe if you chose. You're deliberately walking into danger."

"Yes," said the Stowaway slowly, "perhaps I would be safe now. I've sort of doped it out that if they were after me I'd have known it before this; and since nothing has happened, perhaps I could have stayed on down there in those islands of yours, found me another job when the movies were finished. I'm a pretty good stenog. I've always made a living. That was my own car, in spite of your friend Virginia's caterwauling. Secondhand, of course; but not such a rotten little boat, at that." She drew herself out of a moment's reminiscent peace, drew herself free and clung to the rail with both hands. The wind blew her skirts about her slim strong legs, rattled her innumerable beads. She said, with her face turned up to the shadowy sky, "Maybe the kid just picked himself up and ran away; maybe just my fender knocked him down; maybe he wasn't even scratched. On the other hand——"

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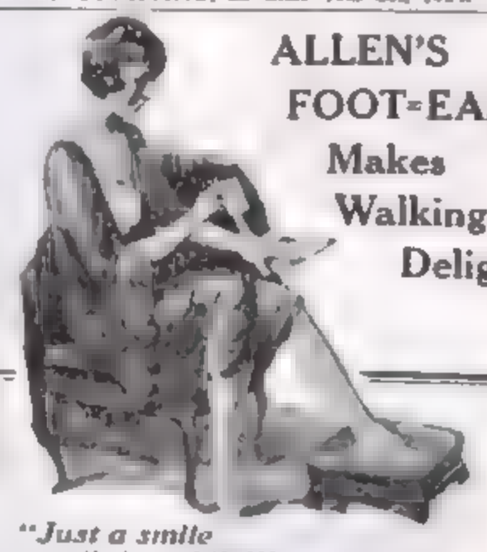

"Just a smile all the while!"

WOMEN who suffer from painful, tender or aching feet, corns or bunions are missing many of the joys of life. If your feet hurt you can't enjoy dancing or walking, and you lack the poise of the well-groomed woman.

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the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet gives instant relief to tired, smarting, swollen, perspiring feet, painful corns, bunions and calluses. Shake ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE into your shoes in the morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives immediate relief to foot fatigue. It is a Toilet necessity. Get a package today at your drug or department store.

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WANTED—TEN $10,000 MEN

The national expansion program of one of the largest [illegible] can be considered which does not state qualifications, training and record in full. All replies will be held strictly confidential. Write THOS. D. HASKETT, Vice President and General Sales Manager 308 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Patched Balloon goes over 8500 miles

AND YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF

Locktite Luke Seys:

Here's a hot one from a guy way up in cold Saskatchewan who sells other kinds of tire patch but has nerve enuf to rite: "I have a balloon tire which struck a stone just after I bought my Ford Coupe and burst a hole clear thru. I patched it with only two layers of Locktite and it is running yet and the car registers over 8,500 miles. J. R. Dickson, Box 169, Weyburn, Sask." The way the orders is pilin up from Sask. indercates he ain't bashful any more about tellin folks how good Locktite really is.

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Detroit, Mich.
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Locktite Luke

LOCKTITE
Tire Patch
for BOTH Casings and Tubes

The Bristles can't come out. They are held forever in a grip of Vulcanized hard Rubber

ALL DEALERS
35¢ TO $10.00

Ever-Ready
Sterilized ~ Guaranteed
SHAVING BRUSHES

"Hush!" said Noel imploringly.

"Why?" said the Stowaway. "It's got to be looked at. On the other hand, maybe he's—underground by now—through with chasing balls for good—through with everything—rain and sun and wind and everything—can't see those stars up there because he's all shut in by a coffin—that nice little kid. He wasn't more than ten years old, I tell you."

"Hush!" said Noel. "You're morbid."

"Morbid!" said the Stowaway hoarsely. "I'm cuckoo! I'll never get back to myself till I know what I did to him. Me—to be such a dirty coward! Little white shirt and little blue pants flat in the street, and me tearing around corners like a sheep-stealing dog with blood on its jaws!"

She choked back a gulping sob and Noel pulled her away from the rail into his arms. He murmured inadequate comforting, his cheek upon the top of her head.

"You're marvelous! Any other girl—hide out forever! You're like Joan of Arc; you're like a flame ——"

"You're like a poet," said the Stowaway on a long shaky sigh. She turned in his arms. She put up her face. "I had to tell you about it. There's something so sweet and clean about you. Why do you suppose I had to tell you, Noel, when no one else knows?"

"Because I love you," said Noel, hushed and tender.

"At-a-boy!" said the Stowaway. The tawdry phrase was a velvet whisper. "Kiss me now—if you like."

"If I like!" said Noel, as before.

She clung to him with steel in her fingers, returning his kiss. She put up a hand and rumpled his smooth fair hair.

"I'll bet your mother just about worships you!"

Noel made unintelligible and disquieted protest, escaping to another aspect of the subject.

"Is your mother living?"

"Yeah, after a fashion. She runs an eating house on the Santa Fé. I haven't seen her since I was fifteen. I'm twenty-five now, by the way. Tell that to Virginia Smith. She's been scouting to find out."

"You haven't seen your mother in ten years!"

"That would seem pretty bad to you," said the Stowaway.

"No, no, I didn't mean that. Only ——"

"Of course you meant it. Why not? A mother's part of the scenery with the kind of girl you're used to. No package genuine without the signature. Well, mine had six children—and I hate a crowd. When I was fifteen, I went out to visit an aunt in California—she runs a beauty parlor—we're all professional women—and I never went back. Manicure, marceller, then business college and Grade-A stenog—our heroine!"

She rubbed her cheek on the lapel of his dinner jacket. She murmured wood-dove nothings into his soft white shirt front.

"Noel, I love the way you wear your clothes. You look like reading-from-left-to-right"

"You're making fun of me."

"Darned if I am! And the way you take out your cigarette case, and the way you wear your cap—you're so ab-so-lutely right, without seeming to work for it. And your smile—oh, Noel, I do love your smile!" She lifted a finger and tipped up one corner of his mouth tenderly—an absurd caress. Noel laughed, delightfully disconcerted. He held the finger and kissed it. "When you smile," said the Stowaway dreamily, "I know just what kind of little boy you were—just what kind of little boy will tag at your heels some day."

Then she dropped her head on his arm and shivered. "Not so good!" she said. "Sob stuff—from me—about little boys!"

"Darling!" said Noel helplessly.

"Well, anyway, I'm going back now," said the Stowaway. "And it's nothing to do with you, either. I was going back before I ever saw you. I did a rotten thing, but I'm going back and say it was me—which won't wipe the slate if he's dead—but it's the best I can do from where I stand."

"You feel that you've got to ——" Noel began.

"If I'm going to go on living with myself, you're darned right I do!" said the Stowaway. "I'm used to sleeping pretty well—not yelping out in the night like Lady Macbeth."

"You don't think you'd be wiser just to—wait? Nothing may ever come of it."

"Wiser, maybe, but not so clean," said the Stowaway stubbornly. "I'm a fool for soap and water, Noel." She jerked away from him suddenly. "Somebody coming."

"It's only one of the sailors," said Noel. "He'll go on by."

But it was not a sailor; it was a deck-steward; and instead of continuing toward the other side of the ship, he stopped and addressed the Stowaway quietly.

"The captain would like to speak to you, miss."

"To me?" said the Stowaway sharply.

"What do you mean?" asked Noel. "What does the captain want with Miss Zaccari?"

The Stowaway put her hand on Noel's arm. She said with laconic coolness, "All right, steward, tell him I'm coming."

When the steward had gone, she released Noel's arm, and putting up that hand, pulled the bandanna off her hair, almost as if she needed the feel of the lock which at once fell over her right eye.

"Well," she said, "good night, good-by and God bless you! Three guesses what the captain wants with Miss Zaccari."

"I'm going with you," said Noel.

"That's foolish," said the Stowaway. But she drew the tips of her fingers across his sleeve as they turned together.

The dance which had succeeded the captain's dinner was going forward strongly. Strings of colored lights along the deck; Hawaiian singing boys, plunking and twanging with languid enthusiasm, supplementing their ukuleles and steel guitars with the mellow crooning undertone, the epicene tenor wail which is the blended voice of the islands. The scene had a certain color. Newsboys and señoritas, bathing girls and geishas, Charlie Chaplins and pirates—the usual not too brilliant medley of a ship's masquerade, shifting and sliding and twirling to the cadence of guitars and ukuleles, to the insistent amorous cry of those falsetto tenors.

"'I want to go where you go, do what you do ——'"

The Stowaway began to sing it under her breath, crossing the deck with Noel on her way to the captain's cabin.

"Don't!" said Noel. "Don't—Flores!"

She had told him her name, but he had never called her by it before. She finished her song, looking up into his face with a little laugh, not too mirthful.

——"'Love when you love, then I'll be hap-py!' Why not? This is all right. I was going back to it, anyhow. Don't look so worried. It's better than hiding out, a darn sight better."

"I'm sick over it!" he told her.

"Foolish!" said the Stowaway. "Noel, you're sweet!"

The captain was waiting for them—a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man with sailor wrinkles about his eyes, firm lips, hard-set, an official frown; very different from the look with which he had handed the Stowaway first prize.

"Come in," he said. "Come in." He looked at Noel, questioning.

Noel said, "I'm with Miss Zaccari."

"I see," said the captain slowly. He knew Noel well. He knew Noel's father better. He knew Noel's family best of all, with reason—mostly of a business nature. "Well," he deliberated, and said at last to them both, "come in."

The Stowaway sat down in a chair beside the desk, Noel a bit farther on. The captain took an envelope out of his pocket and fingered it, scowling

He said, "Miss Zaccari, I've got a radio here about you."

"Yes?" said the Stowaway. "I thought perhaps you had."

"Oh, you did? You have a very good idea then as to what's in it?"

"Sure I have," said the Stowaway simply.

"H'm!" said the captain

Noel put in quickly: "She was going back—herself."

"Is that so?" said the captain. He looked at Noel keenly. He looked from Noel to the Stowaway with open disapproval. "Then I don't have to tell you, young lady ——"

"Yes, you do," said the Stowaway. She clenched her hands together in her lap. She fixed somber eyes on the captain's face. "If you will tell me—if you can tell me—it's about driven me off my head—about the kid." She added abruptly, jerking it out like an unwilling prayer, "For God's sake!"

"What do you want to know about him?" asked the captain contemptuously. "Who he was? Why didn't you wait to find out?"

"I know—I know all that," said the Stowaway.

"Don't speak to her that way!" said Noel.

"You keep out of this, young man!" said the captain. He reddened beneath the wrinkles. "When I want your suggestions, I'll ask for them. Now, Miss Zaccari—if that's your real name ——"

Noel said furiously, "You have no right to insult her!"

"It's all right, Noel," said the Stowaway. She added, returning the captain's look without resentment, "Yes, it's my real name. They got it from the license on the car, didn't they?"

"I dare say they did," said the captain. "However ——"

The Stowaway sat forward on the edge of her chair. She clasped her hands tightly between her knees. She jerked her hair back out of her eyes and tried to smile.

"What's the good of all this rough stuff?" she said almost pleadingly. "I'm going back—I was on my way—there's no argument to that. All I'm asking you is—what about the kid? Did I—will you tell me?" She broke off, swallowing with difficulty. Her eyes were black with agonized question. "Of course you won't believe it," she said, "but I've been nearly crazy at times."

"What do you want to know?" asked the captain. He took out a cigar and lit it with deliberation.

Noel, watching him, crimsoned angrily, clean to the roots of his straight fair hair. But the Stowaway lost what color she had. Even her lips went pale.

"I want to know," she said, "if I killed him"

Through a smothering silence the sound of guitars and ukuleles came thinly—thin and sweet and high, that Pan-voice crying:

"I want to go where you go, do what you do ——"

The captain said bluntly, "Manslaughter."

It was Noel who cried out, as if a knife had got him in the back. The Stowaway sat quiet—quiet as dust and ashes. Presently she began to tremble all over, and so came back to visible life.

She said, "Then I did—kill him?"

Her voice had a creak like a rusty hinge.

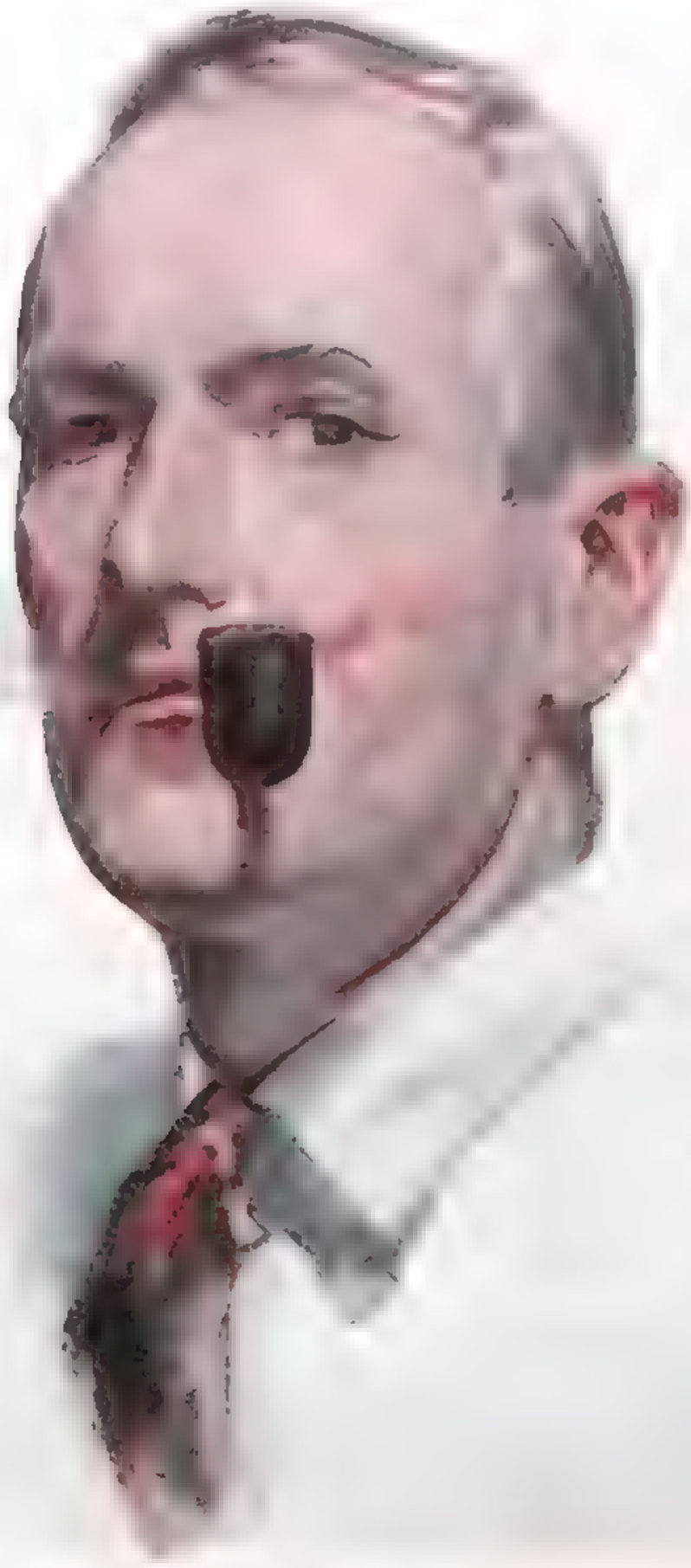
The captain said, more gently than he had spoken before—he could not look at the Stowaway's twisted mouth, her dark horrified eyes, and maintain his official grimness—"It looks that way, Miss Zaccari."

"Flores!" said Noel huskily.

She waved him aside. "Captain, you don't know any details?" He was sorry, said the captain, but nothing more definite. She was wanted on such a charge and he was wirelessing back a confirmation of her presence on his ship. That was all. "Am I under arrest—or anything like that?" asked the Stowaway.

"Captain, for heaven's sake!" cried Noel. He got up and stood beside the Stowaway's chair. He put one arm about her shoulders. She was quivering uncontrollably. He tried with caressing fingers to steady

(Continued on Page 151)



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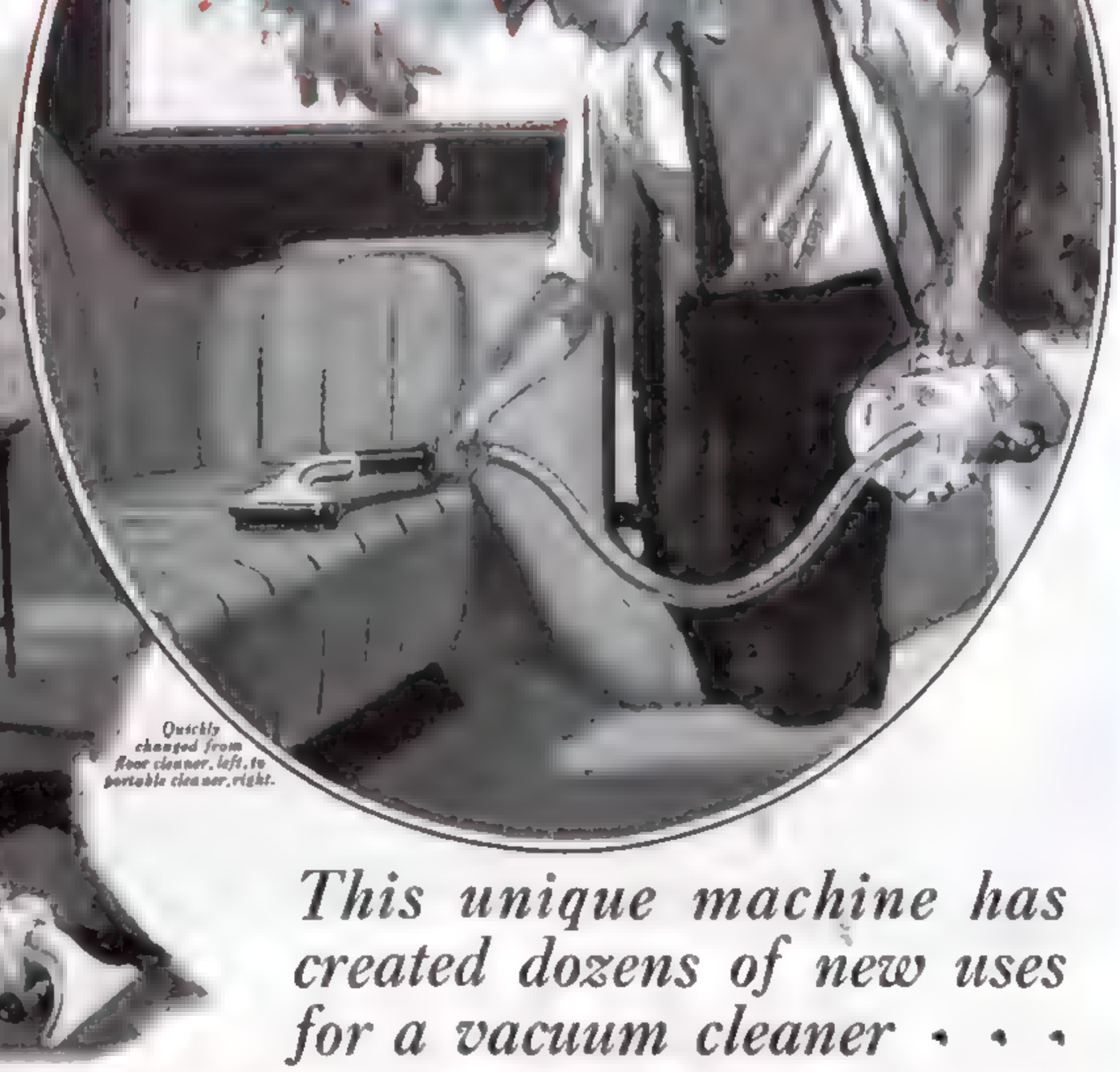

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The Vacuette *electric* vacuum cleaner

(Continued from Page 146)

her. "Captain, I'll ask you to make things as easy as you can for Miss Zaccari, as my"—he set his charming mouth, dared the captain's comment with a lift of his clean boyish brows—"as my fiancée."

"I'll be damned!" said the captain, quite sincerely.

The Stowaway stirred, at which the brass rings clicked and she took them out of her ears with shaking fingers.

"My father," said Noel significantly, "would appreciate any courtesy to Miss Zaccari."

"Y' think so, do you?" said the captain. He looked at Noel shrewdly. Young fool, he thought. Fiancée! That red-lipped little wop! Not but what she had something different about her. She had a good head, as well as a red mouth. But she'd need more than that to get away with the son of Hiram Ellis. Hiram Ellis would appreciate any courtesy to Miss Zaccari! Like sin he would! Much more apt to throw all his influence in the way of having her prosecuted and put safely away out of Noel's sight. On the other hand—on the other hand, and as a remote consideration, just in case Hiram Ellis should choose to stand back of his son—Noel was an only son, in a brood of plain brown-haired girls—it wouldn't hurt in such event, the captain reflected sapiently—it wouldn't hurt to have made things as easy as possible for a girl in a difficult position. That was only human. One's humanity, in such a case, might credibly return to one buttered, so to speak.

"H'm!" said the captain. "I haven't any warrant. I am in no position to put Miss Zaccari under arrest, if I wished to do so. Which," he quite honestly added, "I don't."

"Thank you!" said Noel eagerly. "Thank you, captain. You hear, Flores?"

"I hear," said the Stowaway slowly. "So far as I'm concerned, it doesn't make an awful lot of difference. I suppose there'll be someone at the pier for me in the morning. Anyhow, I knew there was a chance of that. It's kind of a relief in a way. What I'm thinking about ——"

She sat staring ahead of her, frozen, and did not say what she was thinking about. Noel knew—the sheep-stealing dog, and the dirty white shirt and the little blue pants. He caught at her hand and she rose, a trifle dazedly.

"That's right," said the captain. "You go down to your cabin and go to bed, Miss Zaccari. Try to get some sleep. Take her along, young man. This thing looks bad tonight; but, as I say, we haven't any details. Maybe in the morning, when we get in ——"

Noel took the Stowaway down to her cabin. He kept his hand inside her arm and talked to her all the way, trying to hearten her.

"I'll cable father," he told her—"get the best lawyer in California. You mustn't lose your nerve. As soon as father knows ——"

"Yes, I'm just waiting for that," said the Stowaway—a flash of her old impudence.

Her cabin was well below the deck with the colored lights, small and dark and smelly, at the end of a dimly lit corridor. No one passed; no one spoke. Obviously all the rest of the ship's world danced, or looked on at the dancing.

"My roommate," said the Stowaway tiredly, "uses a terrible cheap perfume—quarts of it. I don't stay down here any more than I can help. Go on back up, Noel, and give Virginia Smith a thrill. Tell her she was right—I'm wanted by the police."

"Hush!" said Noel. "Flores, darling, please hush! What difference does it make about Virginia or anybody else? All that matters tonight is you."

"Yes," said the Stowaway—she leaned against the half-open door of her cabin, clinging, both hands behind her, to the door knob, and echoed, smiling a little—"all that matters tonight."

"Don't be frightened," Noel begged her, hands, half tender, half shy upon her shoulders. "You've got me. You're not up against this alone."

"Yes," said the Stowaway again, "I've got you."

"My father," said Noel urgently—"he really has a good deal of influence"

"I expect he'll use it, all right," said the Stowaway. She took Noel's face in her two hands. She looked up into his eyes. Sheltered in her doorway, they might have been the only two alive, in that dim, sea-smelling, under-deck world. "You know I never meant to do it, don't you, Noel?"

"Of course I do!"

"You know I'm sorry I ran away—been sorry right along. Sorry! I'm sick with shame!"

"I know that," said Noel. "Anybody would know it."

"You're an optimist," said the Stowaway. "If I'd got back in time to give myself up, maybe —— Being met at the pier with a warrant—not a chance!" She drew his face to her lips. She said, low, against his cheek, "Say it again—that I've got you."

Noel said it again. Emboldened, he drew her into his arms and she leaned there, passive, against him. Their hearts beat heavily together. Their lips clung desperately.

"You've got me," whispered Noel, "and I've got you."

Then the Stowaway freed herself. "See you in the morning."

She silenced Noel's protest. "I'm all in. I've got to go to bed."

"You won't be unhappy?" begged Noel.

"Not tonight—maybe not," said the Stowaway.

He looked back before he turned at the end of the corridor and she was watching him go. She jerked back her hair and lifted her left hand high, palm out, a gallantly casual gesture.

Sea gulls were crying in a world of icy fog when the ship nosed into the bay at dawn; queer high whimpering cries, desolate mewings and querulous shrieks. Between swirling cold vapors and curtains of mist, the gray wings swooped and the blunt beaks fought.

Land reaching out into water. The world of cities and smoke and men, speaking the ship, which for six healing days had been blissfully lone between sea and sky, swept with clean winds, sped with clean waves.

The Stowaway leaned on the rail and watched that cleaving of wings through the fog. She listened to that reedy inhuman babel and her red lips tightened, her dark eyes narrowed.

"Sounds like people crying in the dark, after they're dead," she said. "H'lo, Noel. How are you this morning?"

Noel had been looking for her. Had found her at last, on the topmost deck, wrapped in the rough brown coat, wearing well over her eyes the old brown hat that with the brown-and-orange frock made up her only wardrobe.

He said, crushing his cap in long nervous fingers and smiling his half-shy smile, "How am I! How are you? Did you sleep? I've been looking all over the ship for you."

"Too bad," said the Stowaway quietly. "I been standing around here since daylight, watching for land. . . . Yes, I slept some, thanks." She put her hands in the pockets of her coat and leaned back against the rail, facing him. "You look like a ghost," she said. "Do I?"

"You look awfully sweet," said Noel.

"That's the bunk," said the Stowaway. "I look a wreck." She added, oddly impersonal, "I cried like a fool."

"After I'd gone?" said Noel. "Last night?"

"Yeah," said the Stowaway. "What do you think?" The rattle and clank of chains, lifting and lowering freight from the hatches, made a grim background to their talk. People passed occasionally, muffled in greatcoats and furs, giving off an intangible sense of excitement, of getting ready for something to happen beyond the fog.

"Where's your friend Virginia Smith?" asked the Stowaway suddenly. "I haven't seen her this morning."

"Oh, somewhere around, I suppose," said Noel. "Why do you call her that—my friend, especially?" He put his hand through the Stowaway's arm.

The Stowaway did not move. She did not lean toward him. She smiled again—slightly. A muscle in her cheek flickered beneath the smooth tanned skin.

"Because some day," she said, "Noel, some day she'll be your wife—what'll you bet?"

Noel crimsoned deeply. He looked for a moment as if the Stowaway had struck him across the face.

"Flores ——" he stammered.

"No, Virginia!" said the Stowaway.

"Have you forgotten—last night?" he reproached her.

"I've slept on it," said the Stowaway. "I see you have too. This morning is another day."

They looked at each other a moment in silence.

"Flores," said Noel huskily—"Flores—darling."

"Don't, please!" said the Stowaway sharply.

"You know that I ——"

She shook her head slowly, her eyes on his.

"No, you don't—not really; and even if you did, it's no good. I was sick last night—sick with scare and shame. That's why I—flopped. I'm on my feet again now. I'm going to stay there. I won't be a stowaway all my life. That's what I'd be all my life—with you and your people."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do, Noel," she told him. . . . "I hate those gulls out there. They sound the way I feel! . . . Yes, you do know too. Virginia Smith's on the same street with you. I'm not. Hardly even in the same world. My wildness got you, same way your softness got me—that's all." She stopped, stared at him and began again on a different note, less regretful, chill with pride.

"Noel, you saw Virginia Smith when you went back on deck last night? Never mind telling me; it's in your face. And the stuff about the radio had got out? She knew it? Sure she did! She talked to you. I can hear her! She told you just what I'm telling you now, didn't she? Tell me, Noel, didn't she?"

"What she said made absolutely no difference to me," said Noel. There was a faint tremor about his mouth.

"You're a darned good sport," said the Stowaway, "and a darned poor liar. Tell me one thing—have you sent that cable to your father that you talked about last night?"

"I am going to send it right now," said Noel.

"Doesn't that show you?" said the Stowaway. She looked off into the gull-haunted mists. "They sound like a kid somewhere—crying," she said; then—"Yes, that's all I'd be—a stowaway for—for the rest of my life! No, thank you! . . . Once is enough."

It was growing lighter; still cold, still gray, but vaguely lighter, more people about.

The Stowaway spoke over her shoulder: "There's Virginia Smith now—speaking of stained-glass windows. Go talk to her. Don't let her come over here—I've had enough."

"Flores, let me—at least let me help you!"

"Nobody in this world can help me this morning—except myself." When he still lingered unhappily, she added with a hard little laugh: "Run along, there's a good boy, and give Virginia my compliments."

Noel stiffened and lifted his cap. Without another word, he walked away. The Stowaway stood by the rail, the fog at her back, and watched him go.

She muttered, her red mouth set in scorn, "What do I care? He was a weak sister." But tears rose to her eyes and brimmed over, searing. She put a hand to her throat to stifle the cry that ached there: "Gee! I like 'em weak!"

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THE MASTER MIND

(Continued from Page 9)

back teeth. If I were your big brother instead of merely a prospective in-law, I would discuss nothing, but resort to direct action."

"What would you do?" I asked.

"I would wallop you one in the jaw, Merril. But our relations are not close enough to allow me to become that intimate. This morning a fellow told me you were hypnotizing young Oscar Bygratz before a lot of his loafer friends."

"Yes," I said.

"Merril, Bygratz is a little too slick for you. If you don't look out he is going to get you into trouble."

"How will he get me into trouble?"

"By making you the goat. He is no good and everybody in town knows it, including the police. While you are hypnotizing him he will be gypnotizing you."

I explained that my interest in Oscar's case had been merely the result of a desire to do my bit for suffering humanity.

"Well," said Doctor Sperry, "when suffering humanity disguises itself as Oscar Bygratz, the best hypnotic treatment is a magnetic pass which has all the appearance of a good swift kick in the pants. Your friend Oscar came in here two weeks ago to have that same tooth extracted. But being as yellow as the inside of an egg, he ran out on me while I was getting things ready for the job. But he had enough presence of mind to slip into his pockets a lot of loose gold from this little pasteboard box. I can't prove he took it, but I know he did. The next time you hypnotize him tell him to come back to my office and ask me to pull that tooth and I will sign my name to a blank check and let you fill in the amount yourself."

I laughed and left the office, feeling normal for the first time since Florence had ended all between us; and instead of eating lunch, I found a good deal more satisfaction in composing to Florence a long letter on the lines suggested by her brother, Doctor Sperry, and then sending it, accompanied by a large bouquet of roses.

At the office I found myself not tired as in the morning, but very fresh and efficient, and at five P.M. received a generous word of praise from the boss in recognition of the afternoon's work.

I had just got into the street, my heart full of bright dreams and rosy hopes, when a man in ordinary citizen's clothes stepped up to me with the words, "Is your name Pringle?"

"Yes," I replied truthfully, "that is my name."

"Well," he said, "then you're the lad I'm looking for. This is who I am." And opening his coat, he showed a glittering police badge on his suspenders.

III

"WHAT is the matter?" I asked, those being the first words that came into my head.

He did not evade the question. "You are wanted," was his response.

"Who wants me?" I asked again, not knowing what else to say.

"A party who is making a collection of cuckoos," he answered. Then, calling to a policeman fifty yards down the street, he said, "Everything is set, Archie! Get the wagon."

"I demand to know the charge," I said indignantly.

"There is no charge," was the grim reply. "The ride is free."

Two minutes later I was sitting in the police patrol, crushed with humiliation. But what had taken the last bit of spirit out of me had been the unexpected sight of Florence Sperry. She had appeared just as I was being shoved into the wagon and had stood on the corner and watched with face white and astonished. This was the last straw.

During the ride I was too much moved to have said anything even if I had felt like it, and when the detective or the policeman would remark "Well, things are not so jake as you thought," I would answer nothing at all, or, at most, only one or two words. I was busy with depressing reflections and did not feel able to carry on any kind of a conversation.

No sooner had we arrived at the police station than I was hustled out of the wagon the same as if I had been a desperate criminal trying to resist arrest. And immediately afterwards I was shoved into the chief's office at the right of the main room.

The chief was seated at his desk, which was stationed beside the biggest bookcase I ever saw in my life. There were old-fashioned glass doors in front, but the shelves, instead of containing books, were filled with revolver bullets and other relics of famous local crimes.

"Here is the bimbo, chief," said the detective. "I collared him just as he was leaving the factory office."

The chief seemed very much excited. "Jim," he said to the detective, "I have talked with a couple of witnesses, and believe me this will be the biggest sensation ever handled by my office; and it has got to be handled right, because we are going to have reporters here from New York and Chicago and every big paper in the country. And I don't want a word to get out to the local newspaper boys till we got everything sewed up. . . . Now, Pringle," he said, turning to me, "I don't stand any nonsense, see? The poor boy you been victimizing has split on you. He was arrested in Chicago this morning, and I got the whole story over the telephone, and he ought to be here himself any minute. Yes, Pringle, he's confessed all, so you might just as well come clean."

Well, I was willing to come clean; but being as I did not understand what the chief was talking about, I was forced to tell him so. When I stated this the chief took his cigar from out of his mouth and threw it across the room, and then slamming his fist down on the table said, "Oh, you don't know what I'm talking about? Well, you'll find out and in a hurry—yes, you'll find out right now, because here comes your pal."

An automobile had drawn up in front of the station. Two seconds later the office door opened and a second detective led Oscar inside.

His cheek was as before and he was sort of moaning and groaning, but as he had often done this during school days, I did not take it serious.

"Well, Pringle," said the chief in a hard voice, "here is your victim. What have you got to say now?"

Before I had a chance to say anything Oscar had uttered a horrible yell, and turning his back to me and trembling and covering his face with his hands, begun to repeat, "Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me! Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me!"

I can say frankly this exhibition gave me a pain.

"We won't let the professor hypnotize you, my boy," said the chief in a soothing voice. "Just sit down on this chair and tell your story the way you told it to Barney here." Then he said to the detective, "Barney, remember, not a word to the local newspaper boys till I have got everything set. This is going to be the biggest psychological crime sensation of the century."

Oscar sat down, still trembling, and in a whisper began relating the most perfidious series of falsehoods that ever blackened human lips; and every time he mentioned me he called me Professor Pringle.

He said that even when a boy I had always had a strange influence over him, and that whenever I had told him to do something he had always felt he had to do it. But it was only three months ago that I had really got him in my power. I had found him suffering with a toothache and had informed him that I had become a hypnotism professor and that I would cure

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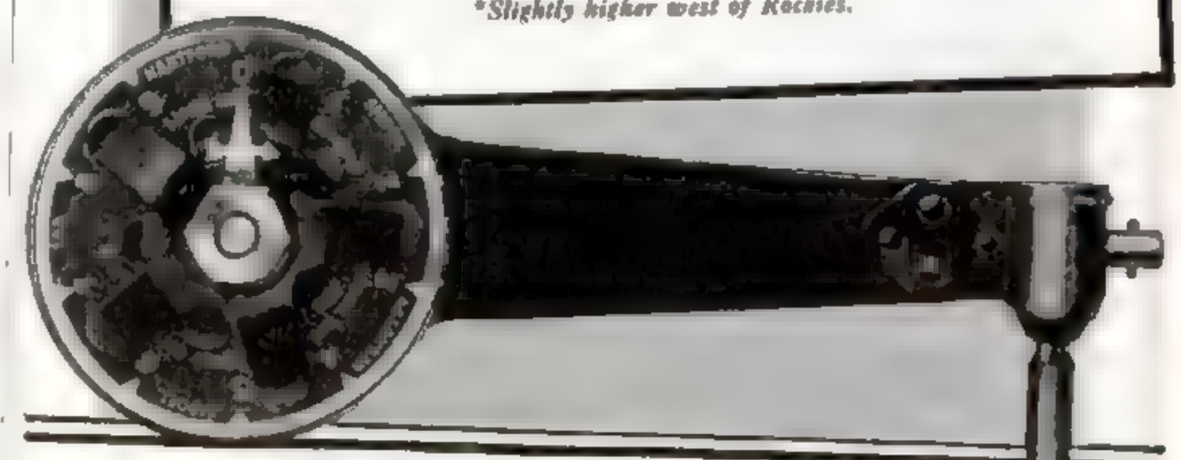

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his toothache by this means. Since then I had hypnotized him regularly every day in spite of repeated requests not to do this.

"But it was only two months back," he said, "that I realized what was actually happening by waking up one morning and seeing on the bureau beside my bed a pile of bills. I did not know what to do about same and was all confused, but finally stuffed them in my pocket so as to get them out of sight. That noon Professor Pringle come up to me and said, 'Give me those bills you found on your bureau this morning.' I asked, 'Why?' Professor Pringle said, 'Last night when hypnotized you robbed Nolan's Grocery Store. If you don't give me the entire product of the robbery except a five-dollar note, which you can keep for yourself, I will turn you over to the police.' I knew I was not doing right, but I was afraid of Professor Pringle, so I acted as requested. When I had given him the money Professor Pringle looked into my eyes and said, 'From now on you are completely in my power, and whenever I tell you to go out and get a piece of change and bring it to me, you have got no choice but to do same.'"

Then Oscar explained how this sort of thing had continued, with myself hypnotizing him and giving the directions and himself in his hypnotizatious state doing all the dirty work and thus causing the late crime wave. But the current morning when he woke up and found one hundred and twenty-five dollars on the bureau he had said to himself, "This has gone too far. Although I am innocent of any evil intentions, the police are beginning to suspect me. I must escape from the vicinity of Professor Pringle altogether, as otherwise he will drag me back to my life of crime."

Then Oscar had gone on to Chicago, and on the train he had read the paper and seen that Blank's Cigar Store had been robbed of one hundred and twenty-five dollars and had concluded that probably he had done it himself. And he was on his way to the P. O. to buy a money order and send the amount back to Mr. Blank when he had been arrested by a Chicago cop and the detective called Barney had come and got him.

"Well, Pringle," said the chief, "are you going to come clean now or not? In my opinion you are a psychological mastermind criminal and, believe me, I am going to hang on to you. I have talked with two different parties who saw you hypnotize this poor boy here, and from all I can make out, you are a dangerous character to be running around loose in any community. Now, Pringle, I cannot guarantee you anything; but you see for yourself we have got the goods on you, and if you want to sign a little confession I have got prepared here I will be willing to use my influence with the district attorney."

This was the way a conversation started that went on for about a half hour more, getting louder and louder all the time. The harder I tried to explain, the harder the chief and the two detectives shook their fists and the worse they yelled and the more Oscar kept moaning, "Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me! Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me!" And I was getting desperate, when suddenly the door opened and Doctor Sperry walked in.

IV

SUCH was my state of mind that I did not know which way to look; and when after remarking to the chief that the latter should come the next day at 10:45 instead of eleven, Doctor Sperry said to me, "Hello, Merril, what are you doing here?" I tried but in vain to answer.

It was the chief who spoke up, telling the story of the crime wave exactly as related by Oscar Bygratz, and adding, "I am sorry for your young friend here, Doctor Sperry, but it looks pretty black for him. And I cannot show him any mistaken clemency, because this case will create a sensation throughout the country and all the big city newspapers will describe in detail the way I handle it."

"You are right as usual, chief," said Doctor Sperry, "and though I knew the parents of young Pringle here, you can be sure I will drop him like a hot potato if he is proved guilty as alleged. But it is news to me that Pringle can hypnotize anybody."

At this, Oscar, who at the sight of Doctor Sperry had sort of shut up, now opened his trap and commenced to moan louder than ever, "Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me! Don't let Professor Pringle hypnotize me!"

"Well," said the chief, "I have already got the evidence on this matter, but I have no objection to seeing the thing proved out before my eyes. Hypnotize him, professor, and don't fool around and say you can't or you will wish you hadn't."

I guess I do not have to explain my mixed feelings in this situation in which I now found myself. In the first place, Doctor Sperry having shown he did not believe me to be a master mind, I was glad of this melancholy opportunity to convince him he was mistaken. On the other hand, I knew that it would be getting me in wrong with the chief. But since there was no choice in the matter, I pulled the bright half dollar from my pocket and soon had the dubious satisfaction of seeing Oscar, in spite of efforts to resist, sink gently into the hypnotizatious state, eyes closed and head back.

"Chief," Doctor Sperry now observed in a low voice, "I am astounded; that is the only word for it—astounded, Pringle, ask your victim if he has to do everything you tell him to do and believe everything you tell him to believe."

With a sinking heart I put the question and Oscar answered, "Yes, Professor Pringle, I have to do everything you tell me to do and I have to believe everything you tell me to believe."

Doctor Sperry whistled and said, "Chief, this beats me. I never supposed young Pringle capable of it. In fact, at first I thought this poor boy now unconscious before us was faking. And of course that would have been pretty bad for you, chief, because the big city newspapers when they found it out would have sent a lot of Smart-Aleck reporters down here who would have kidded the life out of you. But this proves you have a case. Now if young Pringle can take away the sensation from this poor boy's swollen cheek, then, as a practicing dentist, I will admit that he is really hypnotized and a mere puppet in the professor's hands. Pringle, tell him his bad tooth is not troubling him any more and that he has a pleasant feeling in his cheek."

Sick at heart on account of the way things were turning out, I nevertheless made the proper suggestions and was rewarded by seeing Oscar's face lose its strained expression and break into a sort of smile. It was not much of a smile, but you could see what he was trying to do.

"That proves the worst," said Doctor Sperry in a regretful voice. "If the poor boy can smile in spite of his hundred-and-ten-horse-power tooth, then I'll say he is hypnotized. Pringle, let us see how far your pernicious influence extends. Tell him he is sitting on the sand at Palm Beach, with the birdies singing in the trees and a faithful colored servitor mixing a cocktail that will tickle his solar plexus."

On receiving these suggestions, which I gave with a sinking heart, Oscar now smiled even more and began to make remarks the same as if talking to somebody at Palm Beach.

"This is pretty soft. . . . Let's get a crowd and fly over to Havana on that plane I bought yesterday. . . . I will play anybody a game of golf for a hundred dollars a hole. . . . Why doesn't that nigger hurry up with the hooch?"

Doctor Sperry buried his face in his hands. "Yes, chief, it looks as though you had the right dope on the case and the reporters will certainly agree with you. This poor boy here has been so completely hypnotized that no matter what crimes he has committed, the place for him is not a prison

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

but a home for mental cases where he will be gently treated so that his mind can get back to normal. Pringle, in spite of your good reputation, I do not know exactly what to think of you."

I made no reply, but Oscar kept right on talking and smiling at the same time.

"I suppose it is not hard luck to have to sit here on the warm sand while the boys are freezing up North. . . . Look at that girl getting ready to dive. Is she a pip? You said it, fella. . . . What is the matter with that drink somebody was talking about? Why doesn't it come?"

"It is the saddest thing I have seen in all my life," observed Doctor Sperry. "But what makes me feel especially bad is the thought that when this poor boy is sent to some state institution for mental cases, the inexperienced civil-service dentist there will yank out his tooth regardless of the shock it will cause the shattered nervous system."

I noticed a change pass over Oscar's face, but he kept right on talking: "What do you say, boys, if we drop into the club and have that little drink? There are some tables there and I will shoot pool with anybody not a professional for a thousand dollars a game. . . . A couple of society queens want me to call on them this afternoon, but I will pass them up for a good pool session."

"He is hypnotized all right, all right," said the chief to Doctor Sperry.

"Yes, chief, and I would not feel I was doing my duty by this poor boy that I have wrongly suspected of faking if I did not here and now take advantage of this moment while he is absolutely insensible to pain and pull out his tooth."

Oscar had been going on a little more about the society queens, but at these words of Doctor Sperry he stopped suddenly and remained sitting in his chair as if frozen. Doctor Sperry stood up, and reaching into his back pocket, pulled out a forceps.

"Yes," he said, "I want to make things right with this poor boy and here is my chance. When he wakes up he will not know what has happened; and do not tell him I did it, because I would like my part in the matter to remain anonymous." Oscar's mouth seemed to shut tighter and you could notice him stiffening all over as Doctor Sperry went on: "Pringle, from all the evidence, you have done enough harm to your victim. Now see if you can't do a little something on his behalf. Tell him I am the old colored servitor and that I have mixed him a nice Manhattan cocktail and when he opens his mouth he will have the pleasantest sensation he ever had in his life."

I told all this as prescribed, but for the first time in my hypnotizatious experience the suggestions did not seem to have any effect. Instead of smiling, Oscar opened his eyes slowly, and rubbing his forehead looked around and said, "What is the matter? Where am I? I thought this was Palm Beach."

"Yas-suh," said Doctor Sperry in negro dialect, "this yere shuah am Palm Beach, suh. And I just brung a little drink foh you-all, suh." Saying these words, he tried to get the forceps into Oscar's mouth. But with a loud cry, Oscar had dodged out of the chair, and upsetting a table was behind same in the corner saying, "I am waking up. Where am I? I am waking up. Where am I?"

It was easy to see that chief was sore. "Wherever you are," he said, "you had better get back to Palm Beach right off. You told me that all Pringle had to do was to look at you and you fell over hypnotized. Get out from behind that table."

"Well," Oscar stated, "that is the way it has been right up to date, but I seem to be feeling kind of restless today and I don't think Professor Pringle can hypnotize me any more this evening."

The chief made some miscellaneous remarks, with an irritated expression on his face, but Doctor Sperry said in a soothing voice, "Well, chief, I am glad this has happened just between us, with no Smart-Aleck reporters present. A man with my scientific training understands the case, but the reporters might think this poor boy here was faking."

The chief did not say anything, but pulling a cigar out of his pocket began chewing the end.

"Yes, chief," Doctor Sperry went on in the same voice, "I will stake my professional reputation on the fact that this poor boy is still fully hypnotized and merely thinks he is awake. I have often seen them that way when under the influence of a good dose of laughing gas. Now, Professor Pringle, I do not want any fooling on your part. The way you pronounced 'colored servitor' made this poor boy think you said 'high-powered Florida real-estater,' and no wonder he got scared. Now give him the suggestion that he is sitting on a pile of rose leaves and the most beautiful lady barber west of the Rockies is gliding up to give him a facial massage."

By this time the two detectives had got Oscar back in the chair, but instead of being under control, he kept saying, "It is no use. I am waking up—I am waking up."

But Doctor Sperry patted him on the head and in the same soothing voice said, "No, my boy, you are not waking up. You are still hypnotized and you know you cannot disobey Professor Pringle, because he is a master mind, and whatever he tells you to do or believe, you have got to do or believe. I am going to take out your tooth, and when it is over you are going to thank me for the pleasantest sensation you ever experienced in your life."

I will not here attempt to transcribe Oscar's response to this remark; but Doctor Sperry did not take any notice of it, and said to me in the same soothing voice, "Now, professor, give this poor boy the works."

As Oscar's eyes remained open, I thought it would be best to start in from the beginning again; so, pulling the bright half dollar from my pocket, I did so. Meanwhile Doctor Sperry, jumping around Oscar like a saxophone player, repeated in a loud voice every remark I made.

"He is going to sleep!" Doctor Sperry yelled loud enough to drown out what Oscar said to the contrary. "Yes, he is going to sleep! His eyelids are closing! They are so heavy he can't keep them open any longer! They are closed! He is sound asleep! He can't wake up!"

"You are an xyz liar," was Oscar's reply; but his voice was drowned out by Doctor Sperry, who hollered louder than ever, "Yes, he is sound asleep! He admits it himself! He says he was never so sound asleep in his life! Tell him to open his mouth, professor, and I will slip a goody into it!"

As he said this Doctor Sperry grabbed Oscar by the nose; but it was with no permanent effect, since at this moment Oscar let out a wild cry, and wrenching loose, scrambled up on the table from where, after kicking one of the detectives in the eye, he boosted himself up on top of the big bookcase.

"Get down off that!" yelled the chief in a voice full of emotion, while his face became redder than a brick house. "If you don't xyz well look out, you will tip it over!"

"We will tell him he is a squirrel up in a tree," said Doctor Sperry very quietly, "and that when he opens his mouth I will reach up and pop in a nice hickory nut. Tell, him, professor."

"Oscar," I said, "you are a squirrel up in a tree ——" But before I could finish the suggestion the chief had grabbed me by the shoulder and thrown me across the room to the door.

"Get down off there, you!" yelled the chief, who, in his emotion had bit off and was swallowing the end of his cigar and had to make this remark between choking fits. "Get down, you xyz squirrel!"

"Chief," said Doctor Sperry, "give the professor one more chance—just one more."

"I will give him one more chance," said the chief, still very emotional and with the cigar not entirely swallowed. "I will give him one chance and just one to get out of this station alive. He is as much of a hypnotist as I am a wooden Indian. And if you cannot see that that xyz crook stuck up on my cabinet is nothing but an xyz faker, then you had better go to an xyz oculist and have your eyes examined."

Well, for a couple of minutes Doctor Sperry tried to argue, meanwhile patting the chief on the back; but the chief went on stronger than ever about Oscar, who was still fighting off the detectives. So when the tobacco was all swallowed Doctor Sperry said, "Chief, I am beginning to believe the joke is on me. Yes, I have been well fooled and from now on I will always remember that your common sense was better than my science. Yes, you were right, chief, and I was wrong, and I am glad you were shrewd enough to find it out in time. I only hope you will not tell the local newspaper boys about my mistake, because they would kid the life out of me. Yes, I can see now that, just as you say, Bygratz was never really hypnotized at all and has been simply trying to get out of trouble by laying it on young Pringle, who has never hypnotized anybody except himself." Here Doctor Sperry pushed me the rest of the way out of the door and added, "Well, chief, to you that poor boy now roosting on your valuable collection may be a criminal, but to me he is just a part and parcel of suffering humanity, and if he ever wants that tooth taken out, phone me at any hour of the day or night and I will call and do it free of charge."

With this, Doctor Sperry, taking hold of my arm, hustled me into the street.

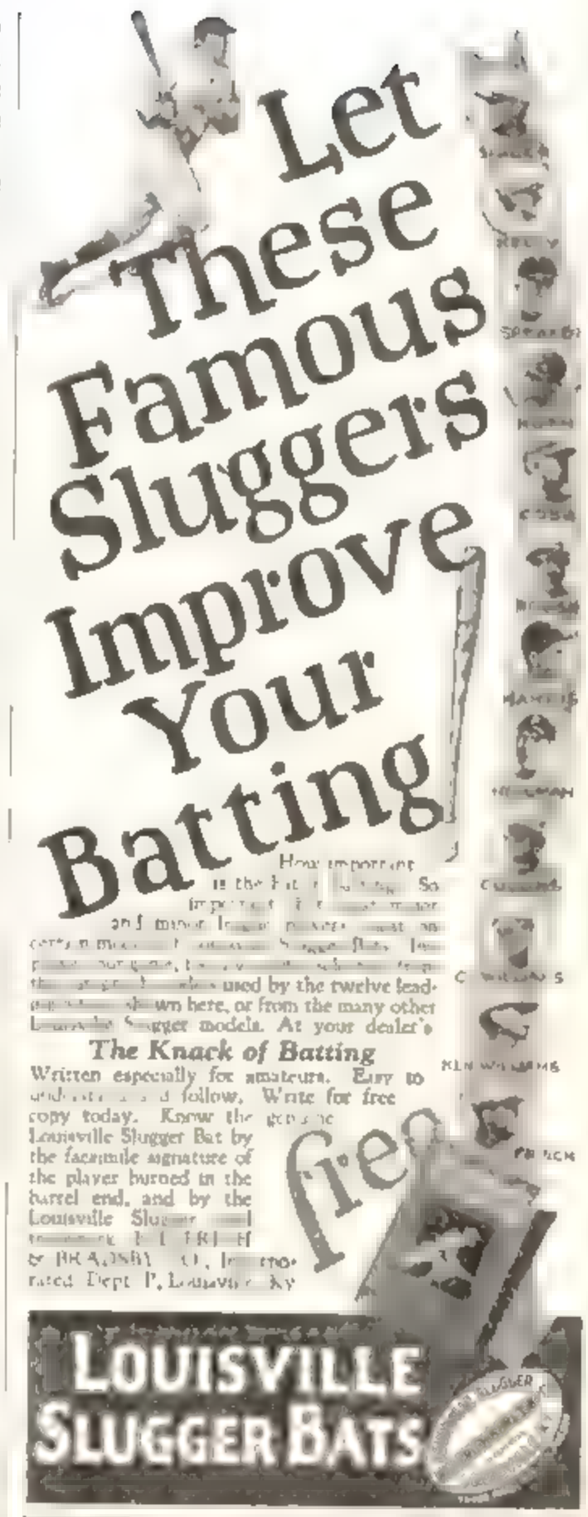
But we had barely got outside when a terrible crash resounded within, followed by the sound of breaking glass and loud cries. Then the office window opened and the chief stuck his head out. His face was no longer red; it was purple; and he was breathing like a porpoise.

"Doc," he said, "his tooth has turned worse and he wants you to come right back and take it out. Never mind, Professor Pringle; I will hypnotize him myself."

▼

IN CONCLUSION I will state that the misunderstanding with Florence Sperry was fixed up; and I was deeply touched when I learned that after receiving my letter and roses, she had started to the office to meet me and have a farewell interview before parting forever, and on seeing the police-patrol incident had informed Doctor Sperry of same and his presence in the police station was the result.

And I may add that I have never since tried to hypnotize anybody and that our married life goes on most satisfactorily; and that whenever I want something done one way and then Florence goes and does it another, she is always out bright and early the next morning explaining to her friends that I have the most terribly strong will of anybody she has ever met—in fact, that I am a master mind, because as often as I tell her she has to do something, she feels compelled by a mysterious force which she cannot resist to start right in and do it.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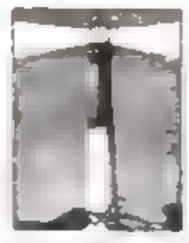

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And their public has grown, ever loyal and ever confident, into a welded circle of readers whose faith in their chosen publications is implicit. Faith, not only in the fearless editorials and truthful news columns, but in the merchandise offered in the advertising pages as well. Here they find detailed and accurate descriptions of the articles they need. Here are chosen the equipments for workshops, factories, and the decorative schemes for homes. The new automobile and the contents of the family market-basket are chosen from these pages.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

"Aren't you going to cut my hair?" I exclaimed. Louis used to be one of the most fluent hair cutters in the business.

"Certainly not," said Louis. "Shaving is my specialty. That is, clean-shaven faces. Luigi and Strauss do the bearded and mustached faces. I'm going to try to get Bauman for your hair if he'll take the case. He's one of the best in the city. I'll ring him up and see if we can get an appointment."

"The devil with Bauman," I said.

"Don't you believe it," said Louis, spraying my face with a carbolic solution. "You must have heard of Bauman's paper that he read before the Tonsorial Institute, on Shingles. It created quite a furor in tonsorial circles, I can tell you."

"All I want," I said piteously, "is a plain old-fashioned haircut and shave ——"

Louis interrupted me.

"Here's Schultz, the lathertician," he said. "Now count slowly up to a hundred."

I complied. Louis drew his watch from his pocket and held my pulse while the white-robed Schultz gravely began to lather my face with a brush that he took from the sterilizer.

"An interesting case," said Schultz, jabbing the soapy brush into my mouth.

"Extremely," said Louis. "It reminds me of one I had last month. Toplitz called me into the case. It seems that the man was an architect and a confirmed self-shaver."

"Yes, I know," assented Schultz. "I remember one of our professors at college telling us about a similar case. It was in the Pharmacology course that old Ottendorf gave ——"

"I remember him," said Louis. "Old Bay Rum we used to call him."

"He gave up his professorship to take the directorship of the Metropolis Barber Shops Corporation," said Schultz, pushing his brush into my eye.

"That's the trouble with the profession today," said Louis. "So many big men are being lured from the field of pure science by the big corporations."

"I'll have a shine too," I murmured.

"Sorry," said Louis. "You have tan shoes on and our tan shiner is away on his vacation. If you wear black shoes the next time you come in Joe, our black shiner, will fix you up."

By this time Schultz had finished lathering me, and Louis proceeded to strop his razor.

"Louis is one of the cleverest technicians in the profession," Schultz whispered in my ear. "You're lucky to have him for your case."

At this point the barbers in the shop all left their customers in various stages of completion and gathered in a semicircle about my chair.

"He always has a big audience when he operates," Schultz whispered. "It's so instructive."

"This, gentlemen," said Louis, brandishing his razor, "is a most unusual case. The patient is a lawyer by profession. He is forty years of age, married and has three children."

"What in blazes is this all about?" I shouted.

"Calm yourself," said Louis soothingly. "It'll be all over in a few minutes. There is a long history of self-shaving, varied by occasional instances of professional instrumentation. The patient admits to alcoholic indulgence in moderation ——"

I sprang from the chair and wiped the lather off my face with the sleeve of my coat.

"What's the matter?" said Louis. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to grow a beard!" I shouted as I dashed out into the street.

—*Newman Levy.*

The Poor Fish

I LOVE my home. And yet sometimes
I yearn to visit other climes
Upon a lordly, rolling ship.
I'd like to take a little trip,
But I don't know how much to tip.

And so a homely life I've led,
And read the travel ads instead.

I'd like to dine in some café,
Where wealth and beauty end the day,
And hear the band play Mandalay.

But I refrain; for well I know
The blush of shame with which I'd glow,
Should I the waiter tip too low.

And so I seek a humbler spot
And drop a quarter in the slot.

I'd love to seek the dining car
And lunch and buy a good cigar,
Yet dare not, for I visualize
The sneer behind the waiter's eyes.
My tip too high? My tip too low?
Tormenting thought! I would not know.

So in the smoker, cramped of leg,
I eat, like some shamed, slinking yegg,
A sinker and a hard-boiled egg.

Too low a tip, a cheap skate, I;
A sucker if I tip too high;
A poor fish in the waiter's eye.
A hopeless problem to attempt;
In either case I win contempt.
I cannot be a sport, nor sip
The wine of life across my lip,
Because I don't know how to tip.

For I am proud from head to heel;
I wither when I'm made to feel
Just barely knee-high to an eel.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Newspaper Headline Blues

"SHEIK Robs Dove Nest";
"Vamp Sues Duke";
"Girl Flees Love Nest";
"Cop Shoots Crook."

"Belle Raps Lawyer";
"Yegg Blows Safe";
"Slays Annoyer";
"Truck Kills Waif."

"Prince Weds Model";
"Lord Slugs Earl";
"Queen Does Toddle";
"King Hugs Girl."

"Life is snappy,"
Shrieks each one;
"Make us happy;
Read and run."

—*Elias Lieberman.*

"What Do You Want? Settin' Out There an' Honkin' Yer Horn!" "Please, Mum! Cud Yuh be So Kind an' Gracious to a Poor Unfortunate as to Give Him a Bite o' Suthin' to Eat an' Mebbe a Cup o' Coffee?"

for flowers that bloom in the spring

EACH YEAR of the five years that CRACKPROOF garden hose has been on the market (SUNPROOF is the same hose with a red cover) it has made new friends.

This is undoubtedly due to the durability built into CRACKPROOF and SUNPROOF garden hose under our manufacturing process. More than 2,000,000 homes in the United States are now using this longer lived hose.

It should be in your home.
Your dealer will supply you.

PIONEER RUBBER MILLS
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Do you realize what 17
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degrees really mean?

VENUS 6B is as soft as crayon, while VENUS 9H is so hard it will write on stone.

The 17 degrees of VENUS Perfect Pencils meet every writing or drawing purpose.

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VENUS—The largest selling Quality Pencil in the world

17 black—3 copying degrees

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90% of the dust, dirt and grit that get into your motor passes through the air intake of the carburetor with the 9,000 gallons of air which enter the motor with every gallon of gas. This abrasive material mixes with the oil and results in a gritty, grinding compound that causes excessive wear. It kills the efficiency of any motor.

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Perfect Positive Protection

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Keeps Out 99 9/10% the Dirt

Protectomotor is attached directly to the air intake of the carburetor. It is so constructed that every particle of air passing into the motor is filtered through specially made and chemically treated felt. It is different in design and action from all other devices used as equipment on pleasure cars for the same purpose, and is the only one that is an air filter. By actual tests it has been shown that 100 times more dirt will get into your motor through any ordinary "air cleaner" than will pass through the Protectomotor.

Filtered Air Means Clean Oil

which insures perfect lubrication and makes possible the highest operating efficiency at the lowest cost. It is better to keep dirt out of a motor than to try to filter it out after the damage has been done.

Filtered Air Prevents Wear

on moving parts 75% to 85% and permits running the motor three to five times as long before it is necessary to remove carbon, grind valves, or overhaul the motor.

Filtered Air Reduces Carbon

Hard carbon is made up largely of dust. Protectomotor filters the dust out of the air, and thereby reduces carbon deposits and carbon troubles 60% to 75%. Protectomotor also muffles carburetor noises.

While Protectomotor, by actual tests, has proved it is 100 times more effective than any ordinary "air cleaner" used as equipment on passenger cars to keep dust out of the motor, it costs only a little more. When you buy a new car or truck it will pay you to pay this slight difference and insist upon having a Protectomotor, no matter what other equipment the motor carries. If your dealer cannot equip your car with a Protectomotor write us giving make and model of car and carburetor. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Staynew Filter Corporation, Rochester, N. Y.

Remember that Protectomotor is as far ahead of "air cleaners" as vacuum cleaners are ahead of the old fashioned broom.

GIVING AWAY MONEY

(Continued from Page 29)

In other words, the Russell Sage Foundation has followed just about the same general course that I outlined for the fictitious Lady Bountiful. Beginning with direct charity, she gradually drifts into the field of investigation. Next comes dissemination of the facts discovered—in short, education. Eventually the direct charity is intrusted to agencies already in existence. One department of the Russell Sage Foundation studies charity organizations and furnishes information about how to carry on this work. There is also a Department of Industrial Studies which endeavors "to discover facts that may be a guide for public opinion and a basis for constructive action." Another department is devoted to "constructive social organization of leisure time." Its personnel studies the best methods of providing and administering facilities for public recreation and encourages their use by public and private agencies.

One of the important activities of the Russell Sage Foundation has been to conduct a campaign of education regarding the small-loan business and to urge the passage of laws regulating it. Another department studies social-welfare laws, especially those relating to women and children, in order to determine the value of the various experiments in this field. An extremely valuable work has been done by a department of statistics which devotes its energies not to gathering statistics but to analyzing them and preparing the plans and forms to be used when statistics are desired. It is, of course, a well-known fact that many thousands of dollars have been wasted in amassing figures that subsequently proved of little or no value because of fatal omissions—in other words, bad planning. There is another department which studies penal laws and the administration of prisons.

A notable and unique feature of the Sage Foundation is its library, containing about 80,000 pamphlets on sociology and social-welfare work in addition to 25,000 books. This library subscribes for 250 periodicals.

Well, Mr. John Doe might ask, what good does that do? The best answer will be found in those 80,000 pamphlets. They represent, for the most part, mature conclusions and careful studies by persons experienced in one form or another of social-welfare work. Their circulation necessarily would be limited. Many of them were written by persons connected with institutions that could not spare the funds for printing and circulating. The Sage Foundation steps in and underwrites this cost, saving such information from possible loss and making it available for very small sums.

Facts to Guide Social Emotions

Suppose we examine just one of these little pamphlets. It is entitled American Foundations and lists more than 100 of them, telling briefly their purposes, the nature of the organization, the amount of endowment and giving addresses. Assuming that a person wished to leave a small bequest, or even to set up a foundation of his own, that pamphlet would be extremely helpful. The price of it is thirty cents. Without it one might spend a year writing letters asking for information and even then miss the organization he was looking for.

Some of the most useful work of the Sage Foundation has been done through the Department of Surveys and Exhibits. But here again one will notice the trend away from the field of action into the field of study. After considerable experience in the actual work of making surveys of cities, this department began to digest its information and seek general rules with regard to municipal surveys. In time these general rules were of more value than any one survey, because they simplified the future tasks, no matter who undertook the field work.

Today there is probably no organization in the world better qualified to outline a fact-gathering campaign than this department of the Sage Foundation. Among its recent achievements is a study of what is popularly called the divorce problem. In this study it was discovered that child marriages are still very numerous in this country and that they contribute no small proportion of the grist of divorce mills, especially when the marriage is between a girl in her early teens and a man more than twice her age. That sort of marriage, most persons assumed, was extremely rare nowadays, but the statistics prove quite the opposite. This disclosure is not only interesting but it immediately opens the way for remedial legislation.

Fact finding, briefly, may be stated as the principal activity of the Sage Foundation; that and acting as a clearing house for information, which implies, of course, bringing about cooperation between existing agencies engaged in welfare work.

Gifts That Pay Dividends

The evolution of public benefactions has been very rapid in the United States, principally because an entirely new point of view has been brought to bear upon problems centuries old. This new point of view is essentially that of a successful business man. He wants to get the worth of his dollar, no matter whether he is giving it away or using it in his business. As a matter of fact, he instinctively makes a business of his public benefactions. He is accustomed to earning profits, and so when he turns his attention toward public benefactions instinct draws him into activities that will yield good dividends for their beneficiaries.

Public health, beyond any question, yields rich dividends. When several thousand people who have been only half alive because of the ravages of hookworm disease are restored to buoyant good health, it will be possible within a very short time to measure the results in bank deposits as well as happiness. Similarly, education pays cash dividends no less than intangible assets. Public health and education are the two fields in which John D. Rockefeller has preferred to invest the money he gave away. The same point of view has directed the great majority of all American philanthropists—that is to say, they remain builders.

Now all this is a sharp departure from the historic European point of view with regard to giving away money. There the basic tradition was that the rich man had inherited his wealth. As a matter of fact, he may not have done so, but that was the tradition. He either had or wished to have a title, and that title, as a rule, would identify him with a certain place. Theoretically, then, the people of that place were, in a way, his people. Feudalism had passed, but the shadow of its traditions remained. He would give money to those people as though they were distant poor relations. The primary object was to relieve distress. Giving to charity was a very old tradition. The philosophy back of it was primarily religious. In time, this was colored also by social ambitions; one might win the acquaintance or even the friendship of personages of higher social rank by contributing to charities for which they stood sponsor. Direct frontal attacks upon bad social conditions with revolutionary purposes in view were seldom undertaken.

In the United States, however, precisely that sort of adventure has appealed to the imaginations of wealthy men and women. When they have announced, as Mrs. Russell Sage did, a desire to improve social and living conditions in the United States, they meant exactly what they said. The organizations they established were planned to carry out their announced purposes in a businesslike manner.

As a very clear example of this evolution, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is notable. Mr. Carnegie

(Continued on Page 164)

Re-roof for the last time!

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JUST lay Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles right over the old shingles. No need to tear off the old roof. No dirt! No clutter! And you have a new and beautiful asbestos roof that should shelter your home as long as it stands. You save the cost of tearing off the old shingles and having them carted away.

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Right near home. We offer you easy, *profitable*, spare-time work.

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Box 1624, % The Saturday Evening Post
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(Continued from Page 162

had observed that teaching does not lead on to fortune—indeed, that very frequently the superannuated teacher suffered distressing poverty. He felt that money could scarcely be applied to a better purpose than making this profession more attractive, so he provided a large sum for pensioning teachers. At the beginning of its operations the Foundation simply designated certain qualifications as essential and then said, in effect, to such teachers, "You are pensioned." Or, "You will be pensioned."

But it soon became obvious that this system would not do at all. Why? Because it was not businesslike. No one could say in advance what salary a teacher would be receiving when the time came to pension him, yet the sum available was limited. Such a pension meant, in effect, "You will get a fair share of whatever is available ten or fifteen or twenty years hence."

So it became necessary to study pension systems, something that had rarely been done. This time, however, the job was handled thoroughly. There emerged, as a result, a system based on contractual obligations. Both the Foundation and the teacher now contribute on terms that give the teacher exact knowledge as to what he will eventually receive. In other words, this public benefaction has become a business.

To be sure, money is still given away, but on a basis that any life-insurance actuary can readily understand. The practical application of this plan has led on to developments of great importance, for it is no longer very difficult for a city, state or any other unit of government to evolve its own pension plan on a similar business basis. Already one can say with assurance that the study of pension plans and the invention of a sound one, judged by business standards, has been worth more than all the money given away by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Not only teachers but firemen, policemen, civil-service employes and industrial employes are the indirect beneficiaries of that businesslike piece of work. Pensions were lifted from charity to system.

Sound Foundations

The experienced hand of the builder and organizer shows itself clearly in virtually all American foundations, for among the very first things we find are charters and boards of directors. Successful executives are, as a rule, accustomed to working with lieutenants. Their pride is in finding the man for the job rather than in doing it themselves. So they carry this principle into their welfare work. It is also interesting to note that most of them have made provision for the safe investment of their endowment funds. Except in a few cases, they did not want the capital of the enterprises to be spent. Continuity was to be assured by prudent selection of securities. In her letter of gift to the Russell Sage Foundation, Mrs. Sage gave detailed advice as to the sort of investment she considered safe. Though her purpose was the public good, she backed it up with her keen sense of business.

"I have had some hesitation," she wrote, "as to whether the Foundation should be permitted to make investments for social betterment which themselves produce income, as, for instance, small houses or tenements, in distinction from investments in securities intended only to produce income. I realize that investments for social betterment, even if producing some income, may not produce a percentage as large as that produced by bonds or like securities, and that the income of the Foundation might be therefore diminished by such investments. On the other hand, if I fail to give the Foundation powers in this respect it may be unable to initiate or establish important agencies or institutions.

"I decide to authorize the trustees of the Foundation to invest the principal of the fund, to the extent of not more at any one time than one-quarter of its entire amount, directly in activities, agencies or institutions established and maintained for the improvement of social and living conditions, provided that such investments shall, in the opinion of the trustees, be likely to produce an annual income of not less than three per cent."

"I also wish to authorize the trustees to invest and reinvest the principal of the fund given by me in any of the following manners: (a) In any of the kinds or classes of securities included in my gift. (b) In the mortgage bonds of any railroad or other corporations which have continuously paid dividends on their common stock at the rate of not less than four per cent per annum, for a period of not less than five years preceding the investment. (c) In the preferred stocks of any such companies. (d) In any stocks of companies guaranteed by any such companies. (e) In any securities in which savings banks or trustees may be authorized to invest at the time of the investment."

As a rule, the large sums given to public benefactions in the United States are invested in productive industry and only the earnings are spent. Another business characteristic that one finds running through nearly all these benefactions is the desire to cooperate with the beneficiaries rather than to patronize them. For instance, Andrew Carnegie cooperated in the establishment of libraries; he did not make the gifts outright. The community had to show that it wanted a library and was willing to maintain it.

He was a business man promoting libraries and not a Santa Claus. Convinced that they would be dividend-earning institutions, he recommended them highly and backed up his argument with cash, but he was selling an idea rather than playing the good Samaritan.

Giving on a Business Basis

The idea of initiating something worth while that the people themselves will carry on is characteristically American, and one traces its genesis with no great difficulty back to the business world. The manufacturer confident of his goods will demonstrate them in a new market; he may even give away samples. But once their worth is proved, he expects to do business there on business principles; the era of donation is over.

Senseless competition, small units and high overhead make the American business executive bristle. He wants his industry, whatever it may be, organized; likewise, when he enters the field of welfare work, duplication annoys him. If there is an agency already in the field, he is opposed to setting up another one. Better results can be achieved by subsidizing the existing agency. This business point of view has colored the whole field of American welfare work to an extent scarcely realized. Hospitals, for instance, are not now generally regarded as evidences of a community's charity. They are necessities. They take sick people and turn them into well people, which is a form of construction and pays dividends. If it were not for these hospitals the business of restoring health would have to be carried on in some hit-and-miss fashion that would be unscientific and therefore wasteful. Moreover, in the event of accident or disaster it would be necessary to open private homes or public buildings to receive the victims, and that would be inconvenient. So the hospital becomes a sensible investment, beneficial to rich and poor alike, no matter whether they are well or ill.

To build one as an object of sentimental regard does not often appeal to the business man, though he responds quickly enough if one is needed. Even then, however, he is almost certain to inquire whether better results couldn't be achieved by enlarging one already in existence.

Running parallel with this line of thought is the desire to increase the efficiency of existing agencies. Henry Ford, for instance, has an ambition to demonstrate that a hospital can be conducted successfully on very much the same plan as a large department store maintaining the one-price system of merchandising. Similarly, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has found that surveys of existing methods promise better results through increased efficiency than would use of the money for the establishment of new institutions.

One of its most recent surveys is in the field of dentistry. Here is a very important profession whose exact place in the professional world has never been fixed. Opinions vary over an astoundingly wide range as to just what sort of education a dentist should have. Also the boundary lines between medicine and dentistry tend to grow hazy. Sometime this year the results of the Carnegie Foundation's survey will be published. It is expected that the report will profoundly influence the teaching of dentistry and greatly stimulate the development of the profession.

Some years ago the Foundation undertook a study of medical education. The results were numerous, but here I shall deal with only one, quoting from a paper read by Clyde Furst, Secretary of the Foundation:

"The Carnegie Foundation used occasionally to be threatened with suits for libel, because it seemed essential in its study of medical education, for example, to publish frankly specific facts concerning particular institutions. The answer of the Foundation to such threats has always been to send proof of the proposed statement with a request to be informed concerning any inaccuracies in order that the statement might be absolutely correct. Some twenty medical schools closed their doors before the publication of the bulletin of the Foundation on medical education rather than have published about them what they admitted to be the regrettable truth."

The business-efficiency point of view has penetrated so deeply into the whole basic philosophy of American welfare work that even the word "charity," which once wore a halo, is falling into disrepute. The modern donor of funds is inclined to repudiate it.

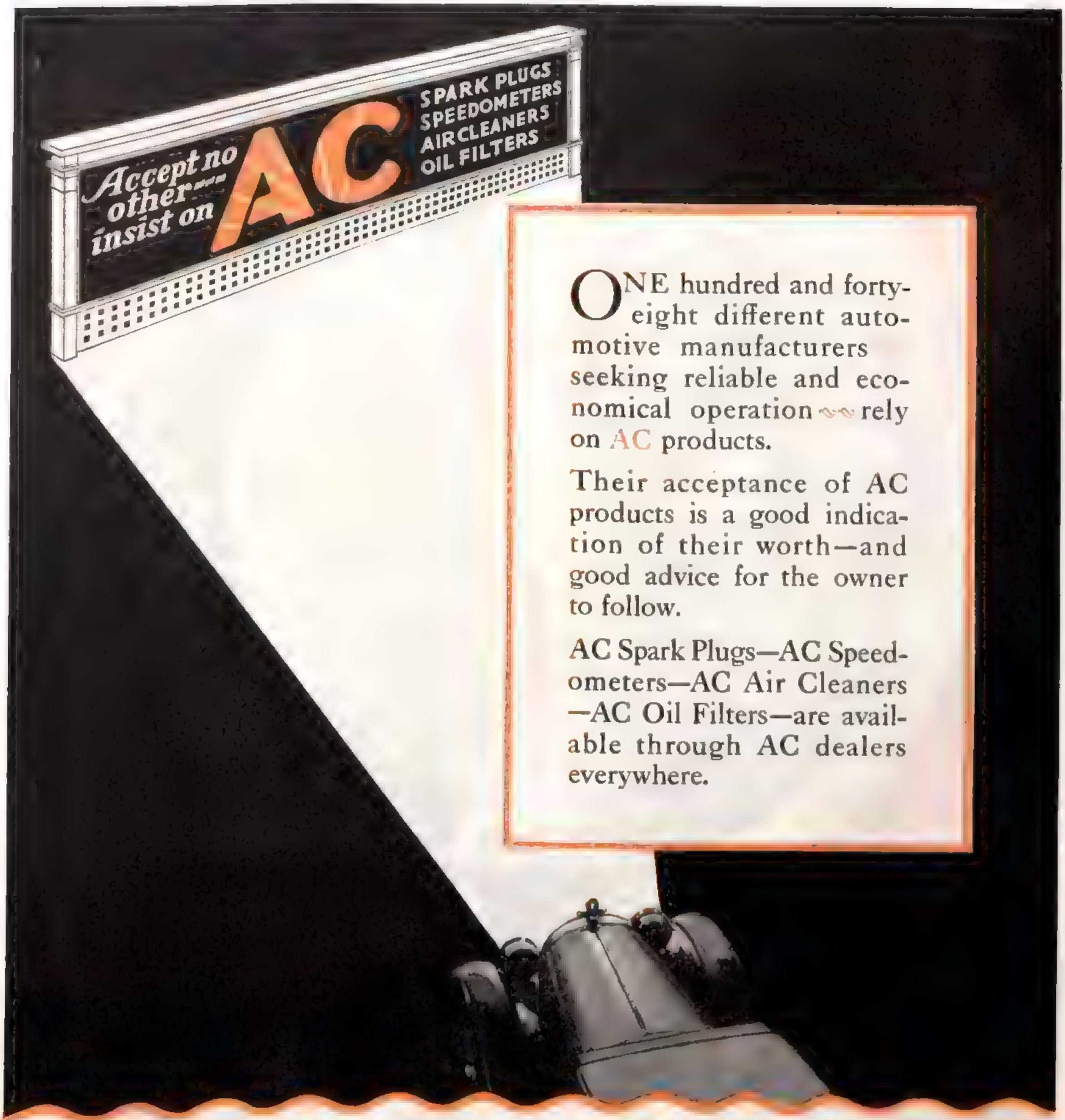
Militant Authors of Welfare

As a rule, he began life handicapped by poverty and other adverse conditions. Having achieved wealth, he looks back over his experience and contemplates the needless obstacles that he had to overcome Eventually he decides on one and resolves to banish it, at least from this country if not from the face of the earth. Once the work is under way, the chances are at least ten to one that our philanthropist is engaged in scientific research or education or both. Having adequately demonstrated his powers in the field of business, he has now entered another, but he makes it as much like the first as possible. He still wants dividends, though this time they are for the public.

Sitting in the street car, reading the front page of his newspaper, John Doe ponders about those queer fellows who give away millions of dollars. There is quite a lot of sentiment in John. Sometimes he feels a throat muscle twitch as he drops a quarter into that poor blind crippled beggar's tin cup. Direct charity appeals to John. So, as he reads the latest announcement, he says, "Now if I had a million dollars ——"

But he is commenting upon the actions of a man with whom he has very little in common. The donor of the latest million was not at all sentimental about it. He signed the papers without the flicker of an eyelash. His emotion at the moment was probably akin to anger, for he was arming his troops and commissioning his generals for war against something that struck him as a needless obstacle to human welfare.

That, briefly, is the spirit in which money is given away in this country. There is high adventure in it, and men who have fought their way from poverty to wealth plunge into these activities like soldiers of fortune. It is a young country; they have seen it undergo many changes, most of them for the better. Why not be the author of the next?



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THE new AC Spark Plug marks the greatest advance made in spark plug construction in years.

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THE AC Speedometer for Fords is of the same high quality as furnished for original factory equipment to manufacturers of Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Gray, Hertz, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Peerless, Pontiac, and GMC Trucks.

There is no swivel joint between the front wheel and the instrument—it drives direct—exclusively an AC feature, insuring continuously satisfactory service. Packed complete with all installation attachments, easily mounted and reasonably priced.

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THE AC Oil Filter keeps the oil fresh and clean as the engine runs.

It saves the motorist from $7.50 to $10.00 in the cost of oil alone, as, instead of dropping the oil every 500 miles, the oil can be used for 3000 miles—besides it eliminates expensive repair bills resulting from wear caused by dirty oil.

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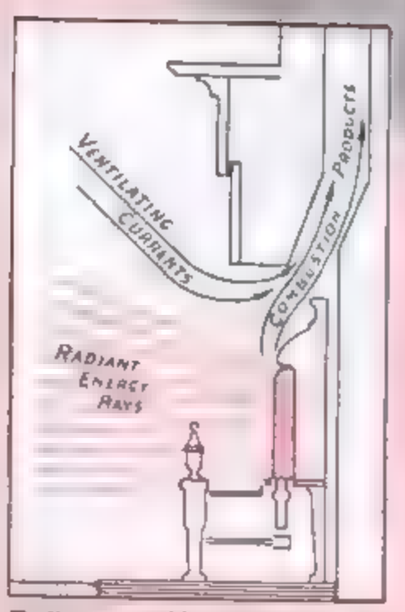
You can be sure of this—in addition to providing comfort, convenience and cleanliness such as you have never before enjoyed in heating service, a Humphrey Radiantfire will be an ornament to any room in your home.

The Haddon Hall model, shown in this illustration, is an indication of the good taste, the elegance, and the beauty of all Humphrey period model Radiantfires.

There is a wide variety to choose from, including the simplest in design and ornamentation—a model, in fact, to suit every type of home and purse and each designed in the best tradition of the interior decorator.

In the one million Humphrey Radiantfire homes the furnace can often be shut down altogether during Spring and Fall.

Why, we ask you, should anyone burn expensive coal when a Radiantfire will answer all heating requirements for a fraction of the cost?



Radiant rays like light rays cannot be turned aside, nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming, not the air, but solid objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation.

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The genuine Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your gas company or dealer. Models range in price from $18.00 up. Write us for illustrated booklet.

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

FEED THE BRUTES!

(Continued from Page 23)

of home and fresh green vegetables. People soon tire of exciting foods, highly spiced sauces and wild, hectic backgrounds. So I decided to be honest and simple and sincere in my whole scheme; I'd give my customers a quiet, comfortable atmosphere, excellent service, and whatever food there was should be of the very best quality.

"With that in mind, I went out and bought a leg of lamb, a couple of broilers, fresh vegetables and fruit and came home and cooked the dinner myself. And that first night I was proud! It was a delicious dinner, if I say it myself, and everything turned out splendid. In the tiny dining room the fire blazed cheerfully, the candles gleamed brightly and the flowers on the tables gave just the right touch of gayety to the scene. It was an agreeable place to step into out of the raw, blustery night.

"And then not a soul came ——"

"What? Nobody? Weren't you broken-hearted?"

"Not a bit. I had foreseen that. But let me finish. Nobody came—just at first.

"'Well,' said my partner stoutly, 'some people are losing a darned fine dinner; I know that. Let's eat it ourselves.' Just then the door opened and in walked our first customer. He looked tentatively around and seated himself near the fire.

"'Mighty cozy little outfit you've got here,' he said. 'Been here long?'

"'This is our opening night. Thus far, you have everything to yourself.'

"'Well, by Jove, bring in the fatted calf!' he laughed, and he seemed pleased as Punch, and you may guess we were too. Well, we served that stranger like a prince—which he was. He had that delicious dinner, the fire, the flowers, the personal touch all to himself. He kept looking around appreciatively and saying 'By Jove!' straight through the meal and I knew that as far as he was concerned we had rung the bell. He lingered by the fire and we chatted over the coffee and cigarettes. Evidently the atmosphere of the place pleased him, for the next night he turned up again, this time with two friends in tow.

"You see, the beginning was as tiny as that; a single guest—and that guest returned with two more. That was the acorn from which grew the oak of my present success, which has enabled me to purchase three apartment houses inside of five years and live the life of Riley all the while."

Too Familiar Manners

"But suppose I had started in with the idea of stacking up a million; those first losing weeks—for I had my losses, and it's hard to be patient, figure your margins and watch those margins disappear—would have killed my ambition dead as a door-nail. But I wasn't trying to get rich; I was trying to hand myself a good live job that I liked; and that being so, success or unsuccess didn't worry me. I was handing myself a good time, giving people dinners they enjoyed in an atmosphere they enjoyed, so they would have more heart to do the world's chores. If it busted up, all right; I still had my good time to pay for my pains.

"But it didn't bust up. That was the jolly part of the miracle. Little by little that back room began to fill up. We had seats for barely twenty and those seats were always filled. Not a big business, you see. But I was finding my feet and liking my job better every day, experimenting with my clients every meal, trying out new dodges and watching the effect. We still ran the antique shop in the front room, but it was like a stepchild when there's a new baby in the house—it received precious little attention and my subconscious mind was already urging, 'Get rid of this pest!'

"Winter passed, springtime came, followed by the sultry heat of summer, and we were forced out into the back yard; so we capitalized our necessity and turned the place into an open-air restaurant. We thus achieved more space and more clients to fill that space. Our adventure began to wear a settled, married air; the same clients came again and again. I was there all the time, sitting at my table, part of the picture, unobtrusive, but ready for a pleasant word when people stopped on their way out. When I was absent, they missed me; something, they scarce knew what, was gone from the picture and they dimly felt its lack. I realized that; it was something like sitting down at a dinner table from which the mistress is gone. Atmosphere again—the personal touch. It's a hard thing to define, but it's the opposite pole from cheap, ostentatious familiarity. You know the story of the jovial stranger who slapped Oliver Herford on the back and exclaimed, 'You know me!'

"'I don't recall your face,' said Herford, 'but your manners are damned familiar.' That kind of odious familiarity on the part of a hostess will kill a clientele like a black frost.

"Sometimes, when my chef was sick, I went out into the kitchen and cooked the dinner myself. I may not be scientifically trained, but I do know how to cook; I know how food should taste and I know how it should be served. And any woman who wishes to make a success of a restaurant should have a flair for cooking, or else she must hire somebody who has that flair—but I'm bound to say that it's a hard thing to hire."

Restaurant Wreckers

"By the end of the first summer we knew we were a financial success. We had to be in order to survive. I think that's why public restaurants often succeed where dining rooms in private clubs run behind and serve second-rate food. In a restaurant, the principle of self-interest is involved; you've got to please the public or close your doors; but in a social club the members make up the deficit and, therefore, it is sometimes possible for a manager to get away with murder week after week.

"With the first cold days of autumn we moved our restaurant back into the house. But now the rear room was too small and so we decided to clear out the antiques in order to accommodate our increasing trade. We installed more tables and chairs and kept two open fires. You'd be surprised how many customers were attracted by those open fires.

"In the meantime I began to sift out my patrons and decide on the kind I'd keep and the kind I'd try to lose, for some of them I determined to lose. Fortunately, many of what I'll call the jazz crowd didn't like me; my place wasn't speedy or loud or vulgar enough to suit their taste. What they like are highly dramatized settings, orange hangings, jazzed-up food, gin in teacups, canned music and cheap faker stuff to thrill their jaded nerves. I know that crowd spends money, but it's so detestably, flagrantly cheap that I can't stand it at any price; and since this is a personal adventure, I don't see why I should.

"It isn't as if those undesirables had no other place to go. There are dozens of restaurants which cater to their trade. Still, there were quite a few of these noisy gate crashers who used to come storming in because the word had gone around that I served good meals. At first I didn't quite know what to do with them. I realized they were dangerous. They were loud, vulgar, raucous, complaining and ill bred, and they utterly destroyed the atmosphere I had striven so hard to create. These jazz hounds, when they hear of an interesting or picturesque new place, come swarming in and take the restaurant by storm; they drive away the regular patrons, who quit in disgust; and when they have ruined the very thing which first attracted them, they decamp in a body and rush off to wreck some other place, leaving the restaurateur high and dry, with no patrons at all. But I determined they shouldn't wreck me and so I figured out a scheme." She paused and smiled a reminiscent smile.

"What was your scheme?"

"It's a trade secret—can't be published. I suppose every popular restaurateur who is obliged to protect his business from offensive gate crashers resorts to some such strategy. For, of course, we can't refuse to serve the public."

And then she revealed her scheme. It was crafty, but it was simple too. She put up no visible bars against the undesirables—and yet they did not return, and their friends did not return.

"Occasionally," she said, laughing, "some of them still drift in to dinner and by their rowdy vulgarity try to create the impression that they are having a high old heluva time. As soon as the head waiter spots them he glances inquiringly across at me. I give the high sign—and the magic works. I am bound to say it renders the gate crashers perfectly furious, but what can they do? Boycott me? That's exactly what I'm working for!

"Quite early in the game I decided not to stand for certain things. Some of them I've mentioned. No violent color schemes. No melodramatic background and canned jazz. Simple, substantial food of the very best quality deliciously cooked, without heavy sauces, and served by quiet waiters in an atmosphere of comfort and ease. I don't believe in hurrying my guests through their meals even when there is a long waiting line, and I have given strict orders to the waiters never to rush the service. It distresses me to have an atmosphere of haste, of bolting food, just as it would distress me in my home to have my guests rushed through their meals. It's far better all around to let the newcomers wait. And the result of this consideration is that it cuts both ways. Seeing the crowd, my patrons say, 'Come on; others are waiting; let's finish our cigarettes outside.'

"I show them a similar courtesy with respect to food. I always serve several varieties of bread and the butter is in good thick pats. Thin, stingy portions of butter create the impression that I'm trying to beat the game; subconsciously, it puts the patrons on the defensive; they say to themselves, 'Huh! That's not going to be enough,' and they get even by using up the butter immediately and singing out impatiently for more. That's human nature. Whereas, if I give them good generous portions and the waiters renew them without being told, like as not the guest will say, 'Hold on, I don't care for any more butter. Don't waste that.' They coöperate instead of fighting back. Psychologically, it's a good policy, and it's more fun too."

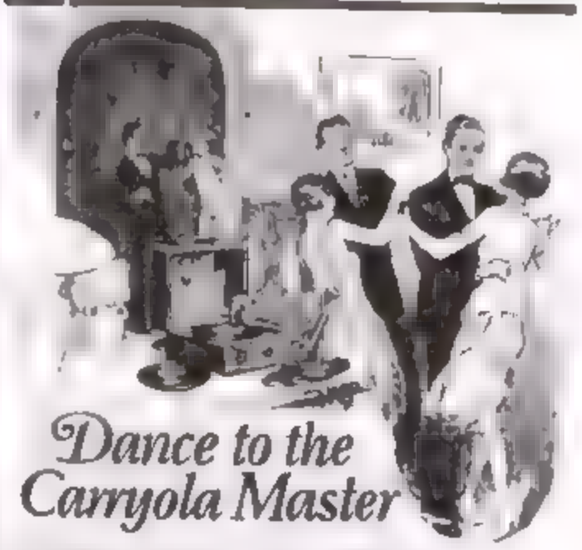
The Language of Calories

"I almost lean over backward giving my public a square deal and it makes me laugh to see how they hand it straight back to me. Take coffee, for instance. I've trained my waiters to ask pleasantly, 'Will you have more coffee?' and that extra coffee doesn't go down on the bill. But over and over a customer has said to me, 'I had a second cup of coffee which the waiter forgot to mark on the bill.'

"They don't try, you see, to beat me out of that second cup, and they're agreeably surprised to discover it's free, so a nice feeling is created all around.

"As I said, I'm not one of these cold-blooded, scientific efficiency sharks who talk learnedly of calories and vitamines. For example, I couldn't tell you to save my neck exactly what's in that dessert you're eating or how much it costs per portion. I know in a general way that I make on some things and lose on others. Let me see"—she took up the printed menu and ran her eye down the list—"here are two lunch combinations that I actually lose money

CARRYOLA MASTER



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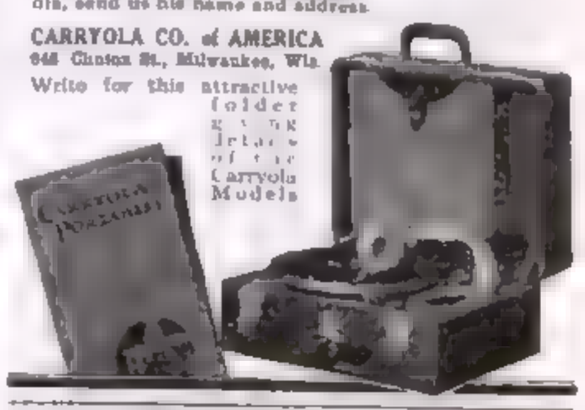

Golfers

The K-D Tee Mold

Scoop up some moist sand, pack the cup against sand box, press the button—and out pops the neatest tee you ever saw! Uniform height, quickly made, no sandy hands. Aluminum. Light as a feather.

K-D Mfg. Co., Lancaster, Pa.

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You can have fun *all the year round* with an electric engine that runs *over rocks and put together*, often ... This new book tells ... about the only take apart electric locomotive—Dorfan Loco Builder. A wonderful birthday gift for boy or girl. Book also shows and describes electric and mechanical trains ... ages, etc.—to tell everything in the book would ... after page of this publication ... of the press edition *limited*, so write for your copy today.

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SELL GUMMED TAPE
Rapidly Replacing Twine. Our full time men ... $100.00 to $250.00 weekly, part time men ... to $50.00. Year round proposition. Sager Co. Mfgrs., Dept. SP 1437 Roosevelt, Chicago

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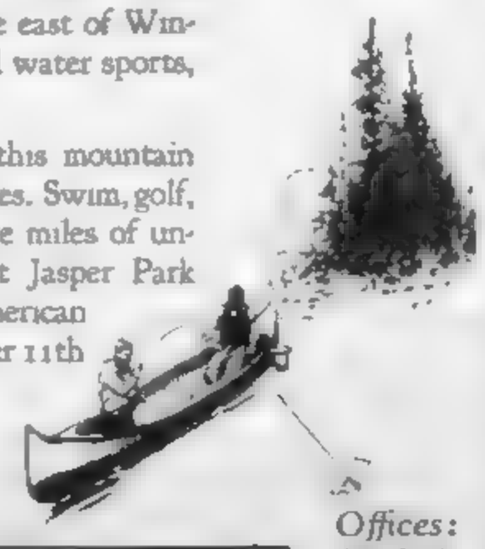
Jasper National Park: Come to this mountain wonderland in the Canadian Rockies. Swim, golf, ride, hike, climb amid 4400 square miles of unrivalled Alpine scenery. Stop at Jasper Park Lodge. Rates $6.50 a day up—American Plan. Jasper Golf Week, September 11th to 18th.



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on; here's a third on which I break even, and on the remaining two I make a slight margin. But I don't care if I do lose a bit; I like to give them variety, and it seems to even up in the long run.

"There's another angle in this business out of which I get a life-size punch—that's the marketing. I do all the buying myself—never telephone. I go down to the markets early and pick out the stuff myself. It makes all the difference in the world, both in the freshness and in the quality of the food. And then, besides that, I like the human contacts. My butcher and my grocer are my friends; they have a respect for me and I have a respect for them, and they don't try to put over second-rate stuff on me because they know they can't get away with it.

"I don't go to the big wholesale houses; I stick to the little fellows and shop around. There again, I suppose that's not efficient, for with wholesale prices I could undoubtedly cut my margins a bit, but I'd pay for it in the end. As it is, I make the small dealer guarantee the quality; I put that end distinctly up to him. If he sends me cold-storage fowl or inferior grade of lamb, I jump him. I go to him and say, 'See here, those last broilers were cold storage. What are you working for—to lose my account?'

"Now the little fellow doesn't want to lose my account; it means something to him. It doesn't mean anything to the big wholesaler; its loss isn't a drop in the bucket to him; consequently my kick doesn't register as it does with the little fellow. So by trading with the small dealer I make him guarantee the best quality, and I'm willing to pay a retail price for such guaranty.

"And it must also be said that these little chaps often have a fine artistic pride in their business which is less frequently found in the huge wholesale concerns. Some of the butchers in small shops actually caress their meat when they sell it to me; my chef caresses it still more in the kitchen and my waiter gives it a final caress as he decorates it for the table. It's the personal touch right through.

"Let's take the subject of menus. In making out my bills of fare I strive very hard for diversity, for I realize that people hate to know beforehand exactly what they're going to eat, even if it's the best of its kind. Suppose, for example, I work out a new specialty; it takes; nevertheless, I don't keep thrusting that specialty down my customers' throats, for I know they'll say exactly what I'd say myself: 'Oh, let's not go to that place; they always have the same old line.' For the same reason I don't have special dishes on special days. I keep constantly shifting and running in new surprises. But I give them substantial dishes too; no thin stuff served in tiny dabs; normal, healthy people want something solid which will stick to their ribs. The day has gone by when women lunch on a chocolate éclair; they're more apt to call for a lamb chop and baked potato or liver and bacon or roast pork and apple sauce."

Glorifying Irish Stew

"I'm always studying up new dishes; that's my hobby. I give them the regular, conservative combinations, then add something strange or unexpected to tease their appetites. Not long ago I had a sudden burst of speed and I said to myself, 'Suppose I take a little flyer in Irish stew.' I like Irish stew myself; it's a fine dish when properly prepared and a mess when it's not. So I bought the best ingredients and went out into the kitchen and supervised the cooking myself. That stew made a decided hit. The men especially stopped at my table on the way out and said, 'Say, that was some Irish stew! I haven't tasted an Irish stew like that in years. Thought the dish was obsolete.'

"And then there's the matter of fresh vegetables. In winter, vegetables are often scarce and high, but I scout around and keep my eyes peeled to pick up something green, though it takes some tall shopping at times. But I know how people love fresh vegetables in a big city and how hard they are to obtain in the ordinary restaurant, so I make special efforts in that line.

"And then sometimes I get tired of all the ordinary, prosaic, humdrum foods and I break loose with the very best that the market affords in meats, vegetables and desserts all at the same time. Sometimes I get in a bit deep, for, as I said, I can't always tell to a penny how much my dinners cost. Of course, I know in a general way what I can afford to give without going broke; it's a kind of instinct, like that of a fish swimming in the sea; I know, so to speak, my sea. But occasionally my burst of speed carries me beyond my margins. And there's where my partner comes in, for she keeps the books and acts as my financial balance wheel. I attend to the creative end, to the marketing and making of menus, hiring and firing help, meeting the public and working my head off trying to keep it surprised and pleased. I'm enthusiastic, you see, and like to cut a dash with my ideas. And my partner keeps me from venturing too far. For she'll say accusingly some night, figuring away at her books while I'm working on my menus, 'You had a whale of a grocery bill last month. If you keep that up we'll go broke. How did you get in so deep?'"

A Fortune From Food

"And then I'll think back over the month and say, 'Well, I gave them a lot of hearts of lettuce and those are dear. And I just couldn't resist that early asparagus. And lamb chops these days are worth almost their weight in gold.'

"'But can't you lay off that high-priced stuff for a while?' she demands. 'I hate to cramp your style, but ——'

"So she keeps me jogging along in the safe middle of the road. And for a person of my enthusiastic temperament a partner with a cool head is a necessity.

"And now about the money. It's been the job that's interested me more than the money right along. Nevertheless, when we began to deposit our earnings I'll not deny I was pleased, for it was solid proof that my experimentations were along the right line. Nor did it come in such magnificent sums as to stagger me. The bank account increased gradually as the idea took root and grew. We started five years ago with three hundred dollars, with no experience, no training, no clientele. Now we own three apartment houses in New York which we've invested in from time to time, and we have a nice, flourishing little business which keeps us up on our tiptoes every minute of the day. But so far as I am concerned, the money comes second; not to be sneezed at, but not of paramount importance; with me the job's the thing."

I have given in detail the reaction of this practical, vivid, enthusiastic woman toward her business because it reveals very clearly the wellspring of her success. She handled her job creatively, feeding herself to it as business men usually do and as business women usually do not. That is not a criticism; it is merely a statement of one of the big underlying factors of permanent success in any field. In one of his novels, Romain Rolland says in substance:

"The difference in attitude between a man and a woman toward a chosen work is this: The man feeds himself to the work; the woman feeds herself upon the work; the man gives; the woman takes." Like most hard-and-fast generalizations, this is both true and false—truer perhaps in the old country than in America; but this much can be said with certainty—that whenever a woman feeds herself to her work like a man, fanning the flame with her own vitality, putting into it imagination, enthusiasm and a driving creative force, she is on the sure track of success.

Talking with other women who have gone into the restaurant business with conspicuous success, I found that without

(Continued on Page 172)

THIS 3-SECOND WAY OF SERVING COLD DRINKS DRAWS CROWDS OF GOOD SPENDERS

Big money in bottled drinks served this new way

Already 10,000 of These Liquid Coolers Earning up to $675 a Month Clear, and More

Looks like $300 Value—Costs But $100 —Only $40 Down—Profits Pay Balance

THIS remarkable invention—the Liquid Bottle Cooler—not only cools Bottled Beverages—72 bottles at a time, but—

Just as a cash register keeps money sorted out for making change quickly, so this cooler and dispenser sorts out Bottled Drinks by flavors, so any flavor the customer may want can be served in less time than it takes to tell it.

It serves them clean, sparkling, cool and zippy!

And because it abolishes all muss and disorder, thousands of stores and stands that would never sell Bottled Drinks before are eagerly adding this big paying department to their regular business.

The Right Flavor Right Away!

Two things that stunt the growth of any drink business are:

1. Serving warm, flat, tasteless drinks.
2. Saying, "Sorry, I haven't the flavor you want—what's your second choice?"

The Liquid Bottle Cooler ends all danger of that. It has 8 cold tubes for 8 different flavors, always filled with 9 cold bottles apiece—72 in all. To serve a cold bottle a clerk must push a warm one in. That keeps each tube constantly full. And a glance at the rack of reserve stock above tells him when any flavor is getting low and should be re-ordered from the bottler.

One Clerk Served 1200 Bottles in a Day, Unaided

"Served 1200 bottles in one day and one clerk handled this entire trade unaided," writes John Kruger & Co. 5¢ and 10¢ store.

"Doubled my sales, and saves 50% of ice formerly used," says Chas. T. Dietrich, Decatur, O.

Others report a 60% saving of floor space as well. For the Liquid Cooler occupies only 30 x 35 inches and earns more money per square foot than anything else in the place.

100% to 400% More Sales—50% Less Ice

Many new dealers are starting right off with profits of $10 to $30 a day. Scores of established dealers have increased their Bottled Drink sales 100% to 400% since installing this innovation and saved 50% to 66⅔% in ice. For no sooner does a Liquid Cooler come to a neighborhood than everyone passes the word along, and crowds of good spenders begin to drop in.

Strong wood and metal construction, scientifically insulated and finished in buff enamel, with flashing nickel trim, the Liquid Cooler is a fine fixture as well as a big profit maker.

Drink Season Is Here—Write Quick

Amusement Places, Filling Stations, Roadside Stands, Stores, Waiting Rooms, Clubs—everywhere that drinks can be sold, this Cooler can coin money for the man who owns it.

No fumbling among unassorted bottles for the flavor called for. No plunging arms into ice water. Just push a warm bottle in, and out comes a cold one! Serve 10 people where you now serve one.

Photos, signed proof of profits, and full information contained in our astonishing new book, *"Buried Treasure."* Sent postpaid if you give the name of your local bottler, and mail coupon at the right without delay.

Brainy Merchants Have Discovered This—

Hidden goods sells slowly—Liquid Cooler is a sales making display.

Warm drinks kill trade—the Cooler serves them COLD and ZIPPY.

Slow service and untidy methods lose trade—this fast, clean Cooler brings people back.

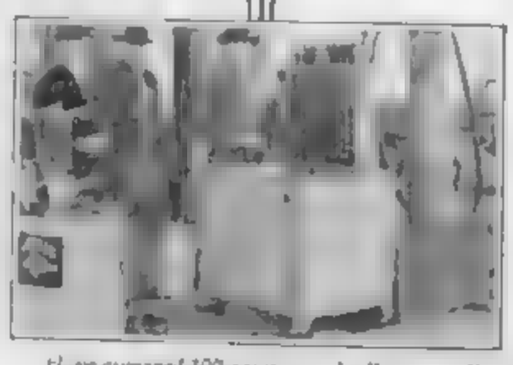
The cash register never rings when you haven't what people call for—this Cooler tells you in time which flavors to re-order.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO.

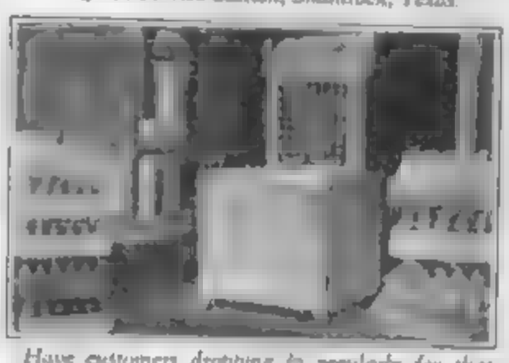
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. S-5, Chicago, Ill.
Branches in 11 Cities

Manufacturers also of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water

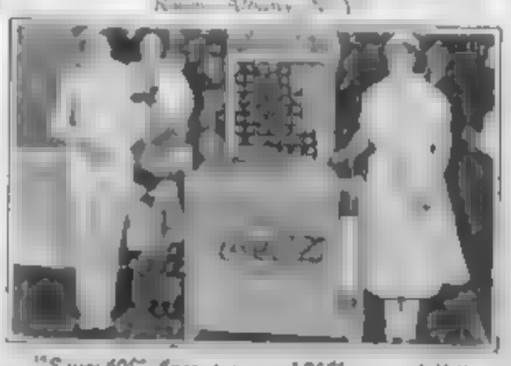
SEND FOR "BURIED TREASURE" FREE



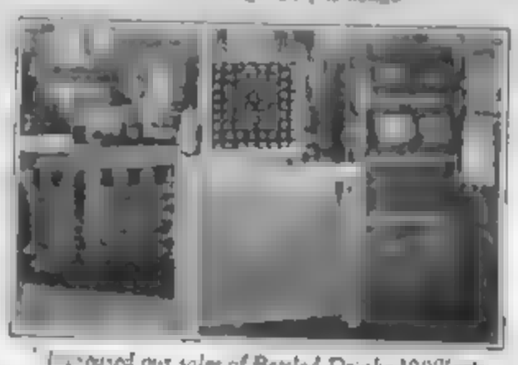
"If we averaged 100 cases a week all summer."
—Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas.



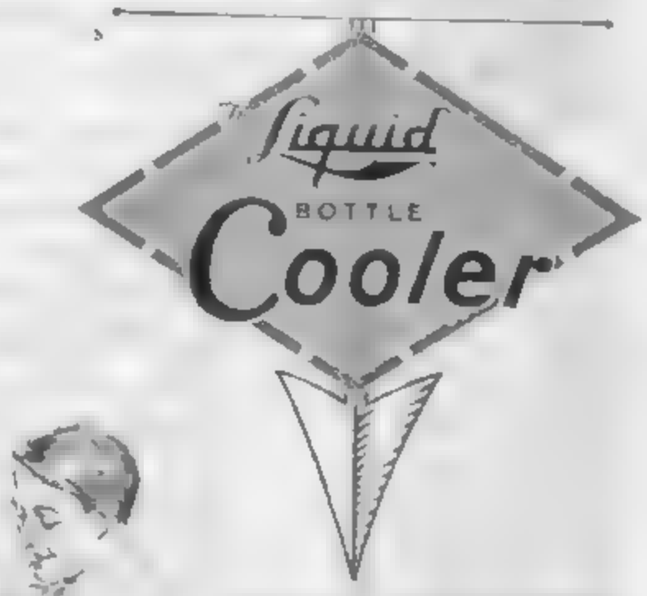
Have customers dropping in regularly for that REAL COLD BOTTLE."—Bond Ice & Coal Co., Albany, N. Y.



"Saves 60% floor space and 75% on ice bill."
—S. S. Kresge Co., Chicago



"Increased our sales of Bottled Drinks 100%."
—Draben Grocery Store, Ft. Dodge, Ia.



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The Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept S-5
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

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Bottler's Name

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Fenestra Casement Windows

WHEN you build you will want a cheerful, sunlit basement — where work can be done pleasantly. And it can be all of that—light, airy and weather-tight—if Fenestra Basement Windows are installed.

They admit as much as 80% more light. They never warp, stick nor rattle. They are fire-resisting. They are easily screened. Four standard sizes stocked by your local dealer ready for immediate delivery

FLUNG wide to catch every breeze, or closed in trim security, Fenestra Casement Windows bring cheer into every room. Their charm is in their friendliness.

And their convenience is no less than their beauty, for Fenestra Casements always open and close easily—yet are as tight as ordinary windows, *weather-stripped.* They are screened inside—so draperies keep clean. You can wash Fenestra Casements easily without sitting on the sill.

Enjoy the cozy cheeriness of casements—Fenestra *costs little if any more* than ordinary windows. Your dealer will supply them along with your other building material.

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Fenestra

for homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

(Continued from Page 170)

exception they had capitalized a natural flair for cooking, mated with a social gift as hostess, which enabled them to establish human contacts and make their customers feel at home. Again it was the personal touch. The experience of one of these women—Miss Fortune, let us call her—is worth recording briefly in order to show how closely in essentials it follows the general basic principles of success already outlined.

"I started out," said Miss Fortune, "about twenty years ago with a luncheon club down in the old shopping district of New York. I had no special training, but I have always loved to cook, and I know how to manage servants so as to keep them busy and content. Some of my waitresses and kitchen help have been with me more than fifteen years. My restaurant is as much home to them as it is to me."

Character and Cookery

"I have discovered that if you do not nag your help, but treat them fairly and squarely, pay them promptly and well, appeal to their self-respect and professional pride, kid them along and give a little leeway to their idiosyncrasies, which all human beings possess, you can twist servants around your little finger. They'll slave cheerfully overtime during a rush, drag themselves to work when they're so sick they should be in bed, and take as much pride in the business as if it were their own. When housewives complain of having troubles with servants, I know something is wrong with the mistress herself.

"Perhaps she doesn't treat her servants like human beings; perhaps there's no personal communion; perhaps she creates an atmosphere of antagonism instead of cooperation. It's the easiest thing in the world to keep servants up on tiptoe if you handle them with the personal touch.

"Well, my luncheon club was a distinct success from the start, and when the shopping district moved uptown, I moved up with it. Soon I had more customers than I could handle and I opened two branch restaurants and put in managers."

"Were they specially trained?"

"No; just ordinary, bright, capable girls.

"One was an actress by profession. That girl was a wizard at meeting people; she could make anybody feel at home with a single smile. The right sort of training is often an advantage, but I do not consider such training necessary for success.

"A restaurant of this kind is, after all, an expression of individuality and requires many things besides a mere knowledge of foods. To begin with, a woman should have character and personality; she must know how to get along with her customers, smooth their fur the right way, make them wish to return. Then she must be able to get along with her help, impress her policy toward the public upon them and fuse them together as an organization so they will operate without friction. And this ability to establish cordial relations with the public and with servants is a prime necessity.

"Second, a woman should have a natural flair for cooking, though I have known women who couldn't boil an egg who were, nevertheless, successful restaurateurs; but they had fine organizing capacity and hired experts who possessed that flair. In addition, a woman should have practical common sense, a feeling for organization and some knowledge of the financial end of the game. It is comparatively rare to find the creative, producing quality and the business, or financial, quality combined in the same head. The usual alternative is partnership, one woman handling the creative side and her partner the business side.

"I don't know that I can give you an absolute, infallible, sure-fire recipe for success in the restaurant business. It all depends on the woman behind the recipe, on her outlook, standards and ideals. What does she want—money? Well, there's plenty of money to be made, even in poor restaurants; but I think a woman may fail if she starts out solely with that idea. Success is an intangible thing, but I've observed that sincerity is nearly always an important ingredient. One thing I do hold essential—a woman beginning this business should know her job, love her job, give herself to it without reserve and keep herself plastic and experimental in her attitude. She can't have many outside interests, for she must stick pretty close to her knitting the first years. After that, I'd say to a woman, 'Study your public. Study your public all the time. Decide just what kind of a public you want—for there are all kinds of publics in a big city—and then give that public what it wants. Don't give it what you want. Don't have theories or fads. Let experience teach you. It will!'

"I'm always studying up new specialties to intrigue the appetite of my public, for people soon grow weary of the same old things on the bill of fare. I find it doesn't pay to buy wholesale, even with my three restaurants."

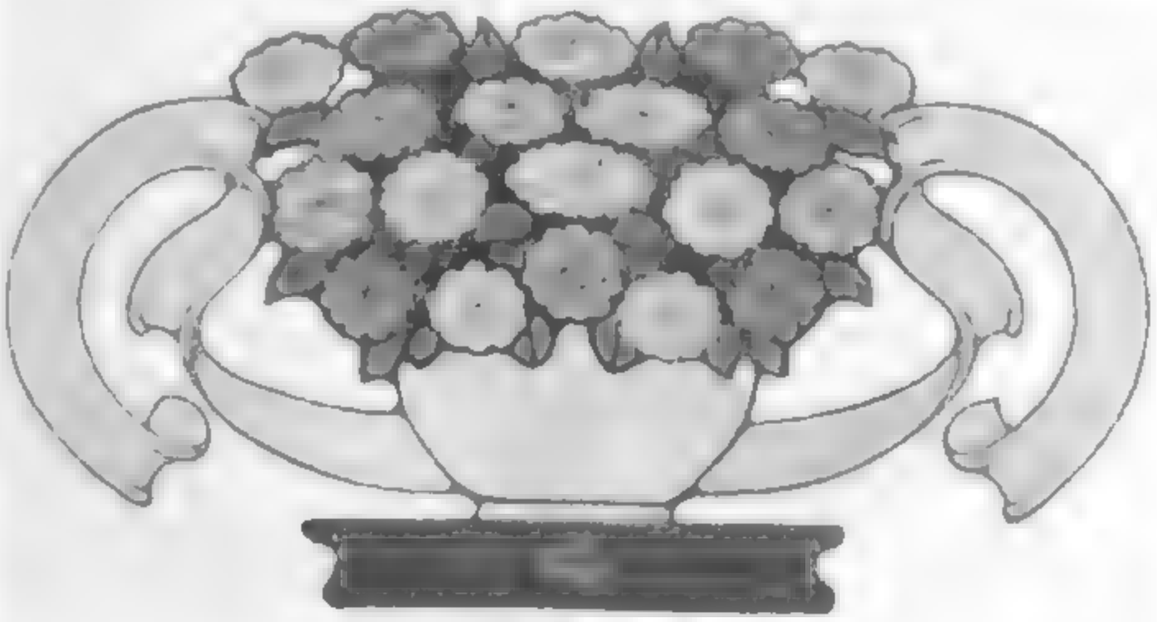
Palates That Need Education

"New Yorkers, I am bound to say, taking them by and large, have the worst gastronomic taste in the United States, worse than people in Philadelphia, Chicago or the Middle West. I think perhaps it is because so many of them in their own homes have used cold-storage meats. Some of these people even complain when I serve fresh food. They declare it lacks flavor!"

This woman clears more than fifty thousand dollars a year on her business.

Still another woman has achieved a signal success in her restaurant by serving one highly specialized type dinner. It is an unusual dinner, amusing, original, foreign, served by native waiters in their own costumes. This woman does not expect to retain permanent customers; she depends on a constantly changing, transient clientele, like a theater. Only in a great center like New York is such a restaurant possible. What she has striven for is to make her restaurant famous from coast to coast as a gay, chic, unusual eating place for parties, and she has achieved her goal.

A famous restaurateur summed up the situation when he said, laughing, "It's no trick at all to make big money running a restaurant in almost any great city if you just follow the plain rules of the game: Feed the brutes. Keep one eye on the brutes and keep the other eye on the feed."



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—of this complete camper's guide by Frank E. Brewer, nationally known outdoors man. Illustrates and tells all about best stations, planning and making a trip. Free if you write at once. "Motor Camper's Manual" contains many helpful ideas on the smooth way to camp. In this book. Priced at 25 cents, and worth it, but we will send you a copy on receipt of 10 cents and name of your local sporting goods dealer.

Take Your Coleman and Go!

GET away from the city crowds—out into Nature's great open spaces—out where the air is pure and where there's mile on mile of beautiful scenery. Stop at a secluded spot and camp. First of all you want food! Then's when the Coleman Camp Stove puts the play in pleasure!

You don't have to worry about wood for fuel, because the Coleman burns motor gasoline. Easy to operate. Sets up in a jiffy. A few strokes with the built-in pump gives plenty of air pressure. The Hot-Blast Starter gets the burners going full-tilt in 2 minutes or less, regardless of wind or weather. The Warming Cabinet keeps hot the first things you cook while you prepare the rest of the meal—you can serve everything piping hot.

When your Coleman's along it's like eating at the best hotel because you can have anything you choose, cooked any style—juicy roasts, hot biscuits, pie, too, if you like, from the Coleman Oven. Potatoes, fried, boiled or baked—and other vegetables in season, cooked your favorite way. This miniature kitchen range makes it possible to serve a meal de luxe out in the country—anywhere you happen to be.

Two Feature Models: Coleman No. 2, all built-in De Luxe Model, U. S. Price $12.50; Coleman No. 9, without oven attachment, U. S. Price $9.00. Folding High Stand of durable steel construction, to fit either model, price $2.50 extra. Both models fold up like a suitcase, with every piece and part inside.

Ask Your Dealer to show you Coleman Camp Stoves. If he is not supplied write us and we will send descriptive literature and see that you are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. P-44

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"Camp and Keep Young"

Run Him Out of Town

The most disreputable character in your town is Fire. He is the vilest murderer, the biggest thief, the most treacherous enemy of civilization. Run him out of town.

Use your influence to obtain more and better equipment for your fire department. Support building laws that lessen the chances of a conflagration. And insure completely your house, your business, your automobile and other property against fire and its consequences.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company offers the utmost in insurance, and in cooperation in the prevention of fires. Your local Hartford Agent is vitally interested in protecting you from loss by fire. Don't wait for him to call. Invite him to discuss your insurance problems with you.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Connecticut

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

NEW STONES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 17)

With the broad plan approved, the next step is the production of detailed plans and specifications. This is the place where your staff of draftsmen, engineers, technical experts, research men, secretaries, stenographers and office boys tunes up for the grand concert. They fiddle away at their various instruments for a period of perhaps several months, but the conductor's baton is always in your hands. Drawings pile up on the boards until your office looks like the back-number stock room of a daily newspaper. Often a dozen drawings are made for each one that is retained. And as the building rounds out into shape, careful specifications are being drawn up for every stone, every rivet, every tile and every window catch that goes into the final structure.

When plans and specifications are ready, they are submitted to the city building commission to see that in all ways they conform to the state and city laws. This means a delay of from two weeks to three months, and sometimes a partial revision of the plans.

Finally they are ready for the building contractors. In most cases, nowadays, the contractor is chosen at the outset and works hand in hand with the architect. Building construction in any large city is such a gigantic enterprise that there are usually several firms that can be counted upon to extract only a certain reasonable profit, usually from 7 to 10 per cent, and live up to the letter of their contract. Only in government work is the competitive bid resorted to to any great extent, and even here, if reliable firms are called upon, estimates will not vary widely. It is axiomatic that the lowest bid will not necessarily be the best. But building costs are pretty well standardized, and sharp practice is the exception.

Of course the owner may find that material costs have gone up, or a new wage scale for carpenters has gone into effect since the first approximation was made. Then the total building cost may come to a few cents more per cubic foot, but more often than not he is solaced by rising rents in the locality, or by some new quirk in the movement of trade which is bringing a better class of stores and offices into his neighborhood to offset the greater expense of building.

When the contract is awarded, the building permit issued, and, if necessary, the old building torn down—and this in itself, especially in a crowded city, is an engineering feat of no mean proportions—there begins that phase of the work which interests the general public most, and wherein, unfortunately for the profession of architecture, the public sees the least use for that shadowy *deus ex machina*, the architect.

Buildings Tailored to Fit

And yet the construction process is but the objectification of the architect's vision, the realization in the round of those millions of measured lines which he has ruled so carefully in black ink on transparent paper. It is the proof of his pudding. It is here that the architect has most of his trouble, receives most of the abuse, spends a good part of his profits and gets the least credit.

But if he is a conscientious architect, it is here he is most needed. Now, or not at all, he must keep several moves ahead of the builder, make changes here, modifications there, before it is too late. For no architect, I care not how practiced he may be, can completely visualize a building until it is being actually constructed of steel and stone. You would scarcely expect a composer to leave his symphony untouched after hearing it tried out by an orchestra, would you? Yet I doubt if the owner exists who is not surprised and severely pained when his architect decides to alter the score "on the platform," so to speak.

A case comes to mind which, although it does not concern a commercial building, illustrates my point. Our firm received the contract for a large national memorial which is now in course of construction. The plans had been approved and building commenced. But we were not entirely satisfied with the tower, and set about to make it right. As the plan matured still further in our minds we made radical changes in the design, which meant that much of the work we had already done was so much waste paper, but which did not change the final cost of building.

One day a member of the building committee strolled into our office. He noticed we had changed the cardboard model. As he looked at it, his indignation grew, and finally he exploded:

"What! You mean to say you are altering the plans we approved? I'm afraid we cannot stand for that."

Real Cathedrals of Commerce

My ire was aroused, and I replied, "Yes, we are altering them because we think by so doing we can give you a better design. What is more, we will continue to alter them just as long as we think we can improve your building. But, remember, these changes do not increase the cost to you one cent. They simply mean that every day we put in on them cuts a larger slice out of our own commission."

When the gentleman learned that we were paying for the alterations out of our own pockets, he was appeased and not a little ashamed.

The actual physical construction of a skyscraper is one of the daily events of our lives which deserve to be classed with the seven wonders of the world. Personally, I shall never get over marveling at the process. How, from this ugly hole in the ground with its bewildering, chaotic activities and its medley of raucous whistles and shrieks, rises, in so short a space of time, the tall, clean athletic thing that is a modern skyscraper, will always remain a mystery to me.

How the materials, coming from a hundred different sources, transported by a dozen different means over complicated and devious routes, are assembled and organized into any sort of unity is to me a perpetual enigma. I sometimes doubt if even the construction companies can explain it sensibly. But somehow it does happen, and when the last stone is hoisted to the pinnacle and waste chutes are removed the architect gets his final thrill of satisfaction and pride—the thrill that was worth all the trouble and worry and harassment of two years of work.

Religion seems, on the surface, to play a pitifully small part in modern life. Once the best designers, sculptors, painters and artisans directed their efforts toward church and monastic architecture; now they point their arrows at commercial targets.

Yet men express their religion in different ways—in beauty, in love, in achievement, in practical philanthropy. I doubt if religion is any less constant a factor in human life today than in the Middle Ages.

The term "cathedral of commerce" has become so commonplace that one is almost afraid to use it in a sophisticated gathering. Overzealous chambers of commerce have given the phrase a bad name. It gained a certain spurious validity from the use of Gothic motifs in tall buildings; a style of architecture which lent itself especially well to the aspiring lines of modern skyscrapers.

But if I were asked to choose a single type of modern building which most closely resembles the great European cathedral in spirit, I should say without hesitation, the great railroad station.

An office building may simulate a cathedral on the outside, but inside—never. Space is too valuable to waste for mere effect. At Rheims and Amiens economy of space was never an object. Those great churches were built to impress the worshiper with the power and grandeur of religion.

But the fine examples of modern railroad architecture—the new Union Station in Washington, the Grand Central and Pennsylvania terminals in New York—give the same effect of spaciousness. Only, in this case they symbolize the power and magnitude of transportation.

It is useless to scoff at the disparity of the two things—religion and transportation. The fact remains that in these great terminals, space, and valuable space at that, has been actually wasted to obtain a splendid and awe-inspiring artistic effect.

If you will enter the Pennsylvania station in the morning, you will realize how impressive it really is. The sun streams in through great windows, throwing delicate patterns across floor and walls. The air is charged with a faint blue haze that might come from hidden incense burners.

For sheer size the Pennsylvania Station dwarfs most European cathedrals, except the very largest. Take out the end of the station and you could slide in the nave of Chartres, minus the towers, of course, and have room to spare.

Church architecture proper finds itself in a very curious situation in America. Rapid growth of large cities has left many churches stranded in business or financial sections, miles from their parishes. The church finds itself on the horns of a dilemma. Either it must move to some place where the rents are low, or it must collect enough in pew rents and voluntary contributions to meet enormous expenses. It is only the tremendous wealth in the congregation of such a church as Trinity that has enabled it to retain its position at the head of Wall Street. Most churches so cut off from their parishes have had to move. Even in newly developed residential communities, the smaller church finds it difficult to retain a fixed or stable congregation, because localities are no longer local. The automobile, the railroad, the telephone and the radio all conspire to diffuse and diversify public attention.

Skyscraper Churches

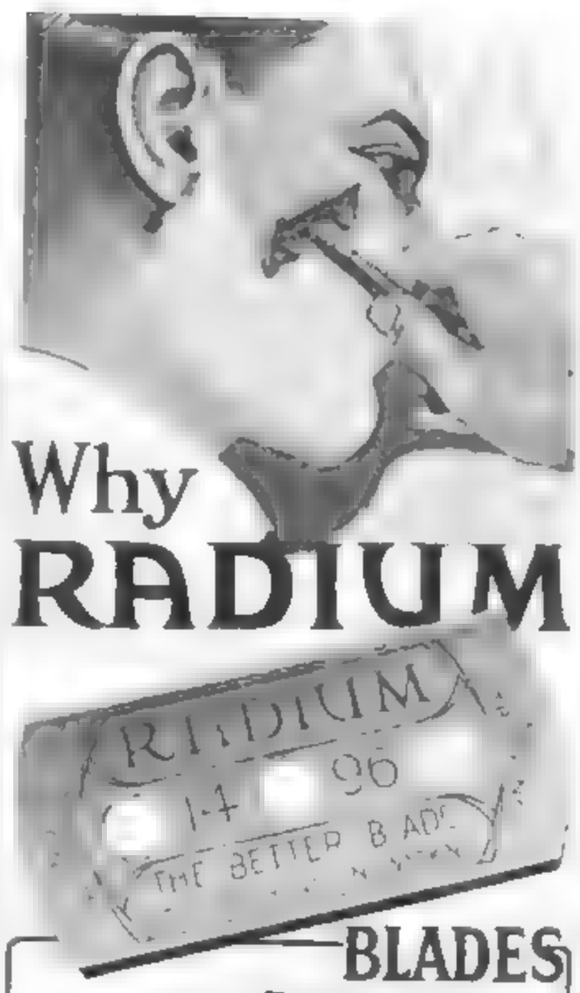
The result, both in the city and the suburbs, has been compromise. The country church has had to broaden its activities to include social and welfare work, even light entertainment, and the city has developed one of the most startling and essentially modern innovations in the whole range of architecture—the skyscraper church.

When you come to think of it, what could be more sensible than this solution of the church's financial problem? Of course, if you are such a dyed-in-the-wool fundamentalist that you cannot abide the notion of putting church property to such mundane uses, then there is no converting you. But the church must either compromise with business, or the most crowded centers can have no church. It is subversive of the most fundamental tenets of religion to rent pews at the price of a box at the opera.

As an architectural form, the skyscraper church is not new. It is simply two forms combined—a commercial building with an auditorium on the ground floor. It has been tried successfully in a large temple in Chicago, a smaller Baptist church in Syracuse, and a Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York. When the elders of other churches realize that by renting the upper stories at a reasonable figure they can have a surplus for charities and foreign missions, instead of asking continually for voluntary contributions, they may see the logic of the plan.

Next to the office building, the apartment house occupies the chief place in the public's interest in architecture. The trend

(Continued on Page 177)



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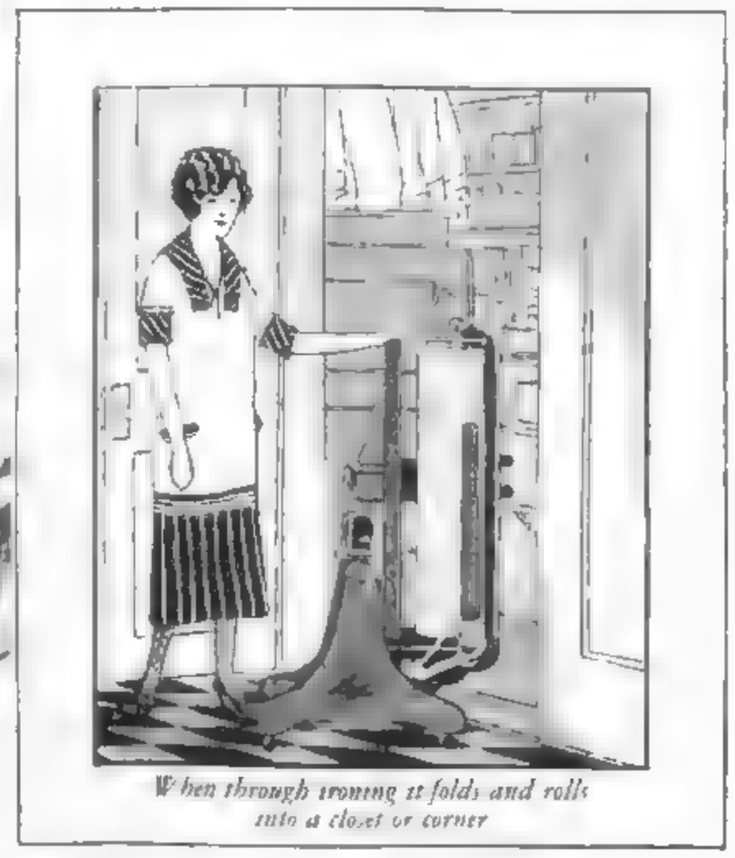

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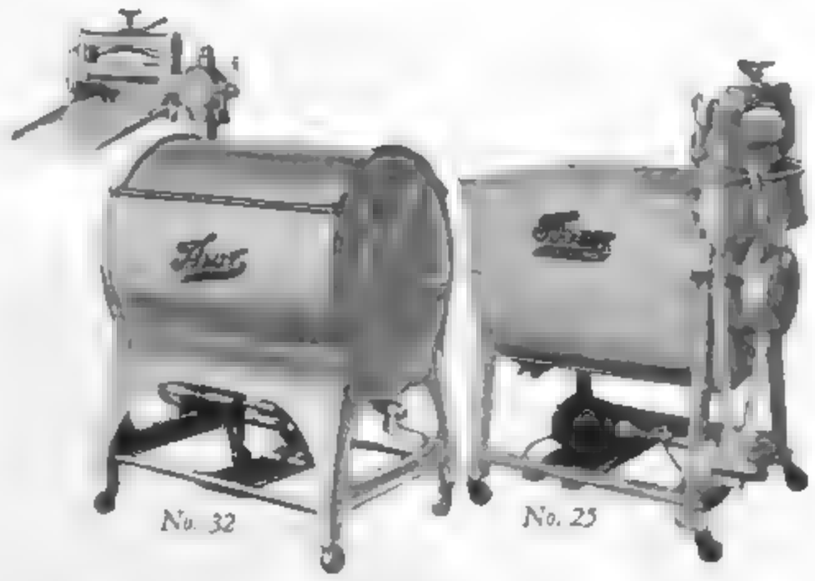

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(Continued from Page 175)

toward community life has given apartments and hotels an importance which they never had before.

One of the principal reasons for the gradual disappearance of the individual home is the difficulty of obtaining adequate domestic servants. It takes lots of them to run a big house, and where twenty years ago they went begging, now they leave their masters beggars and they spend most of their time leaving.

The old-fashioned hospitality is a thing of the past. Gone are the days when a charming bachelor could romp from country house to city home, passing a week here, a month there, and not pay for a meal the year round. In the old days there were tales a-plenty of the guest invited to stay for a few days who settled down for a couple of winters. It really didn't make much difference when there were a dozen old family retainers to look after his needs, and when the house was so big that you didn't have to see him at all after he had begun to bore you to death.

The home used to be a complete social unit, almost feudal in scope. It was dwelling, restaurant, riding club, theater, ball park, hospital and retreat for the aged and infirm, all rolled into one. Now its functions are specialized. We go out for our meals, we play in public parks, we have substituted the movies for the cozy old exhibition of legerdemain by one of the talented members of the family after dinner, and we send Aunt Em and Uncle Abner to the old people's home.

The servant problem has done it. Only the very wealthy can afford the luxury of being insulted by high-priced domestics. In the city, where the moderately well-to-do family used to own its own slice of a city block, life became too arduous without servants when it meant climbing six floors from cellar to attic.

Yet there are other factors. Life flows at a higher speed now, and people want to be in the center of the current. Amusing oneself is a serious business. For variety of amusement, the city is unexcelled. Furthermore, the factory has usurped more and more of the work of the home. Food is supplied in ready-cooked form; clothes are washed in quantity; heat and light are automatically provided. With less and less housework to do, the modern wife finds she wants none at all.

Housing Going Up

The war did a great deal to eliminate servants and develop community living. The sudden dislocation of population, which bunched thousands of people in places where there had been less than hundreds before, caused governments and corporations to provide ready-made habitations on an extensive scale. Town planners set to work and built whole communities with a wave of the hand.

The modern apartment is nothing more nor less than a community-housing scheme on the most efficient basis—a series of compact home units placed one on top of the other instead of in a row.

In the beginning, the particular appeal of the apartment was the elimination of stairways. Stairs have always been the bugbear of the overworked housewife. To have everything grouped on one level and an elevator to carry you up was "paradise enow." But it had one bad feature, difficult to overlook—it brought the living and sleeping quarters together in unpleasant proximity.

The duplex apartment was the first solution of the problem. The sleeping rooms were put above, the living quarters below, and the two connected by means of a small interior stair. But owners, in an effort to reduce space and squeeze in the maximum number of floors, adopted a lower ceiling height.

The disadvantage here lay in the fact that the larger rooms, such as living room and dining room, had the same ceiling height as the smaller ones, and everyone knows that a large room with a low ceiling tends to be depressing. This produced a third type of apartment, as yet hardly known, wherein, by a combination of alternating duplex and simplex floors, the living rooms are given an extra height, bringing them back again to the proportions of the old-fashioned city home, two stories of living rooms being placed adjacent to three stories of minor rooms.

This arrangement has the double advantage of retaining something of the atmosphere of the old-fashioned home in at least one important room, and yet economizing space.

In the course of these articles I have said a great deal about the city. That is natural, for, as an architect grows older and more practiced in his profession, his eyes turn naturally to the metropolis as the broadest field of expression. I may seem to have conveyed the idea that the city was all-important—that in time not so much as a shanty would be left to adorn the plains and valleys of our native land.

But, of course, there is a saturation point. Beyond a certain percentage, the population flows back to the land. What that percentage is might be difficult to determine. But there must always be a certain agrarian population; there must always be small cities where specialized local industries keep certain groups together, and there must always be suburbs for those who wish to compromise between city and country life.

Small Houses in Good Taste

Hence there will always be a demand for small houses. The small house is a field hardly touched as yet by the architect. The reasons are plain—the man who builds a small house does not feel that he can afford an architect; and the architect cannot afford to work for the commission he gets on a small job. He spends just as much time designing a wooden mantel to cost $500 for a small house as he would spend on a marble mantel to cost $5000 for a bank. In the one case his commission is fifty dollars, in the other $500. So the local contractor becomes architect and builder in one, and gets the job.

And what a sorry job he sometimes makes of it! He has no architectural resources. His notions of planning and design are always limited, and often positively clumsy. He runs out of ideas almost before he has begun, and repeats himself in the house next door and on the next block, much to the discomfiture of his patrons. Yet he usually adds to his bill the commission an architect should get.

To meet this situation, the American Institute of Architects, through its small-house bureau, offers a series of small-house plans designed by eminent architects. It sells them for a trifling sum to whoever plans to build. They comprise a considerable variety of designs, and are planned to meet the needs of the prospective householder with a severely limited purse. In fact, the maximum is six rooms.

With the plans goes the recommendation that the local architect be employed to supervise construction, thus killing two birds with one stone. The householder gets a good job for a small fee and the struggling young architect gets enough work to do to keep him going until he is on his feet professionally.

If the public could be persuaded to avail themselves of this service, we should have better suburbs and handsomer towns.

The city, however, is the goal of the ambitious architect. In previous articles I have tried to show the effect zoning is having on American architecture, and to give an inkling of what the future city might be. I explained that the primary purpose of zoning in a large city was to relieve congestion, the secondary purpose to give more light and air, and that beauty was only a by-product. Yet, from the real architect's point of view, beauty is the essential, and the zoning laws have had the curious result of opening his eyes to hitherto unsuspected

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possibilities for beauty of mass and proportion.

It is very possible that the prevalence of aerial photographs of our large cities has had something to do with the increased tendency to treat the tops of buildings with as much care as the sidewalk level. An airplane photograph of Paris is a thing of beauty in itself, whereas a camera shot of certain sections of Chicago or San Francisco or New York is nothing but a tangle of roof tanks and laundries. But the Chicago of the future, with terraced gardens and sun parlors and graceful towers, will vie in beauty with the fabled magnificence of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. When air travel becomes universal, civic pride will balk at ugly roof tops just as now it condemns a street full of ash cans.

The possibilities of pyramidal or stepped-back buildings fascinate the architect. A glance at the illustrations which accompany this article will give the reader an idea of what can be accomplished. They are arranged with a view to showing the successive steps in treating large building operations, from the roughhewing of the abstract form to the possible finished product.

The zoning principle as adopted in New York has created what is known as the "zoning envelope." This envelope, pyramidal in shape, is created by diagonal lines rising from the center of the streets which bound the building

Within this envelope, except for the tower, which we shall discuss later, the architect must mold his building.

The envelope functions like this: The vertical height of a building is fixed by law, but varies according to the zone or district of the city in which it is located. This runs anywhere from one-quarter of the width of the street, as in some scattered residential districts, to two and a half times, as in the financial section. When a building has risen vertically from the sidewalk to the limit of its legal height, it must begin moving back on a diagonal. This diagonal is a line drawn from the center of the street through the top front of the vertical height.

The Higher the Fewer

It would be natural to suppose, therefore, that the height of buildings would be forever limited, that we have exceeded the limit before the law was passed, and that we shall never have any more great skyscrapers. But this is not true. To build higher, we only have to secure increased plottage. If the building occupies only one-eighth of a city block it is easy to see that it cannot rise very high. But if it occupies half a block, or even an entire block, it will rise higher just as long as the dimensions of the base of the pyramid increase.

Furthermore, the law provides that a tower can be constructed to an unlimited height, provided it does not occupy more than 25 per cent of the entire area of the plot. But since a small tower is of little use except for decorative purposes, the tendency among owners is to assemble larger and larger plottage in order to make the tower of sufficient dimensions to be rentable and therefore productive.

Now let us go still further. Let us suppose that the Government or some huge corporation desires to put up a building which will overtop the entire city. There is no structural or architectural impediment to building on two city blocks, or even four, provided the streets are allowed to pass through the building. The structure can then become a gigantic mass rising in pyramidal form seventy-eighty-ninety stories, with a huge tower soaring from the center to an unlimited height. The chief problem here would be one of light and air. It is obvious that the greater the thickness of the building, the farther away the center will be from the sunshine. It then becomes necessary to cut the mass from the sides in such a way that there will be a greater exterior surface.

You have not increased the congestion in the streets, because you have covered a larger ground area.

Everlasting History

The streets themselves will run under massive archways, bisecting the building on the interior, and feeding its multifarious activities. The streets will be triple-decked, with the pedestrians walking in comfort on the top level, motor traffic passing underneath them and subways speeding underground. Gigantic bridges will be built over rivers, with apartment houses on them, where they will receive a maximum of light and air.

Air landing stations will be placed at convenient intervals within the city, and regular aerial-bus services from point to point will increase transportation facilities a hundredfold.

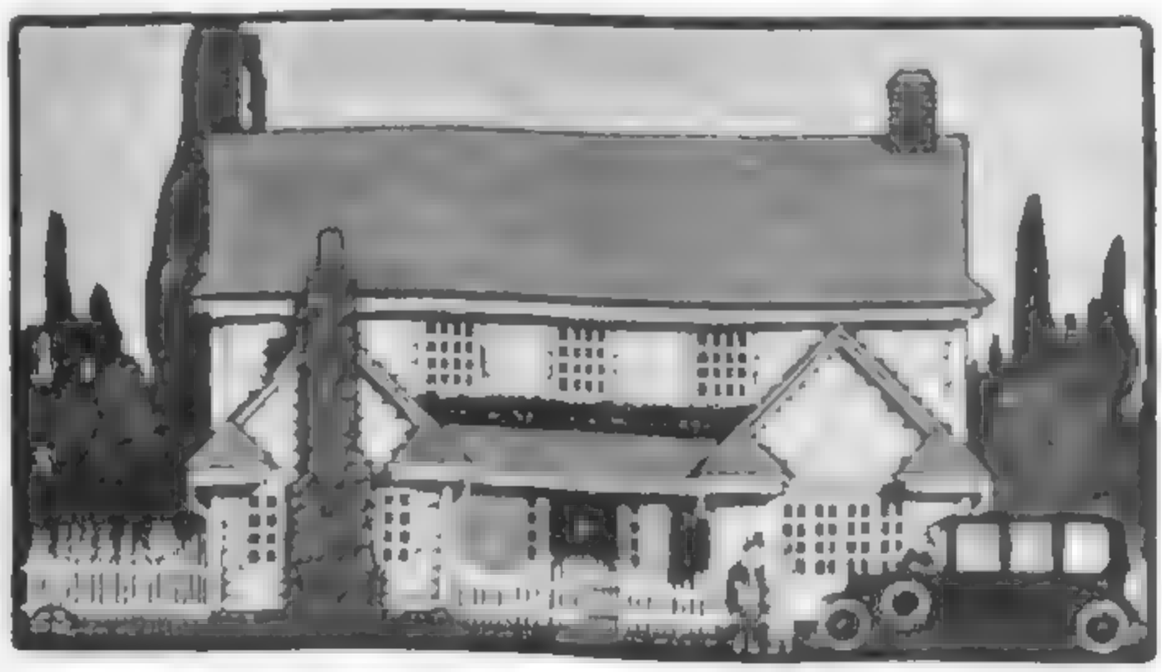
The future city will surpass the wildest flights of the imagination. It will, because it has. For this is the city of the future; this New York, this Chicago, this Los Angeles, this Detroit where you are living now.

This is the very city you or your father never dreamed of thirty years ago, when gasoline buggies were a dangerous practical joke, and horses had other things to do besides run around race tracks, and a fifteen-story building was a kind of acute insanity.

If these articles have fulfilled their purpose, they will have shown how important architecture is in modern life. They will have proved that the architect is no impractical dreamer, but an artist and a man of the world combined, one of the most important members of every community. People want to live in cities, and the architect has shown them how they can live there more comfortably and more healthfully. They have asked for amusement, and he has built them theaters. They have needed medical attention, and he has made them model hospitals. They have wanted recreation, and he has given them stadiums. Architecture is the child of necessity. The need was there and architecture has met the need.

An architect is only a species of historian who writes the history of his nation and his time in stone.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett.



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The building authorities are warning all America against old-fashioned construction.

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They are warning people that in five years, perhaps sooner, such houses will be shunned—hard to sell—hard to rent—hard to mortgage.

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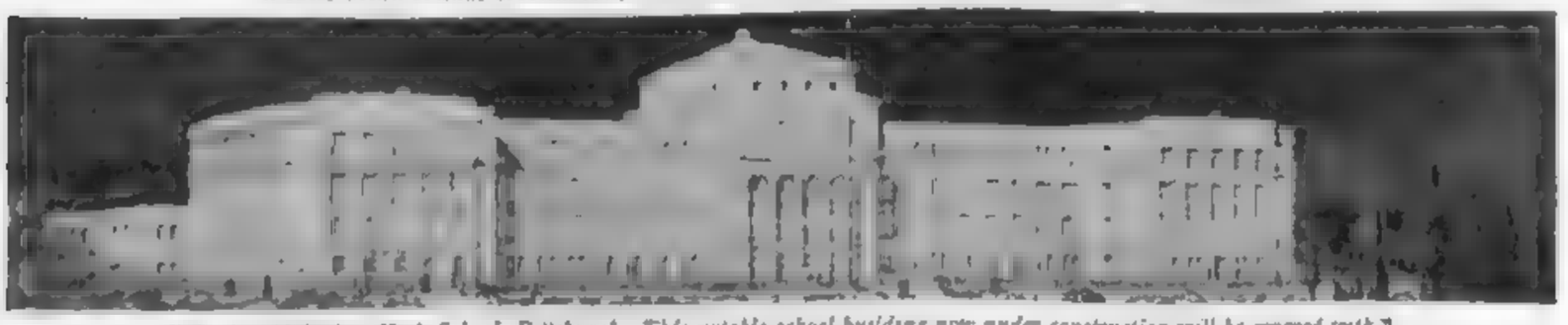

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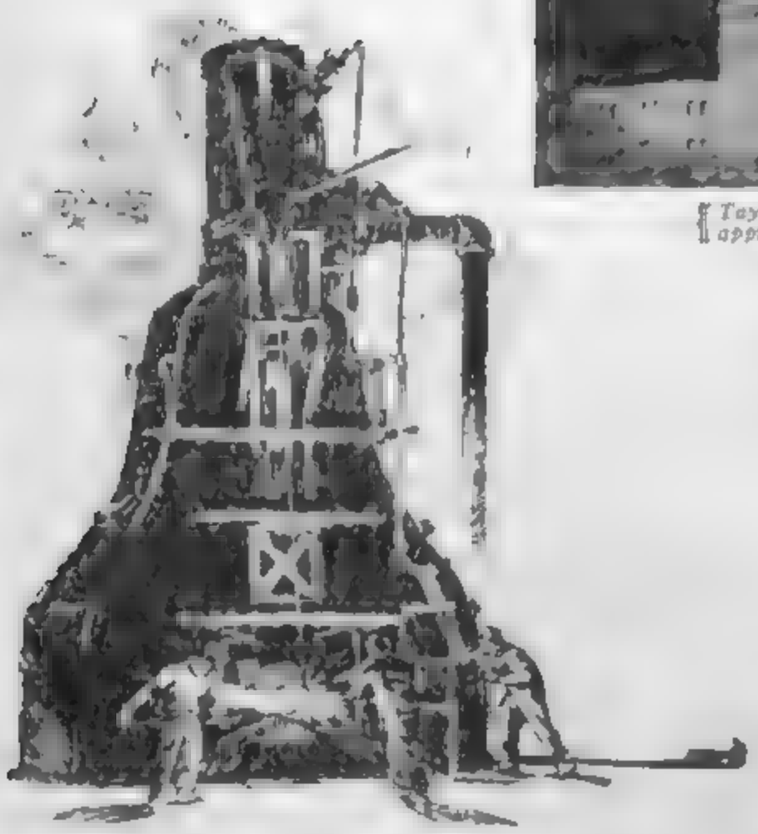

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THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

THE ZODIAC GOAT

Continued from Page 27

Mr. Probyn perceived neither the scowl nor the glare; he introduced Annibal to her; he said nothing about the Rejuvenator; he told her that Annibal was commencing to collect jade—only she knew how lately he had commenced collecting—and was very promising, with the genuine flair for the fine thing. He told Annibal that she was an advanced collector of jade; that, since she had a great deal too much money for a girl of her age, she was becoming his serious rival; that she had an immense energy and covered very much more ground in her search for it than he had ever done.

Annibal could have added to the qualities which made her a successful collector, an unrivaled faculty for unscrupulous browbeating. He did not do so. He thought that her name, Stella, was inappropriate. Jael now, or Judith.

Mr. Probyn began to discuss again his beautiful jade; Annibal began to learn again. Stella smoldered. Annibal knew that she was smoldering. Now and again he let his dreamy blue eyes look through her, plainly without seeing her.

When at last he took his leave, she conducted him to the front door; she was firm about doing this. Her nostrils were still dilated, her eyes fiery.

In the hall she said, in hushed but eloquent accents, "Of all the beastly cheek—your coming here!"

"I came to see your grandfather—to do him a service. I've sold him a Rejuvenator. He will grow younger every month," said Annibal with cold dignity.

"A Rejuvenator! I won't let him take it! It'll destroy his constitution!" she cried, opening the door.

"You don't take it. You use it," said Annibal loftily, going through the door.

"I won't let him use it!" she cried.

Annibal paused on the third step and said a trifle sententiously, "There are no lengths to which wounded vanity will not carry a woman."

He raised his hat and went down the rest of the steps.

Stella appeared to be suffocating, in an upright position, on the threshold of her home.

On reaching the Annibal Tod offices, Annibal took the Zodiac goat from the drawer and studied it by the light of his new knowledge. He saw that it had the quality of the primitive. It was, indeed, a collector's piece—a very good piece, indeed, with which to start the Annibal Tod collection of jade.

He had now a new object in life. As he went about the world, on his business or stalking old gentlemen, he examined the shops of dealers in objects of art; he went into them and asked for jade. He was lucky; he found a small elephant and a small conventionalized tiger, or it might have been a boar, of nearly as dark a gray as his Zodiac goat.

On the morning of the day on which he was to show Mr. Probyn the best way to use the Rejuvenator there came into his office a tall, slim, beautifully dressed young man. His rather indeterminate features were set in an expression of considerable worry.

"You're Tod, aren't you?" he said.

"I'm Annibal Tod," said Annibal rather coldly.

The young man looked at him with an even more worried expression. Annibal gazed at him coldly.

"Look here ——" began the young man in a blustering tone, and stopped. Then he went on in a milder tone: "My name's Brabazon, and it's like this ——" and stopped again.

Annibal gazed at him coldly.

The young man made a fresh and hurried start. He said: "The fact is, I'm a friend of Miss Probyn's, and you got a jade goat which she ought to have had by rights and were devilishly rude to her about it, and she put it to me that as a friend of hers I couldn't stand it and I must give you a damn good hiding!"

"How are you going to do it?" said Annibal rather listlessly.

Mr. Brabazon looked at him more closely; his first impression, that Annibal was thickset, grew stronger.

"I don't quite know," he said frankly. "But it's got to be done somehow."

"Oh, no, it hasn't," said Annibal, taking pity on him for an ingenuous and browbeaten young fellow. "You know quite well that it wasn't I who was rude, and that Miss Probyn has no right whatever to the goat. You can't get yourself hammered to a jelly under false pretenses, you know. You'd look so silly."

Mr. Brabazon looked as if his brain was hardly of a caliber to handle so delicate a situation. He said disconsolately, "But she made me promise to give you a damn good hiding."

"All right, we'll take it as given. You can tell her you gave me a damn good hiding. I won't say you didn't," said Annibal generously.

Mr. Brabazon looked even more at a loss; he said feebly, "It's—er—awfully sporting of you."

"Don't mention it," said Annibal graciously. "She'll be happy, and you'll be happy, and I shall be saved a little trouble on a hot day."

Mr. Brabazon still looked to be at a loss; he said feebly, "It does look the best way out of it—if she doesn't get it out of me."

"The truth is far too valuable to waste on a young woman like that," said Annibal in an encouraging tone.

"Oh, Miss Probyn's quite all right, you know," said Mr. Brabazon quickly and loyally. "Only a bit quick-tempered."

"I noticed it," said Annibal dryly.

"People do—somehow," said Mr. Brabazon despondently. Then his face suddenly brightened, and he added, "I say, couldn't something be done about that beastly goat? Sixty now—or a hundred?"

Annibal shook his head. "Not for six hundred—or a thousand," he said firmly.

Mr. Brabazon's face fell again; he shuffled his feet and looked round the room helplessly. Annibal gathered that he wished to take his leave but could not think of the fitting formula.

Therefore he said amiably, "Well, that's settled, and no bones broken."

Mr. Brabazon took his leave, shaking hands warmly and declaring that it was awfully sporting of Annibal. A weight seemed to have been lifted from his spirit.

When the door closed behind him, Annibal's thought was, "She'll marry the poor beggar and bully him to his dying day." Then, rather oddly, he felt sorry for it—all that loveliness and Mr. Brabazon's indeterminate features.

That afternoon, after greeting Annibal, Mr. Probyn said that it was odd, but his granddaughter had been certain that he would not come.

"I wonder why," said Annibal innocently, and at once got to his instruction in the best method of using the Rejuvenator.

He had finished and was having his tea when Stella joined them. She greeted Annibal coldly, but her eyes were vengeful and satisfied. She watched him closely, ready to gloat over the gingerly manner in which he moved his bruised limbs and the faces he made at twinges of pain. He afforded her no occasion to gloat. He moved easily; he talked easily; he made no faces. He was more of a stoic than she had supposed. It was disappointing.

Again she conducted him to the front door. As she opened it, she said vengefully, "That'll teach you to take an unfair advantage of me!"

"It will," said Annibal lightly. "Good afternoon."

He walked lightly down the steps and lightly along the pavement, with just a suggestion of a swagger. As she looked after

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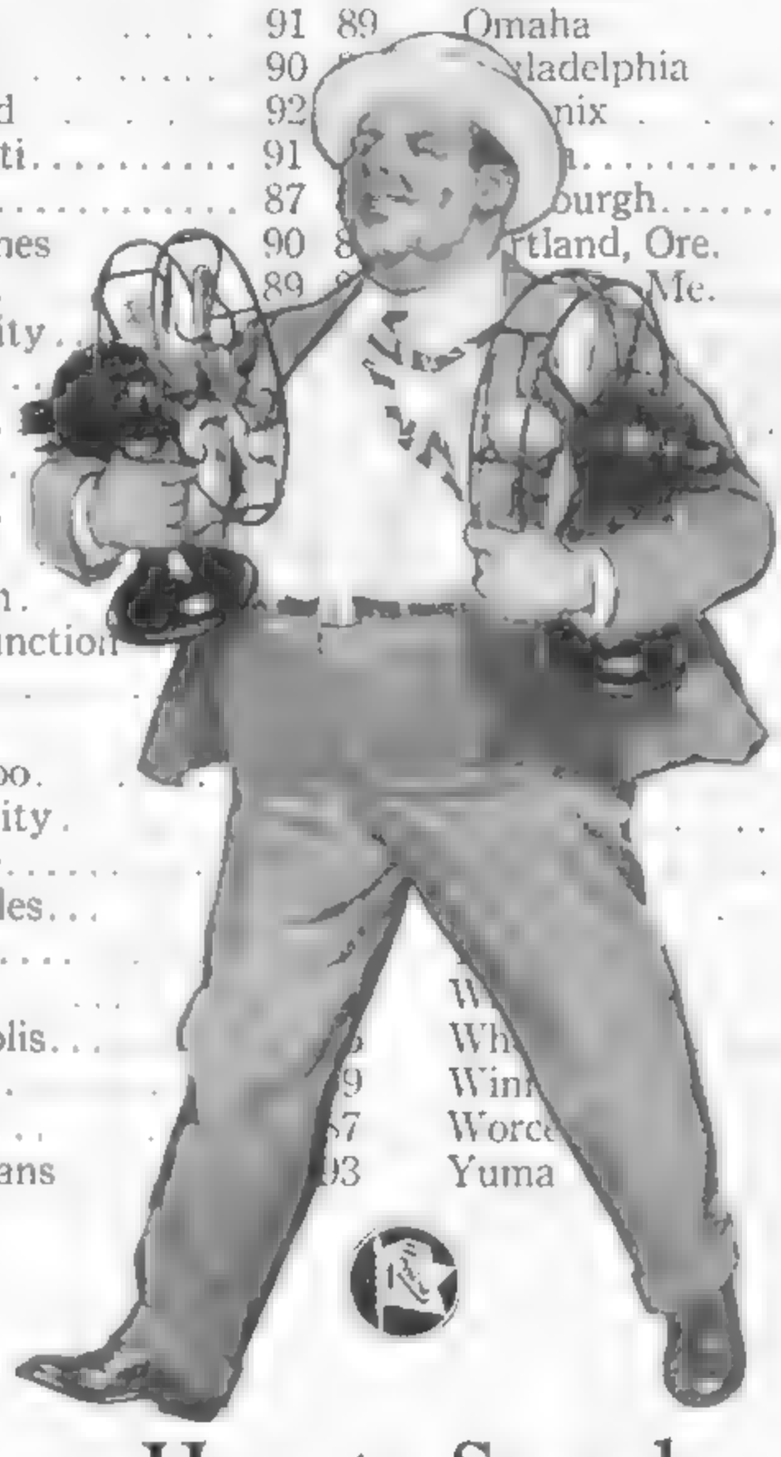
Boise	88	85	New Rochelle	91	89
Boston	90	89	Oakland	87	85
Buffalo	89	87	Oklahoma	95	93
Canton	91	89	Omaha	98	97
Chicago	90		ladelphia	90	89
Cleveland	92		nix	100	95
Cincinnati	91			92	90
Denver	87		burgh	93	91
Des Moines	90	8	rtland, Ore.	89	87
Detroit	89		Me.	85	83
Dodge City				98	95
Duluth				88	84
El Paso				95	92
Eureka				92	90
Flagstaff				100	98
Fresno				98	95
Galveston				89	87
Grand Junction				90	85
Helena				100	93
Huron				90	88
Kalamazoo				91	88
Kansas City				90	89
Knoxville				98	97
Los Angeles				90	87
Memphis				100	98
Miami			W	90	87
Minneapolis		6	Wh	91	86
Needles		9	Winn	85	83
Newark		67	Worce	89	85
New Orleans		93	Yuma	101	99



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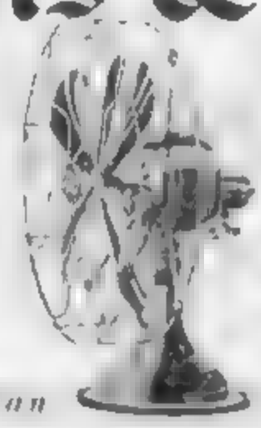

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him a dark suspicion formed in her mind. She went briskly to the telephone to summon Mr. Brabazon. She wished to ask him questions. Terror strengthened his conviction that the truth was too precious to be wasted on her—at any rate when she was in that mood. He stuck manfully to his story that he had given Annibal a damn good hiding.

It was best for her; it was best for him. He had no doubt of it.

Three days later Annibal received a letter from Mr. Probyn, inviting him to tea next day to see an interesting jade Pi of the Yuan period he had just bought. Annibal went eagerly, taking with him his little elephant and tiger—or it might have been a boar.

As he approached Number 22, a car came away from it. Stella was driving it; beside her sat Mr. Brabazon. She looked straight through Annibal; Mr. Brabazon gave him a miserable nod. He seemed to Annibal to be wearing a furtive, even guilty, air.

Mr. Probyn showed him the Pi, which was of a rich brown and a pleasing blue, proudly. Annibal admired it and asked questions about it. Then he showed Mr. Probyn his elephant and boar—or it might have been a tiger. Mr. Probyn congratulated him. He said that they were small but good—girdle ornaments that had adorned corpses.

On his return to his office he was opening the drawer to put them with the Zodiac goat, when he found that the key would not turn in the lock.

Then he found that, though he had locked it before he went out, the drawer was unlocked. He opened it.

The Zodiac goat had gone! Where it had been lay seven five-pound notes.

Annibal said things. Then he reproached himself for not having asked Mr. Brabazon his address. If he had known it, a damn good hiding would have been going about all right!

Then he put the seven five-pound notes in an envelope, addressed it to Miss Stella Probyn, took it to the post office quickly, registered, insured and posted it.

The seven five-pound notes came back to him by return of post. Hastily the post carried them to Buxton Grove. As hastily it brought them back. For the next ten days it carried them from Buxton Grove to the Adelphi and back again as quickly as it possibly could. Had the Postmaster General known what a rich source of inland revenue those notes had become, he would have rubbed his hands. Annibal was prepared to spend his last penny on postage, and when that last penny had been spent, to walk every day to Buxton Grove and deliver those notes by hand.

Stella rose to unimaginable heights of loathing of him. She could not spend the whole of her life sending seven five-pound notes from Buxton Grove to the Adelphi—at least she told herself that she could not. She felt that Annibal could—and would—spend all his life sending seven five-pound notes from the Adelphi to Buxton Grove. What was to be done?

She tried letting three days elapse before she returned the notes. They came back to her as fast as the post could bring them. As she sealed the envelope in which she sent them forth once more, she was conscious of a distinct physical weakness; presently her reluctant fingers would refuse to perform the task.

Three days later she realized that she was beaten; never would she induce Annibal Tod to take the thirty-five pounds. For a while she thought that she would keep the goat. But she could not quite—very nearly, but not quite—do that. She must give it back to him.

How she did loathe that goat! How much more did she loathe giving it back to Annibal! How much the most did she loathe Annibal!

She arrived at his office miserable but raging. She entered it without knocking—it was the least she could do—and violently. She did not greet Annibal, who was writing a reminding letter. She walked up to his desk, glowered down on him, opened her hand bag, took out the goat, set it down on the top of the desk with a firmness that made a considerable dint in it, said, "There's your beastly goat!"

She waited for Annibal's stern face to relax into a smile of triumph before she really told him what she thought of him. It did not do so. On the contrary, it contracted into a ferocious scowl; he banged his hand down on the desk and shouted in a dreadful voice, "Take it away, girl! Take it away at once!"

Stella jumped and gasped; then she cried, "I won't! I don't want it!"

"Take it away!" roared Annibal. "I won't have the beastly thing in the place! You've contaminated it! It isn't fit for human touch!"

Stella gasped again, then paled with righteous fury.

"What d-d-do you mean? I t-t-tried t-t-to g-g-give you thirty-five p-p-pounds for it!" she stammered.

"It isn't your stealing it I mind!" shouted Annibal, thoroughly enjoying the sound of his rich and roaring voice. "It's the meanness of it—the incredible, despicable, shameful meanness! You've dozens of fine pieces of jade; and I'd only one. And you robbed me of it! You've contaminated it forever! Take it away!"

Stella stared at him with incredulous eyes; she could not believe her ears. She mean? She who was so generous? Everybody who knew her knew that she was the most generous creature in the world. And she knew it too. She had always known it.

She stared into Annibal's terrible eyes.

"Take it away!" he shouted.

Something gave. She picked up the goat and tottered out of the office with bowed head.

Annibal gazed on her receding, shrunken form with eyes splendidly grim.

In the outer office was just one chair. She dropped on to it and began to cry. She cried loudly, with the helpless, noisy abandonment of a child.

Annibal sat grim and still for nearly a minute.

Then he rose in a hesitating fashion. He no longer wore a splendid air; he looked extremely uncomfortable. He went slowly into the outer office.

He said gruffly, "There, there, that'll do!"

It would not do—plainly. Her crying grew louder and more abandoned.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he added untruthfully, but in a tone of compunction.

It was wholly without effect. He ground his teeth; he looked out of the window helplessly and rather wildly. The sky was serene. There were no signs that heaven proposed to lend a helping hand. He ground his teeth again and shuffled his feet. There was nothing for it.

"Here, give me that beastly goat!" he said.

Her discomposed features resumed something of their form; a faint gleam of hope shone through the despair in her eyes; she raised the goat a few inches to give it to him, then let it fall back in her lap.

"The n-n-notes!" she sobbed.

"Never!" cried Annibal. "Yes!" he shouted, as her features once more discomposed into their anguish.

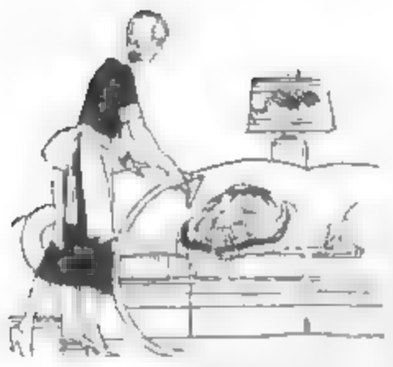
Sobbing, she fumbled in her vanity bag, found the notes, gave them to him.

Holding them in reluctant fingers, he gazed down on her, worsted by superior weapons.

Her features again assumed form. Light suddenly came to him; his splendid air returned. With a splendid gesture he caught her up and kissed her with a splendid fervor.

Evidently, in her confusion of mind, she did not grasp what was happening to her for a good ten seconds.

When she did thrust herself out of his arms and tell him that his behavior was disgraceful, her eyes were shining; her lovely coloring, and rather more of it, was restored.



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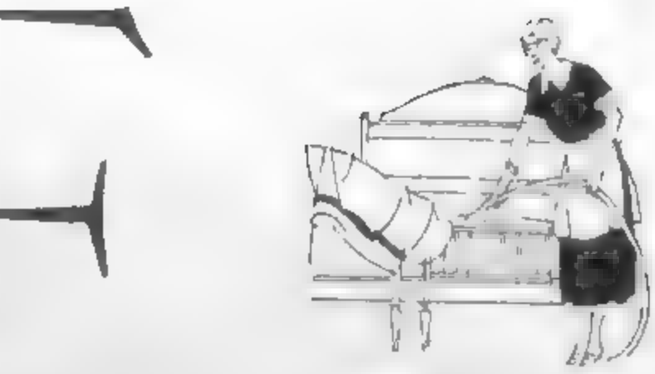

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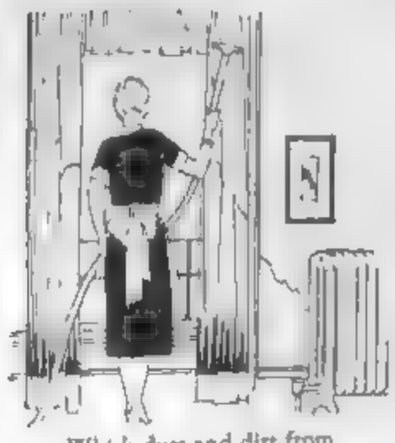

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Anyone can do it anywhere and make permanent heat-vulcanized repairs, the only kind you would stand for at a repair shop because you know that vulcanized repairs will stick regardless of hot weather or anything else.

Get this "Hole" Outfit today for only $1.50 wherever auto supplies are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West. Includes vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units—ready to use

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SHALER

SOOTS

(Continued from Page 4)

him once, backed up into a corner of the living room, a big chair blocking his only avenue of escape except by knocking over the youngster seated on the floor before him. Back there, penned in, he weaved and squirmed, doing his best to avoid some highly absorbing attentions from the baby. When we came up to the pair the look of utter relief in the great soft eyes which beautify a bulldog's honest scowl was more eloquent than any spoken "Lord be praised!"

Investigation brought to light the fact that young Bob had between his chubby knees a large pincushion, and that he had been painstakingly removing all the pins from it one by one and putting them into the dog. After this there never rose again the doubts that had before often disturbed us as to whether there was not a limit to the bulldog's patience with the baby.

Following custom, we remonstrated with the young man just the same. Generally, after any such performance, he was deprived of the bulldog's company for the balance of the day. But at this offense we took up matters with him more forcibly than usual, following a formula now long since *passé*, whose application might even yet check hell-bent youth, preventing the citizens into which they will grow from being yellow quitters under discipline's tough rod. But the bad feature of punishing Bob for deviling the dog was that the innocent was forced to suffer with the guilty. For following any correction of the baby, the dog would hunt a solitary corner and there mourn inconsolably, evidently blaming himself for young Bob's state of temporary disgrace.

We always have contended in our family that it is the inalienable right of every child to be brought up with a dog—or two or three. And so we got Soots into the family early in Bob's life; but unfortunately not so early in Soots' life. When Bob came to town we were apartment dwellers in the downtown region, in a fourth story, and so could not well house-break a pup. So Soots was adult when we purchased him. And I had not taken him on many walks until I found out that he had already learned all his defects as a dog-fighting dog. It required a sure intelligence to do this, and to plan his style of combat with these defects in mind. But the bulldog has a fine intelligence—this again contrary to general opinion. His massive skull is generously filled, and not by any means with dishwater. He can be bullheaded as the very devil, true; stubborn to a maddening degree. Once he sets his hard head that a certain course of procedure is a reasonable one, he can be the most exasperating creature on God's footstool. An army mule is as tractable as the late lamented Dobbin Grey in comparison.

Soots, for example, got the idea into his bull head that it was just as reasonable as it was desirable that he should occupy the big blue chair of soft velours that stood before our library fireplace; and he carried this conviction with him to that bourn from which no dog returns, and this despite a variety of arguments to the contrary that included every shot in the locker. Courage to stick up for your rights, fancied or real, makes man or dog no less lovable, however, and no less intelligent.

Your bulldog is not a fast thinker, but he thinks well. He does not come to his conclusions with the speed of a fox terrier; nor does he, heaven be praised, come to anywhere nearly so many conclusions. But as to right conclusions, his batting average will compare favorably with that of any dog that ever chased a cat—or stopped chasing when the cat decided to stop being chased.

At any rate, Soots had reached the right conclusions about his efficiency as a dog fighter. How long it took him to reach them I have no way of telling; but I am sure that any other dog would have acted differently upon them—would have given up, without a bit of doubt, the fighting game and devoted his time and talents to some less strenuous and almost equally satisfying forms of relaxation, such as valiantly and vociferously chasing the cowardly motorcycle to its lair, or cunningly sleuthing out the last resting place of such hens as had long since passed their period of usefulness, and rolling exuberantly in their defunct remains.

But Soots stuck to dog fighting. He liked the sport. Let it be said, however, that he seldom hunted trouble. Snoring on laps, or on blue velours chairs if laps were not available, and romping with little Bob in ludicrous bulldog scamperings could very satisfactorily fill out his day. I cannot now, in fact, recall a single instance in which he started a discussion; except, of course, with any dog with whom he had previously held high argument—or in some case where a lady was involved.

At any dog with whom he had ever previously fought he would fly instanter, with a glad, wicked growl in his usually silent throat. For a fight was the one thing in the world which must not be left unfinished; and glimpsing his former adversary, the humiliating realization would suddenly sweep him that here was a job of work that he had left undone. The other dog was still alive—and so was he; and until either he or his estimable *vis-à-vis* had reached that one and only state in which it is no longer possible to fight, the fight, of course, was on. It took two live dogs to start a fight, claimed Soots, and at least one dead dog to end it. This all folks should remember who ever try to stop a dog fight in which one or both of the participants are of bull blood: No amount of kicking or clubbing will avail. Aside from placing the kicker or clubber in a much more brutal class than that of the fighting dogs, the very act defeats the purpose of it. The bulldog thinks he is being punished for not having killed the other dog long ago, and so goes at it all the harder.

As to *affaires d'amour*, who would blame one rational gentleman from flying at another's throat to settle any difference—or shall we say coincidence of opinion in such matter? To adjust such difficulties swiftly, in the immemorial manner, is the best. And who would interfere with a dispute of such distinctly private nature short of decisive conclusions?

Soots was at most times a sedate and peaceful gentleman who paddled about with truculence writ large upon his face and frame, but with good will toward dogs and men filling his sweet and gentle heart. He was practically without peer in the sublime art of minding his own business, and he was extremely slow to wrath; altogether such an individual as is all too often imposed upon by this and that variety of trouble seeker.

With old Soots, however, the quest of the trouble seeker generally came to an abrupt end.

So, for instance, came to an end the quest of Señor Whiskerando.

Whiskerando quested up to Soots one day as that squat canine tank went rolling down the river road a score of steps or so ahead of me.

Whiskerando said with insolence, "Hello, Tub."

Soots said, "Hello, Rags, how you comin'?"

Whiskerando said, "Rags, hell! An Airedale's coat's supposed to look like this!" And he bristled.

Soots said, "Oh, excuse me! My error! And go bristle at the ash man's horse! I don't feel bristleish this morning. I'm taking the boss' daddy down to the office this morning. I'm going to lie under the typewriter desk. He turns out better stuff when my snore's going good. Then at noon the boss' mother is going to stop for us and take us up for lunch in the car. It looks like a good day, Tatters. Many happy returns!"

In Los Angeles, Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Battle Creek six famous cooking experts conducted a novel cooking experiment.

Miss Lucy G. Allen, *who represented Boston in the experiment.*

Mrs. Vaughn, *Los Angeles*

And Boston couldn't teach Los Angeles a thing!

IN BOSTON, traditional seat of learning, and Los Angeles, gay and youthful city, two famous cooks participated with four other experts in a nation-wide test of the Perfection Stove. When results were compared, Boston couldn't teach Los Angeles a thing, for Los Angeles, independently, had reached the *same* conclusions!

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"But it's the extra features—the oil reservoir which you can refill without soiling your hands; and the long chimneys which insure clean kettle bottoms that recommend the Perfection to particular people," said Mrs. Vaughn. And Miss Allen and the other four experts agreed.

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The Perfection Stove proved so satisfactory by six experts is our latest model. See it at any dealer's. The 1926 line is complete from a one-burner stove, to a large, five-burner range, prices from $7.25 to $130.00. You, too, will be satisfied with a Perfection, as are 4,500,000 daily users.

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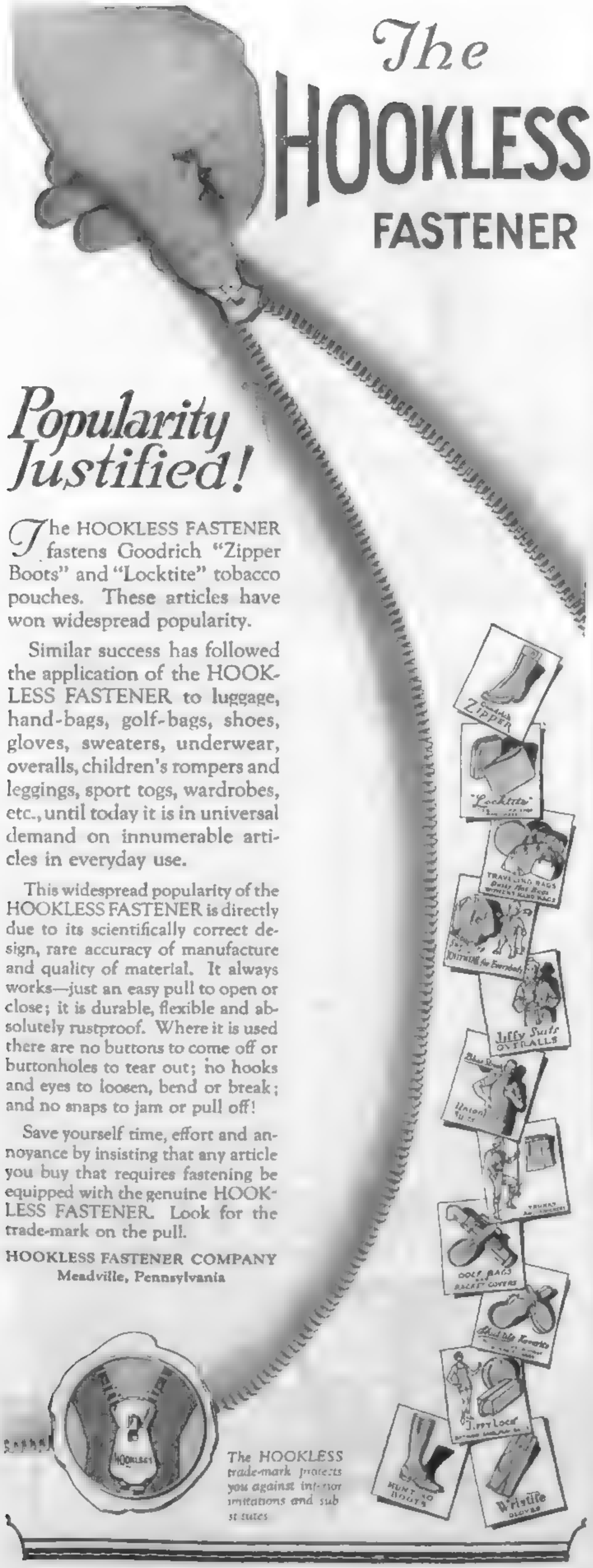
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Whiskerando's legs got stilty. He tiptoed about on them. He arched his neck.

"Tatters!" he snarled. "An Airedale's coat, I told you, is supposed to look like that!" He took a stand across the narrow path. "If you're headed for the office, walk around me. I'm using this path now!"

But the Susquehanna's bank was steep and high on one side of the footpath, and a thick flowering bush grew on the other side at this point. Soots cocked his broad skull up and looked back at me over one neat rose ear.

"Dog-gone!" he said to me. "This guy is full of dynamite this morning. You tell him to move over just a little, won't you?"

"Tell him yourself," I said. "You're big enough and old enough and ugly enough!"

Soots sighed. He had had a peach of a scrap with a German shepherd only three days ago, and had figured that he was about a month ahead on his fight schedule.

Then he started to paddle down that path which Whiskerando was using. He didn't tell Whiskerando to move aside—not in canine words. Bulldogs, like many other doers, make poor speakers. He said, "My forbears wouldn't walk around a half-ton bull"—said it with action, said it by walking unhurriedly and unmaliciously, matter-of-factly into the Airedale's flank. The Airedale put a two-inch slash in Soots' shoulder.

"Suits me," growled Soots. "I couldn't have picked a sweeter morning for one of us to die!"

Following a well-established precedent, the Airedale whaled the stuffing out of Soots. Only to this day old Soots hasn't the slightest conviction of the fact. And for that matter, neither has the Airedale. The terrier cut the bulldog till he was a holy bleeding mess. Why didn't I stop it? What would I stop it for?

It was a perfectly good fight, you can take my word for it. It was a fair fight. There are entirely too few good fair fights in the world to stop one. It was a good fair fight. On the one side were punishing jaws and a body up on the legs for speed and undeniable Airedale fighting craft and guts. And on the other side were undershot fangs which could not tear or hold, and a mighty chest swung low between the elbows and a light stern roached high, made neither for speed fore nor deftness aft. Handicapped fearfully by these things. Yet it was a fair fight, for in that low-swung barrel chest a heart thumped battle music that as time went on must have thudded as direfully in the ears of Whiskerando as the ceaseless thud of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's war drums sounded in Tommy Atkins' ears. There was no muffling of that battle drumming but by death; for of all fighting things, the bull breed only knows the true, ultimate meaning of the phrase "to take it."

Clamped to a mad bull's nose, old Soots' forbears had learned a century before that grimmest, bravest of all satisfactions. Hang on, stay with it, take it! Give back the best you've got; but take more than the other fellow has. Keep taking it long enough, and unless the old guy with the eyeless sockets and the scythe first cuts you down, as sure as fate the giver is your meat.

All dogs to which men have assigned a job of work that calls for an unquestionable and unquestioned capacity to take it to the very end can trace that trait of character back to the bulldog.

Take the greyhound, for instance. The greyhound is one of the ancientest of breeds, as is natural—man's first need of the dog being assistance in running down his prey. The greyhound's form today is almost to a line the form he has in very ancient representations of him. But old Egypt shows him with police-dog ears. Now his ears fold back and down, turning a little inside out to show a little of the rosy lining of them; the typical beautiful rose ear of the bulldog. Why was the greyhound ever crossed with the bull? Why should a dog whose business is to course small beasts as harmless as the hare risk loss of speed to gain ability to take it? The answer is that a good greyhound that cannot catch his hare will, unless you can manage somehow to take him up, keep right on trying until he actually runs himself to death.

Never give up. Never! At him! At him till you're dead! One battle motto—that of Sour Mug!

Pit dogs, which are so bred that old Short Nose's heart beats in a true-jawed, fast-thinking, faster-working warrior, and who can therefore give it equally as well as take it, bring credit to their hard, half-human owners even when they lose, provided they lose right. A good pit dog dies in the fight he loses. So, often, does the winner of the fight. In other words, you say, he will quit only when he dies.

No, not according to pit-dog men. He dies. That fact they will admit. But suggest that he quits before or during death—or after—and they smile at you.

I have seen pit dogs die—though not, I beg you to believe me, in the dog pit. I like a dog fight. What man does not? But not a fight where gallant dogs are left to tear out each other's throats to the clink of filthy dollars changing hands. I have seen a pit dog stagger weakly at a love call up to death, plunging as valiantly into the great shadow as though battle rapture filled his heart. I have seen bulldogs die also. So when you say that one of the bull breed quits even when he dies, I can join the pit-dog man's grim smile at you.

Following established precedent, as we say, that Airedale whaled the everlasting daylights out of Soots. But not so Soots could notice it. Have you ever, by fine craft or by the grace of God, sent a sharpshooter's smack, with many a smoking trencher of good roast beef and gravy back of it, straight to the button—to have the laddy buck you have so plentifully socked shake his head with vigor, and instead of flopping flat as any flapjack, step up to you for another helping of the same? It's an unreasonable and unorthodox and inconsiderate performance on the other fellow's part; and at its third or fourth repetition it takes the stout, confident heart right out of you and puts a chicken's liver in its place.

Some such experience Don Whiskerando must have undergone. He punctured Soots' hide as full of holes and slices as a pack-cornered boar's. But Soots, unmindful, kept a-plugging at his job. Soots, out of numerous previous encounters, had found out that his jaws were not so good. But he had found out also that his compact body held a sheer muscular power to be matched by no dog anywhere near his size; had learned that few dogs could withstand his charge. He had learned what ice hockey and lacrosse men call the body check—the ability to hit with the body, the ability to knock an adversary sprawling with a sudden jolt, standing or moving, delivered with the hip or shoulder.

He had also learned, along with this, the value of that business which ring devotees designate as "keeping on top of him." Not in and out, but in there all the time. Never let him get set to strike. Make him hit backing up.

Soots had learned long before he ever set eye on Señor Whiskerando that adroit avoidings and fancy footwork were not the bulldog's dish. So he kept coming in at the señor—coming in, coming in, everlastingly coming in. Two or three times that Airedale fronted him, hoping each time to get the vital hold; but each time that seventy-pound bulldog projectile knocked him down, tore loose his grip, ran over him, rolled him in the dirt, the undershot, unmeeting fangs the only thing that spared his life each time that he went under. That heavy battering ram of a lower jaw plunged at his upturned vitals, the mere buffet of them carrying shock and pain; but it never got a grip, and the Airedale twisted out from under those offset fangs, a dog more cautious each time he got trampled under.

Three such upsettings and he settled to a collie fight—in and out, slash and get away, cut and avoid; with the bulldog coming in; with the slashed and punctured bloody

(Continued on Page 188)

Why in thunder . . . ?

Another customer lost!

DISSATISFIED customers, costly mistakes, expensive delays and "who's-to-blame" quarrels are often caused by poor or incomplete office records. The right record form, used right, might prevent it all.

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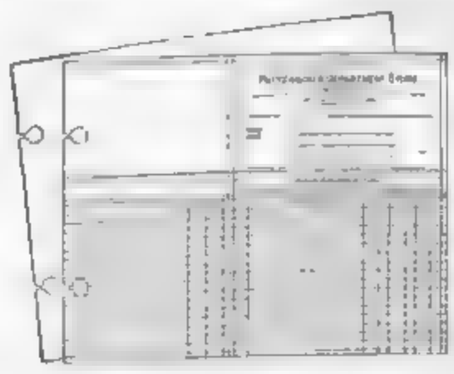
Only a few of the hundreds of forms we make for all kinds of business are shown here—ask for samples of the kind you are particularly interested in.



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Customers' Duplicate Statements. Forms for both pen and machine; so one writing, prevent misunderstandings; ready for the customer at any time; ready to mail on any given date without addressing envelopes, return coupon convenient for customers to remit; saves postage by requiring no receipt. Users say it improves collections

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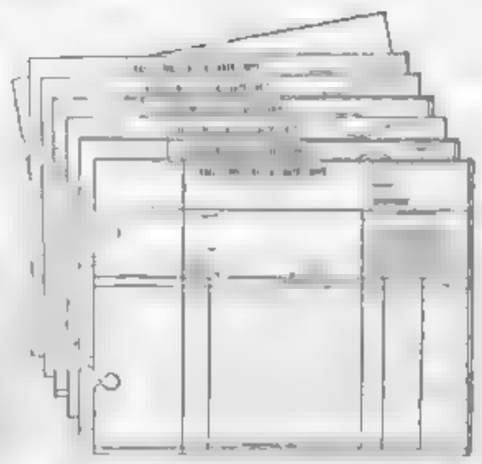

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Manifold Sales Order Blanks

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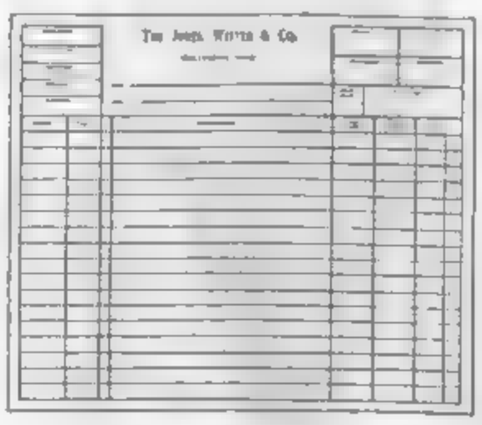
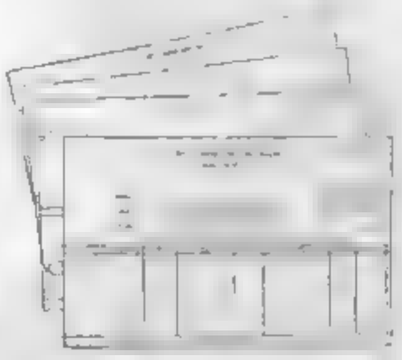
Statement, collection, stock record and inventory forms save time and labor





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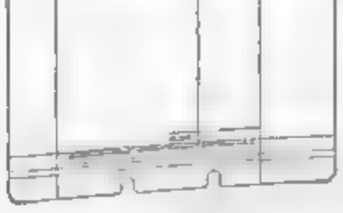
Our Accounts Current forms which save copying are easily proved and keep current work up-to-the-minute, Cash Journal forms that control all work through one record, Cancellation and Return forms are designed to give you added service



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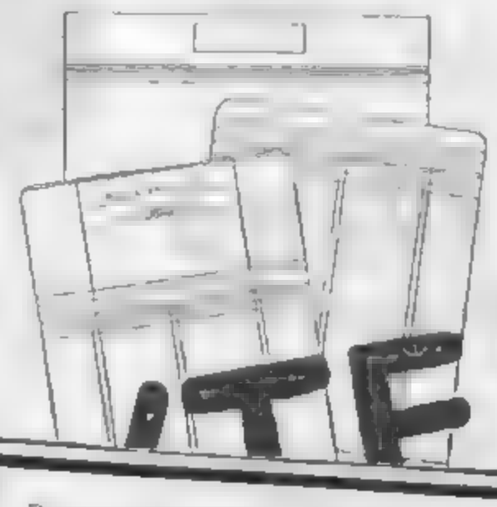

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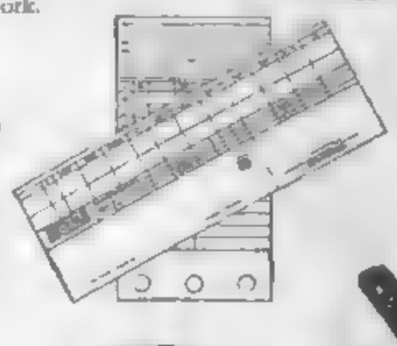
Records for meter reading, consumer bills, and ledger accounts, are among the forms we create to simplify the work of these corporations



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THE sooner you realize the CONSTANT—almost DAILY—need for a TRIMO PIPE WRENCH the sooner you will learn how it can save you money and keep things in order. Just look around and note only a few of the places where this rugged tool can be used with great convenience and economy—on gas, electrical, and plumbing fixtures, washing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, radiators, autos, trucks, pumps, etc. There is no handier or more needed tool than the TRIMO. For nearly 40 years mechanical experts have classed it as superior—read the reasons why in the right-hand column. Then insist on the TRIMO at your nearest dealer's.

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WHEN tool buyers, like railroads, oil companies, machine shops, etc., buy the TRIMO PIPE WRENCH in large volume, it must be evident that they have satisfied themselves about the FINAL economy of this sturdy tool. TRIMO'S all-interchangeable parts make this possible—especially the INSERT JAW in the handle, replaceable at small cost when worn. TRIMO durability is guaranteed by its pressed-steel frame that will NOT break. Drop-forged jaws with deep-milled teeth grip firmly, yet the wrench won't lock, but releases readily. Constant adjustment in close quarters is insured by NUT GUARDS. Made in all standard sizes—steel and wood handles.

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TRIMO Monkey Wrench

THE TRIMO monkey wrench is all drop-forged; has no castings. It is simple, has only three parts, is practically indestructible, and is the strongest by actual test. Seven standard sizes, 6 to 21 inches. Fully guaranteed.

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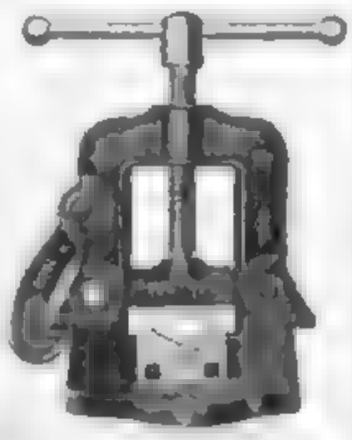

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(Continued from Page 186)

bulldog always coming in—rushing, clawing, scratching forward; boring, bruising, ramming, battering, upsetting if he got fair contact, rolling, trampling, seeking always for the hold he could not get on that fast terrier—the bull's-nose, mouth-full-to-the-back-teeth hold with that terrifically powered, poorly weaponed jaw that would have ended combat with any dog he ever could have clamped it on.

And at last luck put Señor Whiskerando between the bulldog and the edge of the steep river bank. Here, luckily for Soots, unluckily for the Airedale, the game señor elected for another stand—another trial for a vital-tearing grip. He aimed his white-gleaming deadly weapons at the side of the bulldog's throat, struck with them like a javelin cast, hit his mark fair. The fangs met in the loose protecting dewlap of his enemy's neck. He swung his stern aside, but was not quite in time to miss full contact of the bulldog's rush. His shoulder took the impact of that charging seventy pounds and he felt himself hurled out over the edge of the steep river bank. With a parting savage whip of his neck muscles he ripped out his fangs and twisted so as to land right end up at the end of his long fall. Here he differed—here all dogs differ from the bull breed. A bulldog would have kept that throat hold and brought his enemy along if he had landed on his back from the top of Yosemite's El Capitan.

The Airedale landed skillfully, fifteen feet below, head up the bank, front claws dug in, back feet scrambling; and without a second's hesitation, throwing a shower of gravel back of him in eagerness, the bulldog dived headlong down upon him. An iron jaw and a reënforced concrete head, with the best part of seventy hard pounds of bulldog meat and bones behind them, hit the Airedale at the end of a fifteen-foot dive and battering-rammed him down and backward, end over end, another ten feet into the Susquehanna. And when his head came up, that selfsame snarling projectile hit him in the face and drove him to the bottom of the river.

That was plenty. A bulldog is a strong swimmer and a water lover. But when Whiskerando got to the top again and found that Nemesis clawing at his tail, it is doubtful if a barracuda could have caught him.

And so, once more, old Soots got licked. He clawed up that steep bank, as sorry a mess of mud and blood as any dog that ever lost a battle. Markos Bozzaris, bleeding at every vein, would have seemed unscratched beside him.

"Next time," I said to him, "you'll step aside when an Airedale wants to use this path."

Soots cocked a bloody eye at me. He shook muddy water knee-high up my trousers. "Listen!" said Soots. "That guy never touched me, and dog-gone well you know it. But he certainly is a swimming fool. I'll say that for him. Come on, you'll be late at the office."

And he swaggered on ahead of me down the river path, the narrow stern high-stepping it a little skewed to left, his fore-paws flipping jauntily, clear to view, out from the two front corners of him, rose ears up, tail almost gay—as perfect a view of the north end of a cocky and victorious bulldog headed south as you would wish to see.

The world of letters was obliged to mark up that morning as a total loss, for when Bob and his mother came at noon to take us home to lunch, the old workshop was carpeted with wet bits of absorbent cotton and Soots and I were arguing as to the best method of swabbing out the last uncleaned cut without getting any more disinfectant in his eye.

With that fight, Soots came into his mastery of the body check; that fight brought it to perfection, and from then on he used it as his chief weapon through a hundred beatings; charging, roughing, ramming; jolting the fight clean out of many a better fellow with his heavy shoulders; clubbing the heart out of them with that terrific jaw of his that could not hold or tear; coming out whipped to a frazzle after every fight—with his victorious enemies in headlong retreat.

So he went through his joyous years, sniffing a high disdain at every brand of dog cakes, arrogant in the knowledge that a one-day fast would always break us and bring out the Wienerwursts; with a deadly rapture, doing his best to kill whatever dogs brought him fighting; cavorting like some squat comical gargoyle with such pups as wanted rompings; loving his folks; loafing his head off; snoring long naps on such laps as would take him on; looking with soft eyes out of that dour mug of his upon all little ones in general and worshiping young Bob in particular. A good life, his, with death at the end of it not too great a price to pay for the fun of having lived it.

I read a dog yarn once in which the writer said that whenever some mighty teller of tales made a dog hero die, he never forgave him. But I think when he wrote it that man must have just lost a dog. That's a tough break; but losing a dog is not too great a price to pay for having had him.

This story tells how old Soots died. But it's no sob story. Sob stuff? Why, the pup went out with his great heart filled half with the rapture of fighting and half with the rapture of loving! How better could a dog or man end a rich span of years? What would there be to sob about in that?

The one and only trait that any man can find objectionable in bulldogs is that they are short-lived. And at seven years dreadful ascites laid its hand on Soots. It's a sad business, watching that vile stuff pull a strong dog down. There's many a heartache goes with trying to make as comfortable as you can the last days of a dog going west by the dropsy route. We will take no reader through any such hard, hopeless weeks.

I called the veterinary up one day. "I wish you'd come up soon," I said, "and look at the old pup again. I think perhaps we'd better ease him over the divide."

To some veterinaries I have known, a dog was just an animal, not a dog. To them, dogs weren't human. But this young chap that came up to our house knew that a dog is a thing that loves you. He also was a workman worthy of his trade. The boys who were in France with him used to say that he could gather up the larger fragments of a couple blasted mules, and with the help of the spare parts he always had on hand, put together something you could hitch up to a limber. They also said that he was never too tired or too busy to put a screaming horse skillfully and quickly out of torture.

He looked the old water-logged pup over again, handling him gently, talking to him the while. Then he turned to me.

"No," he said, "don't let's kill him. I'll tap him again and that'll give him a little longer time to love you folks. He's not in pain—merely distress. He's pretty miserable and uncomfortable. But he can sleep, the way you have his chest propped up on the arm of that blue chair, and he can potter around a bit; he can enjoy a Wienie once in a while—and he's got your kid."

I knew from hard experience how strongly even a sick-to-death bulldog can fight a chloroform cone; for I never send a dog away to some strange place, to some strange hands, when the time comes to do that which is merciful. He dies in his own home, with the voice of a friend and the feel of a friend's hands the last thing he knows. So I thanked the Lord for that veterinary and his decision.

"Besides," continued this gentleman and dog doctor, "when he goes he'll go quick as a clock tick—more easily than we could let him out. As the disease gains on him, the serous collection in him rises, causing a greater and greater pressure against which his heart must pump. Some day he will make a sudden exertion, his heart will try to meet this call for heavier duty, and the back pressure will stall it like a car's motor stalled in heavy going. And then—no struggle, no choking, no fighting at the

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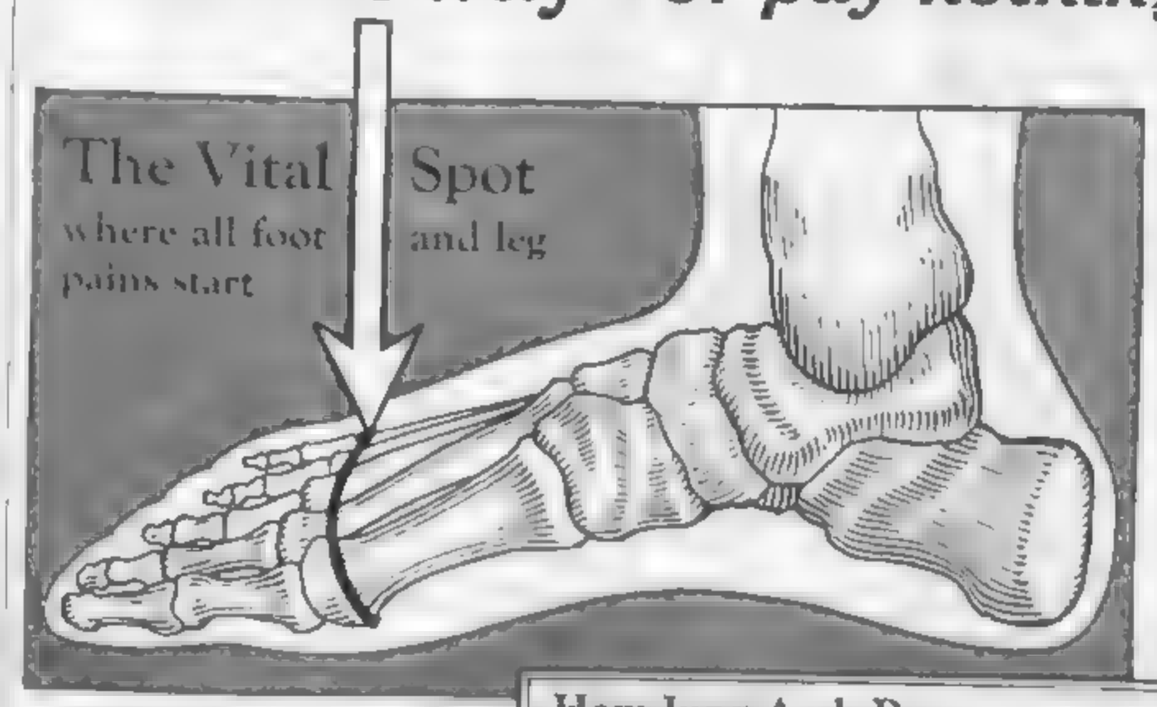

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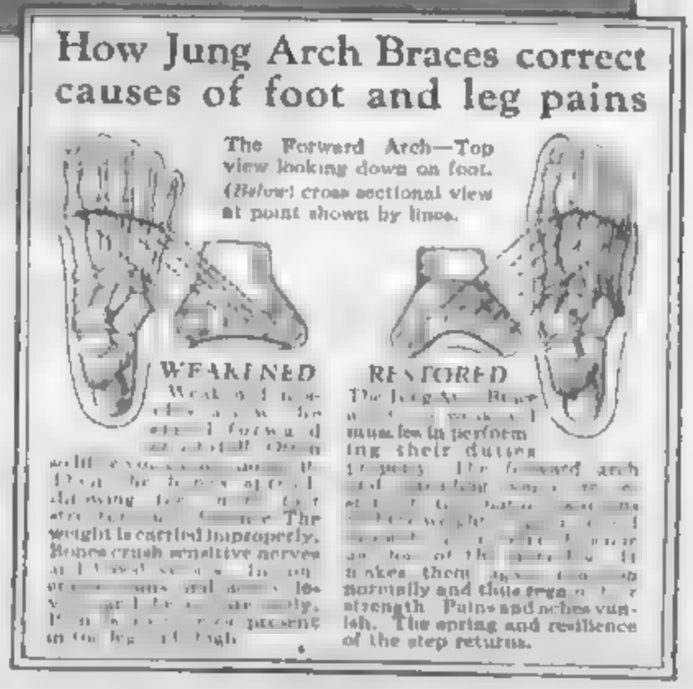
How Jung Arch Braces correct causes of foot and leg pains
The Forward Arch—Top view looking down on foot. (Below) cross sectional view at point shown by lines.
WEAKENED
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AT LAST the medical world has discovered the actual source of practically all foot troubles. It has proved that 99 in every 100 foot and leg pains are caused by the weakening of the set of muscles in the forward part of the foot. By assisting these muscles pains vanish like magic. Long-standing troubles are permanently remedied. New troubles that may become serious are quickly stopped.

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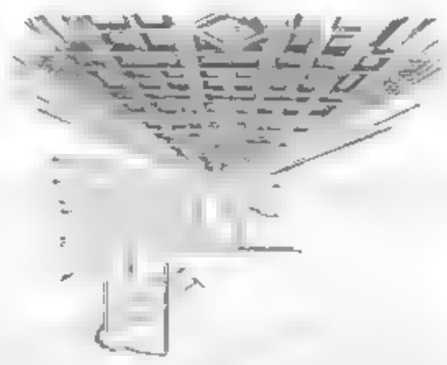

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There are many different designs for use in stores, theatres, churches, halls, residences, and other types of buildings where fire hazard must be reduced, and where pleasing effects and freedom from frequent repairs are desired. Wheeling Steel Ceilings have given years of satisfactory service, setting standards of excellence and durability that remain unsurpassed

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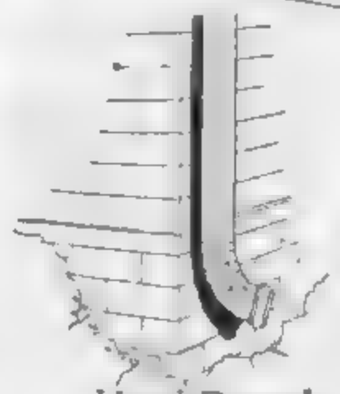

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A new and important product in building construction—a Conductor Pipe proof against rust and weather. Wheeling *Hand-Dipped* Conductor Pipe is made extra [illegible] with an Ohio Metal Copper Alloy base. Coated with a combination of lead and tin, it is completely formed into perfect pipe—then the further protection of a thick coating of pure zinc is applied by the *hand-dipping* process.

Surfaces, edges and seam are permanently imbedded in weather-proof, rust-proof pure zinc to an extent never before possible in any other pipe with the rigid strength of steel

Conductor Pipe is also made from Zinc Coated Sheets conforming to U. S. Dept. of Commerce standards, No. 28 gauge and heavier. To assure durability, none made lighter than No. 28 gauge

cone. All in an instant, easy as shooting fish, the old pup'll be gone."

I breathed a great sigh of relief. Lord, how I hate the job of putting them to sleep! I patted the bravely patient bulldog's mighty head.

"How does that sound to you, old Sour Mug?" I asked. "The doc says you can fight it out to the end. From what I know of you, you could ask nothing better than to go out with your boots on. Right? Eh, boy?"

He looked up at me. He knew, all right. They always know. And he was no more afraid of the great odds than his fathers were of the half-ton Kentish bulls. He sat as quietly as though to get his ears rubbed while the tube went into his distended abdomen and the cursed serous fluid drained away. Then, relieved, he had an elegant snooze, in which his paws twitched and his throat muttered as he refought some good bygone fight in dreams. And when he woke he had three Wienies and a little walk with Bob.

We had long since ceased to be apartment dwellers. Our house was on a steep street now, on the outskirts of the town. Automobiles went past to the river road, half a block away, with their brakes squealing. Sometime, we all kept prophesying, a set of those squealing bands would fail to hold and the car, unable to negotiate the right-angle turn at the foot of the hill, would shoot across the river drive and take a thirty-five-foot header down the steep bank into the Susquehanna. But we never speculated on what might happen if some car's steering works went wrong.

It came one summer evening, swift as lightning. First I heard a terrifying growl. A bulldog is almost a barkless dog. Weeks may go by without a sound from him. Then all unexpectedly he may take exception to something and let loose a voice to put your hair on end.

I dropped my magazine, hearing that savage roar. I knew that sound of old. Old Soots was going into battle. I was on my feet when little Bob's mother screamed. I leaped the shrubbery in front of our veranda. I tried my best, but could not muster speed enough to pass Bob's mother on the lawn. We were not halfway across it when little Bob, three feet out from the curb, stooped to recover his swiftly rolling ball. The car was nearly stopped. I still can see the terrified, pale face of the girl who drove it as she pulled with all the strength of her two arms at her hand brake.

I cursed her as I leaped. Neither hand on the wheel! I did not know that her steering mechanism had just failed. Her brakes were good. In five more yards the heavy car would stop. Five yards! As well five miles! For as I strained in hopeless agony for more speed, the bumper gently pushed Bob over and the huge tire of the near front wheel rolled slowly down on him.

And then the dead dog struck.

Ah, he had known, all right! All through his sickness he had never exerted himself at all; never romped, never climbed on a lap; waited at the foot of the basement steps for me to carry him upstairs in the morning. Always arose steadily, moved with care. He knew as well as the veterinary knew.

I wish I knew how many leaps he made before his great heart stalled. I wish I knew how many he made after. I only know that in his last, he died. I saw his legs go limp just as he struck. I saw his warrior head go down as death laid a hand on him in mid-air. But death did not stop him. And so I know, with pit-dog men, that the bull breed does not even quit at death. For the heavy body of old Soots, dead of ascites, went on to the finish of its last good, grim, bone-breaking body check.

Who knows what splendid vision filled that indomitable bull head and heart as he went leaping to that last conflict? Perhaps the thing that he attacked was just a motor car which threatened Bob, and so must needs be body-checked, must needs be knocked down and rolled over. Perhaps in his dimming eye, race memory metamorphosed that great thing bearing down upon his little friend into one of the great Kentish bulls that his fathers used to front. Maybe the whole rich, joyous life of him climaxed in the dour rapture that his old forbears used to know, tackling stout-heartedly those cruel odds. I wish I knew.

It struck the front arc of that near front wheel, the charging seventy pounds of Soots, dead as any stone, and slued it; and the great car swung broadside across the street and came to rest against the farther curb.

I stood in silence, watching those two women—Bob's mother and the one who drove the car. Both were kneeling in the street. Bob's mother held him to her breast. The other had the bulldog in her lap, the sooty nose, the great block of his head between her elbow and her side. She knew his kind.

"The boy—thank God! But look! I've killed your blessed, blessed bulldog!" She looked up at me. "It was my steering gear," she pleaded.

Her face was very sweet in grief. One hand kept rubbing at the rose ears where they met the skull. She knew his kind. We afterward came to love her. Her shoulder shook. I touched it.

"Don't you cry, miss," I said. "It wasn't you. It was ascites. And besides, he's all right now, there on your lap."

When dogs die women weep—and children. You cannot blame them. You really cannot blame the men much either. But here was no thing for weeping.

I looked at that huge car, two tons of it or more, sitting there crossways on our street. I looked at Soots, at rest in that girl's lap—some seventy valiant, stick-past-the-finish little pounds of him.

I said again, "Don't you cry, miss."

Then I felt thickness rising in my own throat.

A certain brindled white-cuirassed warrior was just then sitting down to a great tangle of steaming Wienerwursts along with all the other heroes at Valhalla's feasting board. Had I been sure he could have heard me, I would have let that thickness in my throat come roaring out.

Sob?

Battle shout!

Winooski River, Montpelier, Vermont

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NEXT TO GODLINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

'Twas still wet in streaks. . . . He had not moved when a plump, aproned figure appeared in the farther doorway.

"Oh, there you are!" she said with a cheerfulness that rang through the room like a knell. "Well, I declare, I wasn't expecting you back so soon. I been so busy, setting things to rights, I didn't know how time was flying."

Zebina's beard moved, but no sound emerged from him.

"Don't walk on the floor where it's wet. Everything shows up on a wet floor. And you might catch cold."

Zebina staggered to a chair and sat down, his arms dropped, his spine apparently having telescoped into itself, his eyes staring.

"That's right," purred the lady. "You set there and rest. I know just how you're feeling. I'll have supper ready in less'n two shakes."

He did not look at her, but he knew every move she made—quickly, so neatly, expertly. She talked while she worked, but not a word penetrated into Beezebiny's consciousness until she had asked him twice:

"Where's the milk? There were a lot of milk pans in the sink, but I don't find any milk anywhere. Brother—Brother Zebina! Where's the milk?"

"I gave it to the pig," he managed to say.

"Oh, well, then! The cow's calling, anyway. Here—you do your milking, Zebina. Time you get in I'll have supper ready—a nice, nice little supper."

It was a nice, nice little supper. Sweet stuff and soft stuff. No pork, no potato. Zebina spoke only once during the meal.

"You're Henry's woman," he said.

"Widow," she corrected. "I'm Almira to you, Brother Zebina. I'm all you got left in the world, now."

Immediately after supper she washed up. Then she seated herself in the rocking-chair, swaying ever so gently back and forth, bringing the tips of her toes to the floor with little soft pats; and she talked, talked and talked. Zebina had not moved from his place at the table. Nothing about him seemed alive except his eyes; they were wide open, staring—sometimes at nothing, sometimes at Almira—and their depths held that wistful, hurt, questioning puzzlement that one sees in the eyes of the smaller simians. . . . It was Zebina's hour of fatal weakness.

Of course he had his rebellions. The trouble was they were not, so to speak, organized, whereas Almira's intentions were. At most he was like a puny child trying to pull away from something he disliked and was afraid of. Almira was like a plump, calm nurse who knows what is best for the child and sees that he gets it. The day following her arrival he took his first stand. He had slept a long sleep of exhaustion, and awoke in the dawn to hear strange, soft sounds coming from William's room, sounds that sometimes ended in little poofs and sometimes trailed off into very faint whistles. He sat up in bed, wondering what was the matter with William, then remembered the events of the past days and the culmination of the evening before. But after all, he had slept; he was refreshed.

He got stealthily out of bed and looked around for his everyday trousers. They were not there; but no matter, any would do. He tiptoed across the kitchen floor, walked firmly to the barn, did his chores quickly, went back to the house. He opened the kitchen door stealthily. She was not there, but he noticed that the fire was showing red in the stove; she must have come out and put on fresh wood. The kettle was already singing.

Without wiping his feet he crossed the floor. He lifted the frying pan off the nail and thumped it down on the stove. He dumped some coffee into the coffeepot, poured in some water, took off a stove lid and set the pot over the flames. There were pork and potatoes in the pantry; his knife worked feverishly, and in a very few minutes the house was pervaded by the comfortable, familiar odor. He was flipping the potatoes with the knife when the door opened and Almira stood there. She had on a pink gingham dress.

"Why, brother," she said, "that's my work! I've come to wait on you ——"

"Now you look a-here," said Zebina, turning his back on the stove and waving the knife, "I can cook for myself, and I'm goin' to. I don't want any women around. I wouldn't stay in the house with a woman, not if I was dead. Nobody asked you to come here and nobody'll ask you to stay. You ——"

But Almira uttered a shriek, and rushed, as he thought, upon him. He side-stepped a little, yet on the whole stood his ground well.

"Look, look!" she cried. "The coffee's boiling over!" She jerked the pot off, set back the stove lid, and then—"Naughty, naughty!" she said, and tapped Zebina playfully on the shoulder.

He jumped as though he had trod on a serpent. He put half the length of the room between them.

"Why, what on earth are you burning up in this pan?" she asked, with that tender note in her voice that a mother uses toward an only child's first little drawings.

"You let that alone," said Zebina, choking with wrath that something told him was futile. "That's my breakfast, that is. You let that alone and come away from that stove!"

"Why, it's pork and potatoes," she said, bending over the pan and sniffing. "Oh, no, Zebina, this isn't your breakfast. I'm going to give you some soft-boiled eggs."

For two or three days he dwelt in the silence where inspiration is said to abide. Silence, that is, on his part; Almira's cheery monologue did not abate. Yet Zebina had time to think and to make up his mind. On the third day he fleetingly smiled once or twice. He wouldn't have suspected how clever he was. Didn't know why he hadn't done it in the first place.

He broke his silence at the breakfast table on the fourth day by remarking, "William took care of the hens."

Almira beamed at him. "So the good boy's found his tongue," said she. "Well, I got the house cleaned, all but the cellar and closets. I'll take care of the hens from now on—dear little birdies!"

He sat still until she had left the house. He crossed to a window and watched her progress to the henhouse. He waited a moment or two; then, as he had expected, she came hurriedly out, went as hurriedly into the barn, and presently reappeared with a shovel and broom. She was safe for an hour.

He brought the things in from the shed, where he had secreted them—two sheets of heavy tobacco paper, plenty of string. He laid the paper on the floor, made a slipknot in the end of the string. He went into William's room and returned, holding at arm's length several feminine outer garments. He dropped them upon the paper, went back again, returned with two pairs of shoes, a hat and a hairbrush. Again he went back. . . . He opened the drawers of the bureau. He looked. There were things there, white, and—goldarn it!—with lace on them. After a moment he closed the drawers, tiptoed out through the shed. There were swirls of dust issuing from the henhouse, but Zebina saw them not. He did not come home to dinner. At supper-time the kitchen floor was quite clear, Almira's eyes were a little red, but she was still talking

"Sakes alive, I don't see how you got on without a woman! That henhouse! When was it ever cleaned? And the closets! Zebina, there was the awfulest smelling mess in the cellar. Like yeast, only 'twas brown when I poured it out. What do you suppose it was?"

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Zebina straightened somewhat, with a start. "In a keg? In the cellar?"

"That's what I said. If I didn't know you're a good man, Zebina, I declare I'd 'a' thought it was something—to drink."

"My God!" said Zebina. His spirit was broken.

During the long winter months he went about listlessly. He had no ambition to work. He let his tobacco go at six cents a pound under market. He knew the onion man cheated him, too, but he did not care. Whenever snow fell, he had strange pains in his shoulders and legs.

"Comes o' taking a bath every week," he said to himself. "It ain't safe to open your pores in winter."

His stomach clamored for pork and potato; he was fed on stuff that didn't stand by him. She made pies, to be sure, but they spilled all over the plate when he stuck his knife into them; he wanted good flexible crust. When she started to feed him on toast he had reached the plaintive stage.

"I'm used to sody biscuit," he said. "I can't eat toast. My teeth ain't what they were."

"Dip it in coffee," she told him. "There'll be no more biscuit in this house. You ain't digesting your food right. Your color ain't good. I know the symptoms. I watched 'em in Henry."

He thought about that a good deal. He began to take note of the advertisements in the Gazette: after a while he lay in wait for Paul Rice, and surreptitiously consumed the nostrums and pills that Paul brought back. But nothing did any good. She was always at him. If 'twasn't a bath and clean flannels, it was gruel or making him move away from the window or putting his feet in the oven before he went to bed. Never did get a chance to sit still, he didn't. He had lost interest in everything; didn't even count the telephone rings any more; didn't care who 'twas on the line. If he rebelled, the utmost he gained was a compromise.

She was humming about her work one morning, making a noise like one of those dummed bluebottle flies. No sooner was dinner cleared away than she came toward him with a fresh towel and scissors in her hand. He ducked.

"You keep away from me," he snarled—but it was a weak snarl.

"Now you set right still," she warned him. "Almira is going to cut his nice little hair and trim up his nice little beard."

He forgot the pains in his legs. He jumped to his feet, waving his fists in the air. "My gosh a'mighty!" he cried. "You keep away from me or I'll hit you, I will! I ain't going to have any Delilahing around me, now I tell you! You keep away from me! My gosh a'mighty!"

"All right, Beezebiny," she said with admirable calm. "But you'll go to the barber's come Saturday."

"I wunt!" he cried, pursuing his advantage. "I don't have my hair cut in winter. It's dangerous."

"It ain't winter now, Beezebiny. It's spring. You go on Saturday. I'll drive in with you."

She did; and there were, indeed, signs of spring everywhere. Of course, he knew nothing of winters of discontent, but discontent was his companion. When they passed the Budd place Mrs. Budd was out in the front yard raking leaves off the flower bed. Almira waved to her and called out; but Mrs. Budd, with a steady stare, bent her head gravely. Zebina gave no sign of seeing her; he had been so closely shorn that he felt naked.

Early in the fall Almira had bidden him take his everyday suit out-of-doors and burn it. He had stowed it away in the loft of the barn, and worn his other suit all winter.

"Brother Zebina," the mighty one said to him on a day in April, "that suit you got on ain't enough for week days and Sundays."

"They're one and the same to me," he muttered.

"Now, now! Almira wants you to look nice. A well-to-do man like you ought to look nice."

"I ain't well-to-do."

"You got money in the savings bank, brother."

"No, I ain't either. I ain't got a cent And I wunt ever have another. I've give up farming for good."

"All right," she said placidly. "But I know you are well-to-do, brother. I heard of it 'way up in Brattleboro. You got to have a new suit. Almira'll drive in with you and help you pick it out."

He knew. He had been through it. That afternoon he harnessed the horse and drove into town. He bought the new suit, a new hat and new shoes; he bought him a handkerchief, a pair of blue socks and a new pair of galluses.

"I guess that's all," he said with an air of triumph to the man who waited on him. "Can't think of anything else ——"

Mrs. Budd was out in the yard again. She waved peremptorily, and Zebina leaned back on the reins.

"Land's sakes," she said, coming up to the side of the wagon. "What has come over you, Zebina Bowen? You weren't at town meeting."

"I forgot it," he said. "Anyways, 'twasn't important."

Mrs. Budd stared. "Not important!" She paused, then asked on a different note, "Zebina, what has that woman done to you?"

"Good an' plenty," muttered Zebina, and drove on up the hill. Mrs. Budd stared after the wagon until it was out of sight.

It was the following Sunday, when supper had been cleared away, that she knocked on Zebina's side door and came in, as folks do in Hanway.

"Good evening," she said. "I don't know as I'm welcome here, but I've come to see Zebina on a matter of business."

"Why, surely," Almira said, while Zebina gazed at them from the rocking-chair. "Do come right in. I'd have been over to see you, only Zebiny's been ailing."

"He looks it," agreed Mrs. Budd. "A man can't alter his way of livin' and his food and all, at his age, and not have it tell on him."

Zebina's eyes fixed themselves on her. They were round with wistfulness.

"I wonder he got on at all till I came," said Almira. She spoke as though Zebina were not present. "I declare, Mis' Budd, I never did see such a mess. Two men keeping house together, not a woman on the place for goodness knows how long—you can imagine!"

The right note had been sounded. Widows, both of them, they went over the details of masculine housekeeping as though they were picking over a bag of pieces looking for something to match. Zebina listened. There was nothing else to do.

At last Mrs. Budd said, "Well, you did a good job, Mis' Bowen. I never did see anybody as changed as Zebina."

Zebina blinked. Some spark of his old acuteness was fanned; Mis' Budd was no fool—she meant something by that. But Almira's complacence was not looking for hidden meanings. She beamed on Zebina, nodded and smiled at Mis' Budd.

"It's being kept clean," she affirmed. "I always say cleanliness is next to godliness."

"So 'tis," said the other. "A person that's sloppy and dirty never can master the world."

"How?" Almira asked.

Mrs. Budd looked at Zebina, looked at Mis' Bowen and sniffed. "There's two meanings to godliness. One's being good. The other is being powerful—strong and powerful. Well, I got to be going."

"You ain't finished your business with brother," Almira reminded her; but to the surprise of both, Zebina quite briskly got out of his chair.

"I'll walk home with Mis' Budd," he said. "'Tain't safe for a woman after dark."

He did. When he got home again, there was a light in Almira's bedroom, and he

Continued on Page 197

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MALLORY STRAWS ARE HAND MADE

(Continued from Page 194)

noticed that the cat had been let in for the night. In his own room he stood in front of his small looking-glass. Time was when he could not see in it; now it was shining and bright. He stared long at what he saw there; then he said, "Good gosh a'mighty!" and got into bed.

During the rest of the spring and during the early summer, on Wednesday and Sunday evenings, Zebina donned his new suit and went down the road. For a time Almira said nothing; indeed, on Mondays and Thursdays she did not so much as hum.

Still, she told herself, "He'll get wore out, all that walking at night. When he gets sick of it he'll be glad enough to stay home and be took care of." But as the weeks passed, she grew worried. His appetite had improved. Once she heard him whistling, and broke a saucer. Finally, in midsummer, she said to him:

"I ain't one to meddle in what ain't my business. But I'll just tell you this, Beezebiny; if you don't look out, you'll be getting Mis' Budd talked about, that's what."

"How's that?" he asked innocently.

"You goin' down there so much ——"

"Sho!" said Zebina. "I got business down there. Mis' Budd is running for school board. I'm helping her with her campaign."

Almira waited for Paul Rice the next day and verified the political item; yet she had a most uneasy feeling that the regularity and faithfulness of Zebina's visitings foreboded something else. "She's after his money," she told herself. "Viper!" Later she learned from Paul that the special town meeting would be held on the last Monday in August; as the time drew near her uneasiness increased. It even affected her placid disposition; after each outburst of temper Zebina had to go out to the barn to grin.

On the Saturday before the fateful Monday, Zebina hurried his chores and dressed himself in his best. He came into the kitchen where Almira was listlessly getting dinner and seated himself, his spine very stiff, by the window.

"Land's sakes! What are you all dressed up for, this time o' day? It's Saturday, and there's a lot to be done and dinner's most ready."

His eyes grew rounder, his beard moved convulsively several times before he could get out the words, "I'm waiting—for Julia."

"Julia!"

"Mis' Budd," he elucidated, and moistened his lips.

Almira stared at him. Then she seated herself at the other window. . . .

When Mrs. Budd drove up a few minutes later, Almira followed Zebina out to the wagon. Mrs. Budd had on a new hat with a rose on the side. She was smiling. The look that she bent on Zebina was luscious; when she looked at Almira her smile did not lessen, yet somehow the character of it changed. Zebina clambered into the wagon, and stared straight in front.

"Well, Almira," Mrs. Budd said.

Almira's face flushed. She tossed her head.

"Mis' Bowen, to you!"

"Oh, no, not in the family, Almira."

"The family?"

"That's what I said. Zebina and I are planning to get married, soon as town meeting's over." Almira flushed deeply and gazed at Zebina; but he was looking at the horse's ears. "I always said man is not meant to live alone."

"He ain't alone," Almira affirmed. "And there's not room in this house for three."

"I'm real glad you said that," the other returned. "I been thinking the same thing myself. Of course, we could live at my house. But Zebina's accustomed to this. It's smaller, too, and I'll be real busy after I get on the school board."

She pulled on the reins and the horse started. For a minute or two Almira did not move; but when Zebina looked back at the bend in the road, she was tying a red rag to the letter box—the signal for Paul Rice to stop. . . . And when he got home that evening there was a paper pinned on the door.

"I've left the key under the doormat," it read. She had. . . . The door had never been locked before. . . .

It seemed like old times to Zebina to be at town meeting again. It was a lively one, too. In spite of all Mrs. Budd's campaigning, the opposition was strong. No woman had ever served on the school board of Hanway. The other candidate, Ezra Wells, was liked and respected. Not since Zebina could remember had there been so many speeches from the floor. Excitement was in the air and vituperation trembled just around the corner. He sat, as always, on one of the back benches, listening; but this time Mrs. Budd sat beside him.

At last the question was put to rising vote. There was confusion about the counting; in their excitement people would move around. Before the count was announced an adherent of Ezra's called for another vote, and again, before the tellers reported, a friend of Mrs. Budd's somewhat forcefully claimed the moderator's attention. There was much consultation; then the moderator announced that all in favor of Mrs. Julia Budd would stand on the left of the hall, and all in favor of Mr. Ezra Wells would stand on the right. Beezebiny sat still through the shuffling of feet. The ranks formed; there were people in front of him, people around him. The counting proceeded. The tellers moved to the platform and handed their slips to the moderator. Silence fell on the room. The moderator rose to his feet.

"Sixty-two votes for Mrs. Julia Budd," he read; and, "sixty-two votes for Mr. Ezra Wells."

Suddenly Zebina felt a hand on his collar. "Here you, Zebiny, you get up and vote!"

He looked into the lean, pale face of Julia. He got to his feet, and found himself in the aisle. Everyone was looking at him. The moderator rapped sharply.

"Zebina Bowen's got the floor!" he called out.

For a moment Zebina was silent, uncertain, and terribly frightened. There was Julia behind him; before him was —— His beard moved; then he spoke.

"The folks that ain't got sense enough to keep clear o' women," he said, "deserves 'em," and joined the ranks of Ezra Wells.

He slunk through the crowd while the shouting was on; when all was over he lingered long in the hall. At last he had to depart therefrom, but he stood in the vestibule until there were no longer voices outside. Yet Julia was there. She raised herself to her full height and looked down her nose.

"You snake in the grass!" she said. "You Judas! Don't you ever come near me again! I'll never speak to you, not if I live to a hundred. Get out of my sight!"

Zebina got into his wagon. At last he reached his house. The horse, of its own accord, went into the barn, and immediately Zebina hopped out. He climbed up into the loft, brought down his old suit of clothes. The nail that joined the suspenders and trousers had slipped out, but he found another. There was an odor of mustiness about the coat that was like perfume to his nostrils. He hurried his chores, hurried into the house. He thrust some lightwood into the stove. From the cellar he brought up salt pork and potatoes. He dumped some coffee into the pot and set it over the flames.

When he had filled his plate from the frying pan and set the hot coffeepot on the tablecloth he sat back and looked at the feast. He heaved a deep sigh.

"My gosh a'mighty!" he said. "Well, I snum!"

And when he had piled the soiled dishes into the sink and set the used frying pan on the back of the stove, he said ruminatively, "I'll get me a good mess of elderberries this year."

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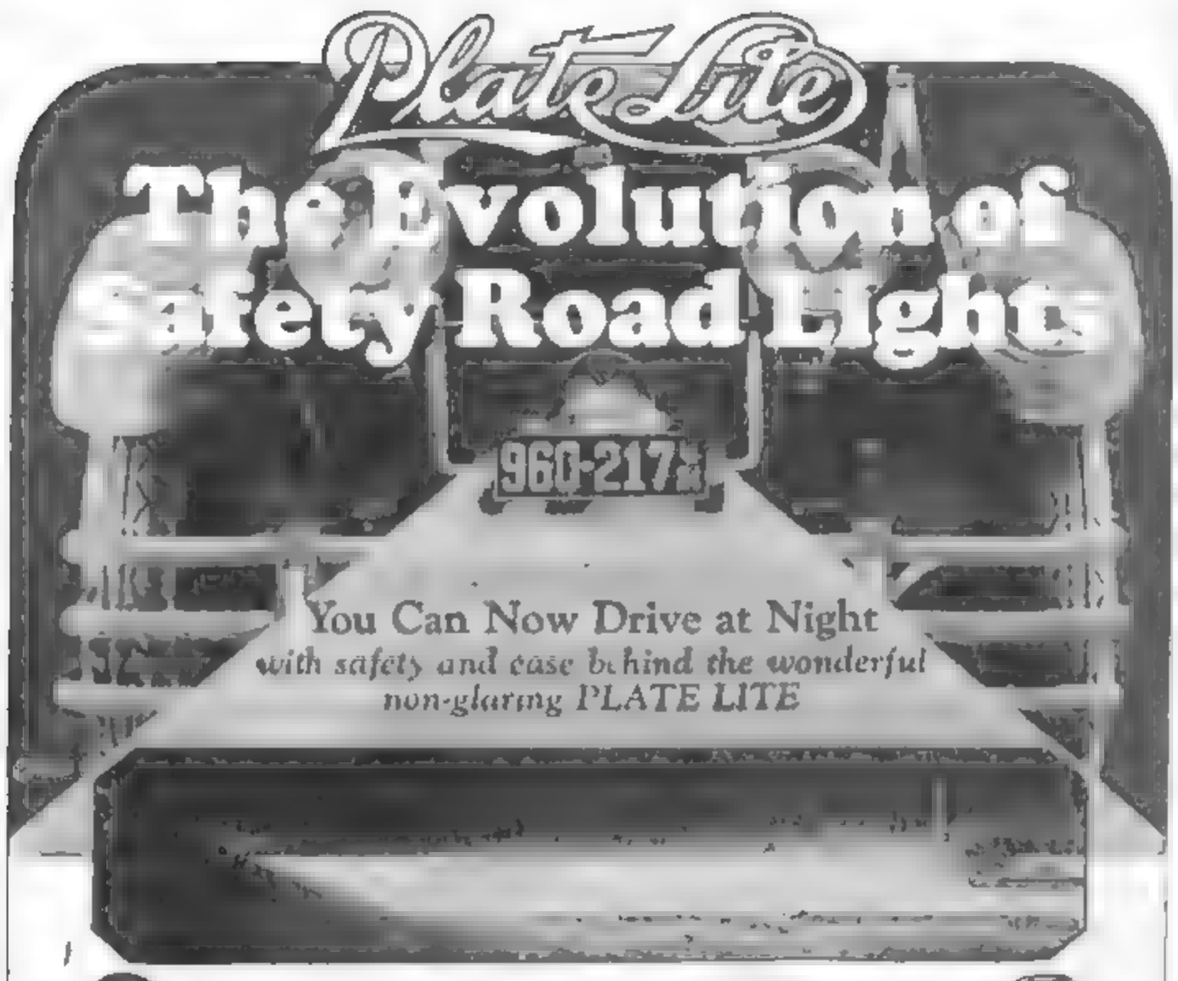
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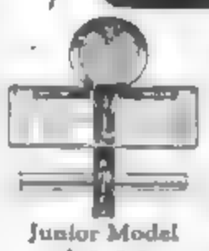

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NETTING RESULTS

Continued from Page 11

ball. His return is a ground stroke off the rising ball. He makes many double faults, but his service is so good that his aces make up for them.

I have played in tournaments since I was about ten years old, and almost from the beginning of my career the critics praised my volleying. I first met Tilden when I was about thirteen years old, during an Outdoor Boys' Championship meet at Forest Hills. He was interested in my strokes and encouraged me. In 1920 he gave me his book, The Art of Lawn Tennis, and wrote in it:

To "Vinnie": The boy who I believe should be the greatest player the world has ever known, if he wants to be.

"BILL"
WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2ND
1920-21.

Before this we had played together; we went to Boston in 1918 to play in the National Doubles Championship, and even before that we had played in two tournaments in the Philadelphia district. Naturally, in the Boston game our teamwork was very ragged; but somehow we won the match from Beals Wright and F. Alexander in five hard sets.

For two years after this we were partners in doubles and each of these years we won the title. We had only one defeat and that was in 1922 when we played against Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara-Wood, the Australians; they beat us in three straight sets in the Davis Cup matches in Forest Hills.

Naturally such a defeat after so many victories made everybody wonder what had happened; the explanation is very simple and accounts for the break-up in my long partnership with Bill.

No one will admit more readily than I that Tilden is a tennis genius. He is undoubtedly the greatest exponent of the all-court tennis game we have ever had. He is supreme in singles, but he has never been considered a first-class doubles player. The reason for this is that he carries his dominance in singles into doubles play, and that naturally makes teamwork difficult. When we first played doubles together he used to cover three-quarters of the court; he would run over and snatch a ball from directly in front of me. Even at that we could beat second-rate teams; but when it came to such players as Brookes and Patterson, Griffin and Johnston, and O'Hara-Wood and Patterson, his method made victory not only uncertain but almost impossible. I used to explain this to him over and over; I said again and again that we must develop better teamwork if we were to retain our supremacy in doubles. He would reply that he played doubles the only way he knew how to play.

Junior Tennis' Debt to Tilden

This was the source of friction between Tilden and myself. Our victories were usually due to his brilliant back-court play. We used the one-man-up-and-one-man-back formation more than any other team in the history of American lawn tennis. I certainly regretted our rupture, because I owed him so much; my early association with him undoubtedly helped me tremendously in perfecting my singles game. But I am glad to have an opportunity to explain what was at the bottom of our break. He has always been ready to help the young player: I have seen him go out of his way many times to start a promising youngster on the right track. I think he has done more for the development of junior tennis in this country than any other champion we have ever had.

I've told you how I used to bat my old ball against the side of the house and how I learned concentration from doing it. That is the first great commandment of the game; all other rules depend on it. Of course not all who play tennis do so for the same reason; it may not seem necessary to the boy who plays merely for amusement to make so great an effort. Thousands of people play only for pleasure or exercise; thousands more play simply for the sake of the game, who prefer a good outdoor sport to a daily dozen in a stuffy bedroom with a radio chart.

The champions are, after all, only a fraction of the total number of tennis players; but there are certain rules which must be followed by any player who wishes to derive the greatest benefit from the game, or if he is to reach championship standing, should that be his goal.

There is, after all, but one way to play tennis. I have played with most of the present stars. Their abilities, tactics and viewpoints differ in tennis, as they do in the other affairs of life. Sometimes the differences in their methods are differences of national temperament; Englishman, Japanese, Frenchman and Spaniard – no two play the game in exactly the same way. But these are simply differences in externals; fundamentally the rules of the game are unchangeable.

Rules for Would-Be Champions

I should certainly hesitate to prescribe a set of rules or to formulate a code for a champion. As a matter of fact, many of them could more fittingly write a code for me. But I do not hesitate to say to the beginner that he must follow a definite course of training, both mental and physical, if he wishes to become a proficient player; and it is only the skillful player who can derive the fullest pleasure and profit from the game. The nature and the order of this training I have attempted to classify under ten heads, which I call my ten commandments of tennis.

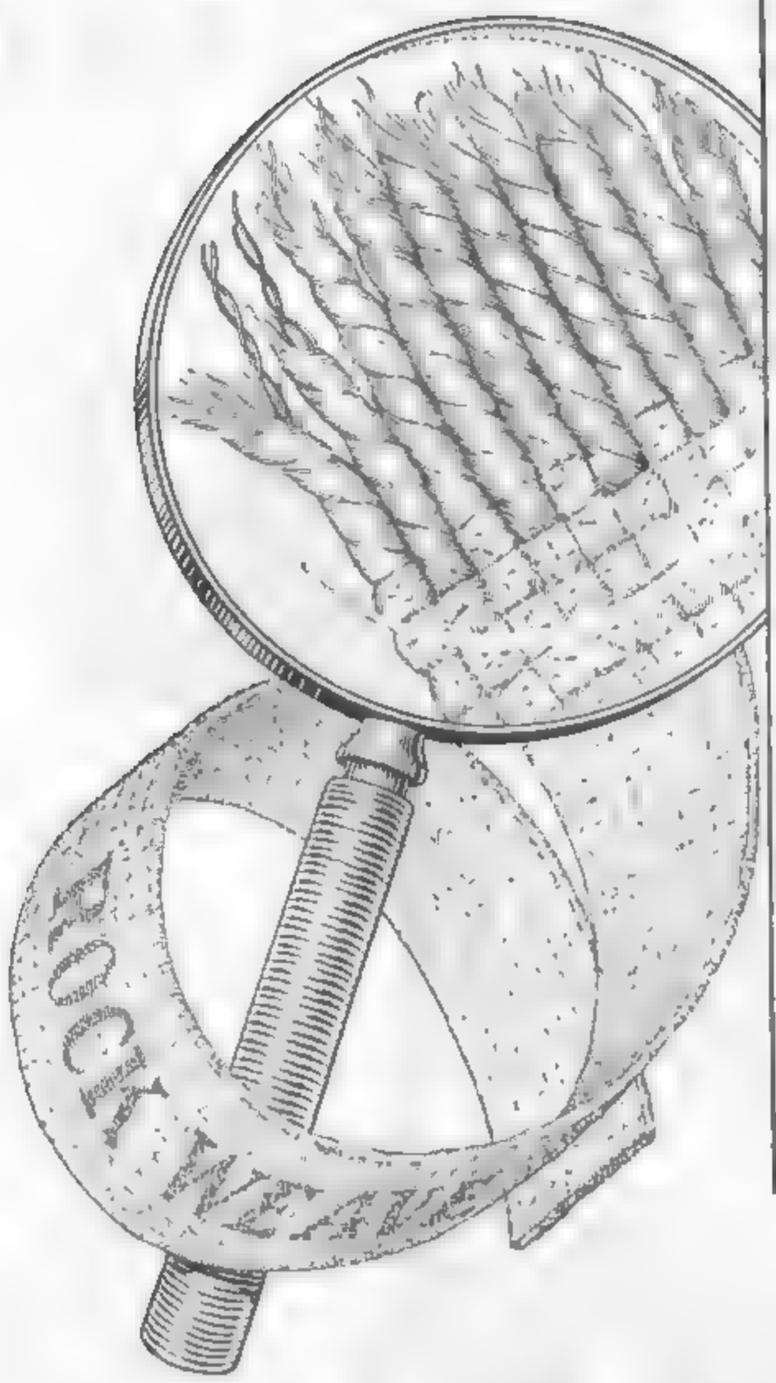
As the game is played today, it requires absolute science and subtle artistry. The science of the game is something that anyone can learn, though naturally with differing degrees of success. Anyone who is reasonably young and reasonably strong, and who sticks to it, can learn to serve and volley, to lob and smash and chop. But the artistry required to meet and defeat a champion is something that only a few can attain. It includes first of all the ability to gauge your opponent; to take his measure both as a man and as a player; to anticipate his movements and his strokes; to catalogue them and classify them even while the game is in progress; to know just what kind of circus stroke will demoralize him; and to keep your mind on the game and your eye on the ball no matter whether the crowd in the grand stand cheers you for all it is worth or gives you the razz.

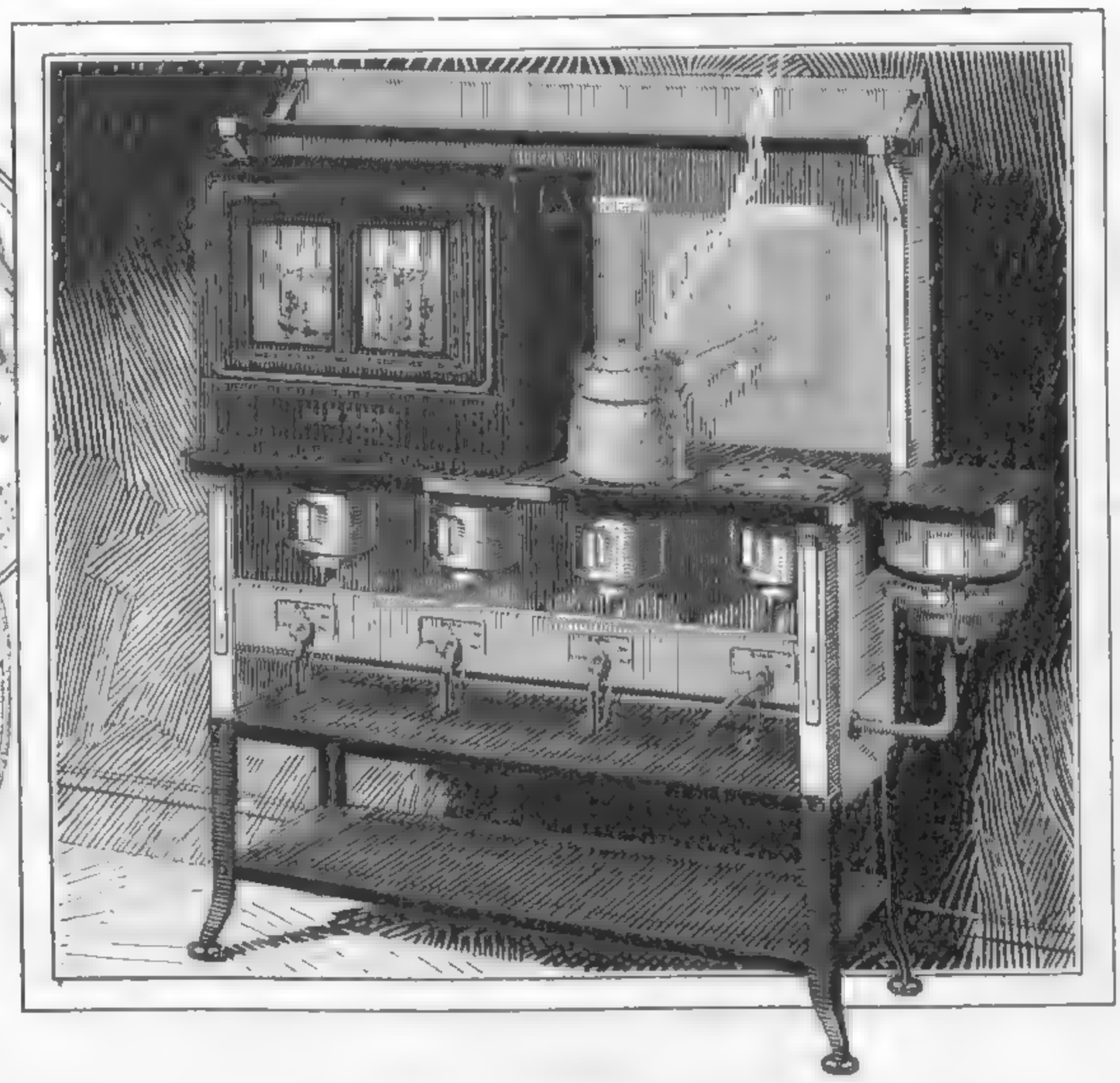
In setting down my commandments I am not at all certain that I have placed them in the proper order, but to me it seems the natural one. I am very anxious to make them clear to beginners, because I myself did not have any such advantage. I got off to a bad start that made me lose much precious time. When I started to play I used the chop stroke and I depended on it entirely for several years. Then gradually I found out what was wrong with my game, and I had to spend another long period of tireless practice in overcoming the bad habit I had formed and in building up a driving game. Without that I knew I could never play against champions; the chop stroke is not strong enough to carry anyone through these days. If someone had taught me, in the early days of my career, how to drive, I would have saved several valuable years.

These are the ten commandments for the beginner who wishes to develop a good game, whether for his own satisfaction or with the hope of becoming a champion:

1. Concentration is the first rule of success.

(Continued on Page 201)





Let it cook 30 meals—then decide

PROVE to yourself how much easier, better and quicker the NESCO will do your cooking. Try its quick intense heat in baking biscuits, angel food, or flaky pie crust. See what perfect bread you can bake; the splendid roasts you can have with its even heat turned lower. Its flame never creeps or crawls. Fry a steak over its intense blue gas flame. Use the NESCO ten days. Then decide. If it doesn't do everything the dealer said it would, send it back and the dealer will refund your money.

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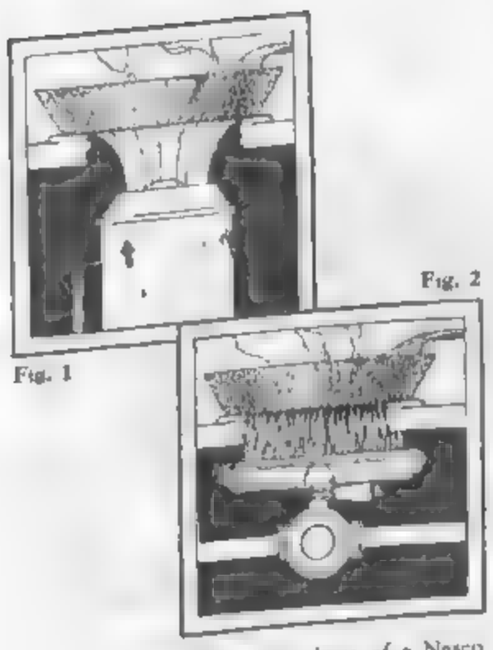

Fig. 1 Fig. 2

The intense heat of a Nesco burner is due to the blue gas flame striking and spreading under the entire base of cooking utensils. See fig. 1. This produces the same kind of intense cooking heat as does a city gas burner. See fig. 2

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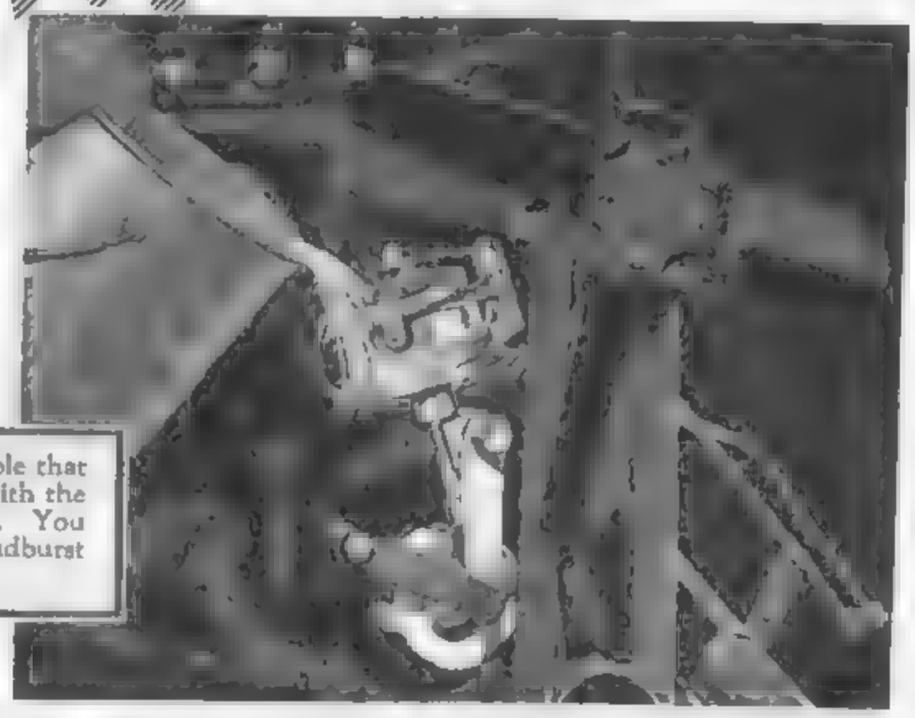

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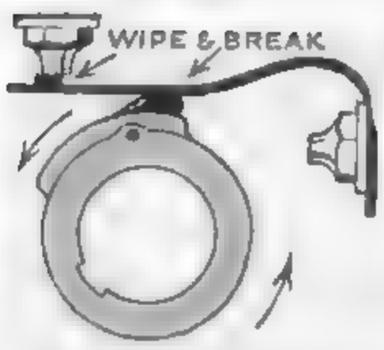

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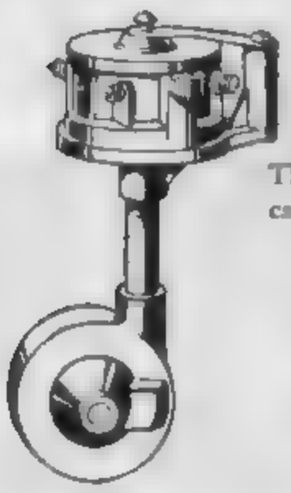

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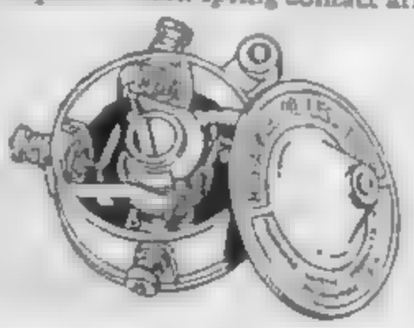

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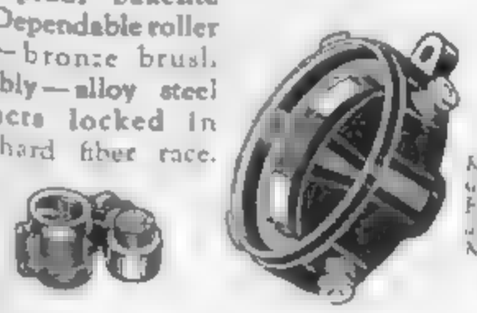

$2.00

(Continued from Page 198.

2. Keep your eye on the ball, no matter where it goes.

3. Train your feet; footwork and body balance are of primary importance.

4. Watch your strokes and make your service effective.

5. Study court generalship for tactical advantage.

6. Remember the importance of your court position.

7. Learn to know your opponent.

8. Study and master the center theory.

9. Keep your body fit.

10. Always be a sportsman.

I have spent at least a dozen years working out that set of rules. It has been that long since I earned my first title as boyhood champion, and I sincerely hope it will not be that long before I win the supreme honor of the courts, the National Singles Championship. In all these years I have had it hammered into me that the laws of the game must be observed by anyone who hopes to reach the top. When I began playing, there was no one to teach them to me; I had to learn them by the bitter experience of losing tournaments until I was able to analyze my game and see what was wrong with it, and then set about correcting my faults.

1. As to the first commandment, I can only repeat to you what Alexander used to say to me: "Keep at it, kid." My first difficulty was to make the ball go to a definite spot; it always seemed to go in a contrary direction. If I aimed at the barn I was sure to break a window in the house. I set up some targets in my back yard and began batting tennis balls furiously at tin cans and milk bottles. I concentrated for months on making the ball go where I wanted it to go after I hit it. Thousands upon thousands of volleys I fired at the milkman's glassware, until I got to the point where I could stand fifty or sixty feet away and hit one of the bottles in the neck three times out of five.

My object in this concentrated practice was to be able to plant the ball in an exact spot just out of my opponent's reach. This meant, of course, that I would have to be able to figure his reach and speed, and having calculated them to a hairbreadth, put the ball just where he couldn't quite get it. I still practice for this and other fine points, though I no longer use a broken racket and milk bottles.

2. It is particularly important for a player to keep his eyes on the ball right from the start, because a beginner is usually so preoccupied with his stroke that he is likely to forget all about what his opponent is doing. It is even more important for champions, because a glance at the gallery in response to applause at a good shot often means that a player will lose the next point because he may be taken by surprise at his opponent's return. Many champions watch the eyes of their opponents on the court to see where the ball will go, because the player unconsciously looks in that direction. Hovey, one of the American champions in the 90's, took advantage of this with the following trick: He would deliberately look in a direction opposite to that in which he expected to send the ball and his adversary would dash to that side of the court only to find that it had landed on the other side.

3. The footwork used in tennis is very much like that used in sparring with a boxing partner. Good foot action is important for jumping and for keeping one's balance. It is hardly too much to say that one's success in tennis depends upon body balance. Many strokes are lost because the man at the net does not keep his weight evenly distributed and so is unprepared to move in whatever direction he is required to move. By the time he shifts his weight the ball has gone its own way and he has lost the point

Good players never waste a bit of energy; the demands of the game upon one's physical endurance are so great these days that he cannot afford to expend any useless muscular effort. You must learn to use, for a particular stroke or dash to the net, only those muscles actually necessary to the movement. This economy of effort is not only essential but it is the thing that makes the movements of the athlete beautiful and it is the basis of good form in tennis. Watch the people walking in front of you and notice how many of them make all sorts of movements that are unnecessary to the propulsion of their bodies in space; they may move the shoulders, hips, arms or trunk, whereas only the muscles of the hips and legs and feet should be brought into play. Unnecessary movements on the court mean fatigue and bad strokes.

4. The next step in the training of a tennis champion is the study of strokes. One of the first general principles to be assimilated in this connection is that the racket must follow through after it hits the ball; it must continue its motion in the direction the ball has taken except in the case of a stroke that is intended to give the ball a twist in the air. There are five fundamental strokes—the service, horizontal ground stroke, volley, half volley and the lob. All except the service can be played either fore or back hand. Horizontal strokes are divided into three classes—the drop, the side stroke and the cut, or chop. The drop shot, or half volley, is difficult to learn, tricky and undependable; I would advise the boy who is just beginning the game never to worry about it. The cut stroke as played by the English is a long swing with a good follow through, but the Americans shorten the swing and call the stroke a chop. Many critics believe that a boy should not try for this stroke until he has mastered most of the others. As I have said, I myself learned it almost before any of the others, and I depended on it too much; I had to quit using it as steadily as I had been doing and go in for a driving game. But recently I have often used it to great advantage. It is a good emergency stroke, particularly useful on return of service.

The side stroke is the best and safest stroke of all. All three types of volley—underhand, overhead and horizontal—may be made either fore or back hand. Most of the leading American players come close to the net for a volley, although there are notable exceptions. William M. Johnston and myself usually stand about ten feet from the net. The English as a rule stand even farther back than this—sometimes eighteen or twenty feet away, and they allow the ball to fall to the height of their knees before hitting it. This is one reason why they have lost their international standing in the game; they do not realize, as we do in America, that it is the attack rather than the defense which counts in any sport. The American conception of attack is to take the ball on the rising bounce and get to the net at the first opportunity, but this is directly opposed to the English idea of the game.

I strongly urge any youth who aspires to championship honors to practice the lob assiduously. Most critics think of this stroke as a defensive one, but I think it may be used also for offense. It has pulled me out of many a tight place in important matches. As a defensive stroke it is used to break up net attack; but if played from the back of the court it becomes offensive.

5. Court generalship cannot, of course, be explained in a few words any more than it can be consciously acquired. It is part of the art, rather than the science, of tennis. I cannot explain it any more than a general can explain how and why he moves his armies about a field of battle. One simple rule for the beginner is this: Try always for the straight shot rather than the cross-court one. You must perfect your game by seeing as many good players as possible and by playing with the best players you

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can find. It is not enough to make good strokes; you must know how to take immediate advantage of any opening your opponent gives you and to profit by the weaknesses in his game by sending him the kind of balls he finds it hardest to return.

6. Most people think that the feeling for court position ought to be instinctive in a player; that it must be born in him. I do not believe that this is so. It can be acquired and become as much a part of a player's technic as his stroke. Tilden is a splendid example of a player who has built up an understanding of court position and court generalship, but he has done so only by playing in tournaments for many years.

7. Tennis is a game of intimate relationships, and it is becoming more so. Most champions, of course, know the other champions in their own and other countries, and they know, in a general way at least, the type of game each man plays. But if a player finds himself opposite an unknown adversary he must size him up quickly and plan his game in such a way as to defeat him. It is obvious, for instance, that a big heavy man of sluggish appearance will play a base-line game, and in all your tactics this must be borne in mind.

8. The center theory is simply the playing of the ball down the center of the court. Its importance is only relative, depending entirely upon the methods of one's opponent. For example, when I had made an exhaustive study of Tilden's methods I was able to use the center theory against him with considerable success.

9. The boy who hopes to be a champion tennis player has to cut out night life. One of the best players I ever knew used to have a cocktail or two between sets. In spite of the fact that his form was very good, I never feared him as an opponent. His eyes and muscles did not respond quickly; and his brain, overstimulated by the alcohol, was always a little ahead of his body. Look at the pictures of the champions of the past ten years; they are all men in excellent physical condition. They are not equal in muscular power and some are even slight in frame; but they are clear-eyed and in full possession of their faculties, mental and physical.

It is one of the great advantages of tennis playing that it produces an all-round physical development. In many sports certain groups of muscles are overdeveloped—in running, football or rowing, for instance. But tennis brings into play all the muscles of the body; it stimulates the vital organs and gives a nervous control that no other sport can give. Hard, overdeveloped muscles would only impede a tennis player; they must be elastic and flexible if he is to play a good game.

10. In formulating these commandments I have purposely placed the necessity for good sportsmanship at the end of the list, not because it is least in importance but simply because there is no intermediate place for it. It colors and pervades all the other commandments; it is supreme—the rule of rules.

There is no other sport in the world which lends itself so completely to the expression of a clean spirit of rivalry. Even in the bitterest contests for a title, there is nothing to destroy the friendly attitude of the opponents.

Tennis, though strenuous, is never vicious or personal. Football, baseball and cricket have only a limited national appeal; tennis knows no national boundaries. Polo is the rich man's game, but tennis is the most democratic sport in the world; kings have played it for centuries, and still do, and yet the butcher's boy is just as eligible to the courts.

But what makes it the cleanest game of all is the fact that it is played only for honors—for titles and occasionally a cup, never for money. Because it is played in all parts of the world on the same type of court, with the same kind of balls and rackets, and because it is everywhere governed by approximately the same rules of etiquette, the tennis court has become the common meeting ground for many nations, and the game has certainly done more than its bit toward cementing that greater understanding between the countries of the earth which will, we all hope, lead ultimately to a world peace.

I hope the set of rules I have drawn up and explained does not seem terrifying to the beginner. It is not possible for you to follow them from the beginning of your training any more than a child can simply read all the rules of arithmetic and follow them from the time he learns to add two and two. You will rediscover them for yourself as you progress in the game. I have put them down only for your guidance as you go along, and because I know that to play a good all-round game you require an all-round training, a training of the mind in alertness and of the body in quick muscular response.

Put quite briefly, my advice to beginners is simply this: Read all the literature you can find; play as often and as vigorously as you can; see all the games and tournaments you can. I do not hesitate to advise you to put all your assets—of intellect, of body, and even, if necessary, of worldly goods—into this one sound investment—the chance of becoming a good tennis player. I know that it is an investment that will pay you rich dividends all the days of your life.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Richards. The next will appear in an early issue

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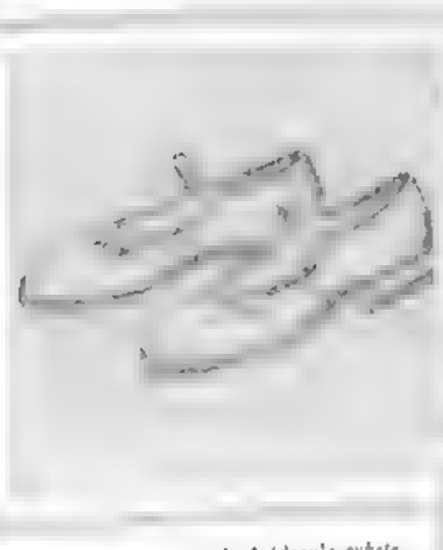

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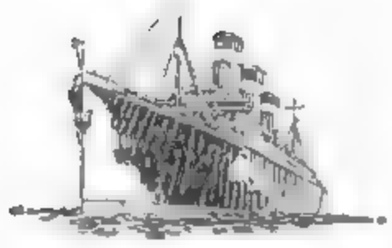

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The Poets' Corner

Night-Born

YOU loved the wind at twilight, and the snow
Clouding the uplands with its whirling white;
And you loved shadows in the east that go
To mystery in the new moon's waning light;
Tide ebbing from a rocky headland; still,
Deep water flowing to the long lagoon;
Echoes at midnight from some distant hill;
Showers at dusk or rainy nights in June.

What matter day's clear, flashing wings, or sun
Upon a hundred hills? the ecstasies
Of bird notes ere the morning had begun,
Spilling their careless silver sequences?
The bright, insistent brilliance of the day,
Too white and hard against your eyelids burned;
Wearied of light and sound, you slipped away
Night-born, your spirit to the night returned.

And now no sudden gust may bring the fleet
Wild rain at midnight, but the echoes wake
And bring the prescience of your passing feet
In ways remembered for the old years' sake;
And never April starlight but has shaped
Some memory of your smile that used to be,
Before your spirit to the night escaped
Beyond the door to which we have no key.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Tonight I Danced With Her

NOW that I have danced with her,
I know how a snowflake feels,
Lifting, drifting, fluttering,
Caught in the hand
Of a little laughing wind.
I know how a butterfly feels,
Whimsically deciding to touch a flower with its feet.
I understand the thrill a young bird knows
For the first time leaving the nest
And walking with wings
On the wide air.
I know what a rose petal thinks,
Wind-shaken, swaying.

I did not know before,
But tonight
I danced with her.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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